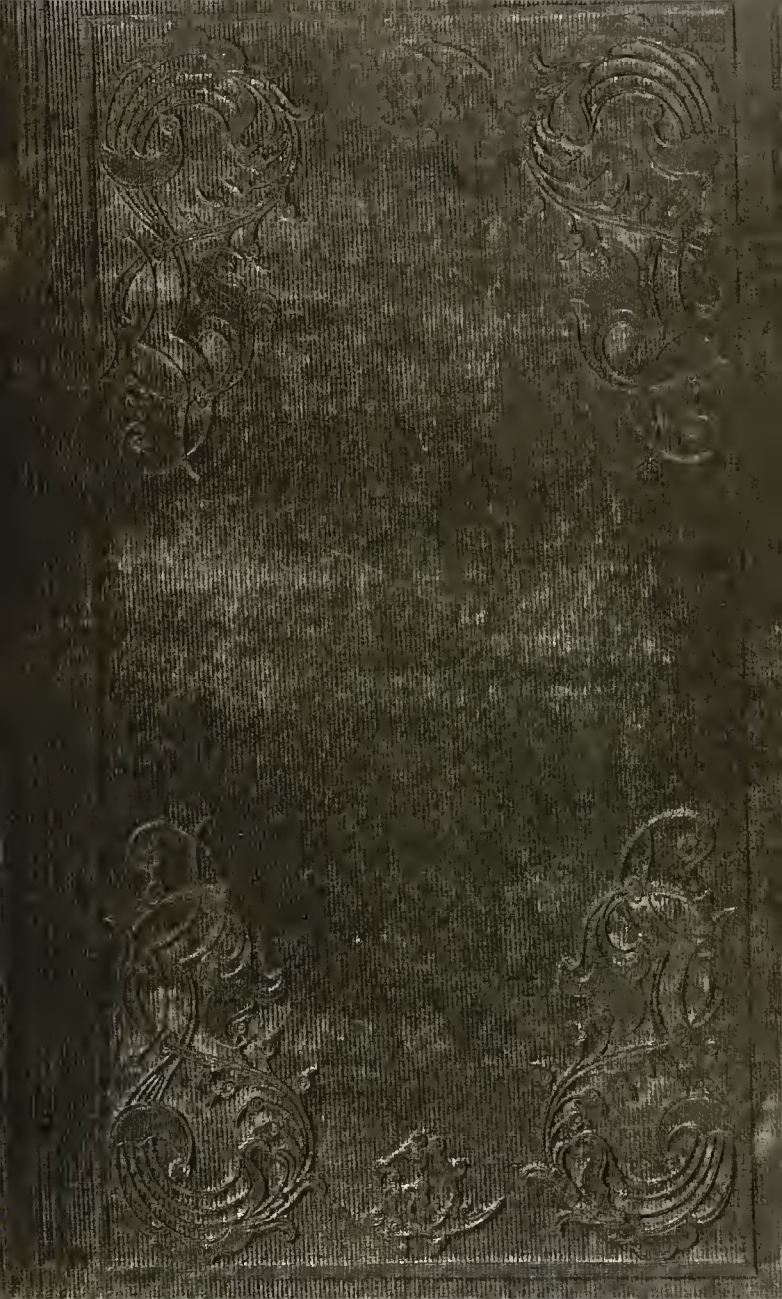




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ESSAYS:

AND

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY E^{lihu} G. HOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF REVIEWS AND ESSAYS.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.

1852.

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INTRODUCTORY.

MAN, like the earth, is two hemispheres, and bears two relations with which he cannot trifle except at the greatest cost. These are his relations with things finite and infinite, with things particular and universal. Either of these, neglected, gives rise to inharmonious strength. The soul cannot expand into godlike greatness without the presence of the latter element; nor can it deal efficiently with definite causes and results with the former. He who has lived and thought on more than one side of existence is both a materialist and a spiritualist. From the very constitution of things, Common Sense and even Sagacity are as essential as Faith. In the local and the particular, the universal is revealed. In each stone, leaf, and water-drop, laws are involved that hold good millions of leagues distant. In the neglect of particulars, men physically perish, nor is there a calling or a victory whose sublimity is not obliged to own the worth of detail. In human nature, as in space, there is an earth of practical reality, and over it the soft blue firmament of powers, which suggest and reveal the illimitable and the infinite; and between these two, a similar harmony is intended. Ideas may be justly considered

the victors in all great struggles. But what mighty revolutions are there unaided by material effort and agency? These it is difficult to find. Hungary knows this, America knows this.

The eye takes in from the immensity of light enough to dilate its pupil and to realize vision. The lungs cannot inhale the whole aerial sea. For definite ends we draw certain quantities from the Ocean. So we practically deal with the illimitable. We take of ethics, and of ideas, as our needs require, whilst in the feeling and apprehension of the boundless, unappropriated whole, we may permit ourselves the large dilation of faith which its greatness ought to inspire. We should learn to limit ourselves; for the tree is noblest whose branches are not myriads, but whose juices flow into a limited number. Perhaps as yet we have not learned how to estimate the various services of that eternally faithful servant we call Nature, who, in waiting upon us, never grows weary or unskilful. As Americans, around whom Nature unfolds on so grand a scale, and in whose retrospect a gigantic history has already developed its first acts, we do well to entertain this question. And for reasons purely intrinsic and cosmopolitan, would we revere alike the vastness belonging to abstract truth and the glory due to all individual achievement.

E. G. H.

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ESSAYS.

N A T U R E .

“Rise, my soul, that I may pour thee forth on the pencil of that Supreme Artist, who compromised in a turn of His compass all this wonderful scenery.”—HAFIZ.

REVERENCE discovers, that in Nature, the Godhead and the Godheart are amply pictured. The domain of the visible, whilst it conservatively veils the glory of the Infinite, as the atmosphere tempers the sun's rays, also serves as living expression, as the significant countenance, word, deed, smile, and frown of the Being who displays Himself in these manifold creations. This is the primary view under which nature ever addresses the religious sentiment.

Philosophical perception also sees that the soul, which forms our subjective self, is fully wrought out in the laws, forms, operations and phenomena of Nature. The vast Artist has drawn the likeness of the true man, and it would seem that He had drawn it colossally, unless we take into account the manifoldness of the capacity, and the inconceivable greatness of the final possibility belonging to the human original; a view to which, seems to have guided the sculpturing hand

that creates in the visible realm. We need not be too anxious to separate between the Soul and the higher Divinity, when we speak of the symbol-representation which the material creation offers ; since the same order of powers exists in each, and since reverence will never fail to own the presence of God as the basis of all things, whilst, to philosophical contemplation, the universe will appear as hailing from Man as its centre. These two views, which probably had better be sentiments than reflections, are perhaps the highest through which Nature is enjoyed. The Maker takes immensity for his field, and puts the same lessons into the finite and the infinite, into the general and the particular. To look at Nature as a divine edition opened before the senses, of the meaning that lies in the mind and heart, is to bring her intimately near ; is to find the marriage law which unites creation to man ; a union which, though to thousands never occurring in the form of reflection, is, nevertheless, needful to the deepest and holiest satisfactions of the Soul. What bottoms the frequent complaint that nature is distant, is cold, is despotic ? What makes her stern and distant ? She is so only to the view that isolates her — that discovers not the loving bond which relates her to the heart. Be true, be just, be heroic, be love, and nature in the main shall be your likeness. When the artist has well drawn a noble original, will the honored one complain that the picture is despotic and unkindly reserved ? Are flowers and insect songs, forests, and rising suns, cold and indifferent teachers ? Do the rush of light, and the all-pervading life of nature, ever seem despotic ? Law,

you say, is inflexible. Well, goodness will have it so. There must be something inflexible, or there is an end to confidence. But the inflexibility of nature, whilst it amounts to a sublime firmness, is itself woven into a system of beauty; and its operations, whether in the successions of time, as day, night, and seasons, or in the achievements of gravitation, are attended by grace. The stars, through the silent night hour, it is true, behold us in reserve and mystery; no more so, indeed, than is needful to touch, as by invisible fingers, the latent feeling of reverence. Yet through this chaste reserve does there not gleam a celestial friendship, a serene love from afar, that wisely withholds the familiar declaration? Nature holds the true key of social power, and easily enters the recesses and hidden depths of the soul, when scholars, authors, divines, and even acknowledged friends, are, as by necessity, debarred. She is to us the perfect symbol in which freedom and reserve are justly blended; and before we demand a teaching, which, as respects social freedom, shall be untrue to the symbol before us, it may be well to ask whether we are not craving a familiarity which, in the end, will breed contempt. Messiahs come not to fondle us, but to inspire together the reverence and the love, which is evermore the impression and the influence of the symbol that never decays.

We do not lastingly admire the friend who is careful to shew, at the close of every transaction, that his conduct has flown from especial regard; nor do we dislike it that in the character of our associate we discover unconquered territory stretching away in the distance,

on whose heights we may quietly gaze, and whose even plains shall sometimes suggest the feeling of fairy-land. Nature is not too stoical, on the one hand, nor does she fling around our neck the familiar arm, and utter words that awaken the vanities. Her friendship is high-toned; her love is rich in the grandeur and greatness of everlasting sentiment — of the ceaseless heart. Nature a stoic? The storm denies this charge. So do the tropics, the seas, the groves, and the gales of the south. Did the lover ever complain of her despotism? Did the hale saint ever weep over her unwillingness or inability to echo the holiest sentiments of his breast? Has the poet found her the inflexible, the indifferent empress? Has the prophet found her lifeless and uninspiring? They have eaten her meat, inhaled her air, drank her rivers; and in the blood of their life-veins may be traced the diet she has given them. If nature is rigidly oppressive, or stoically foreign to any minds, it must be to such as do not recognize her mission, and fail to perceive that she is and rejoices to be humanity's likeness. She has not been known sufficiently by the eye of analogy; nor is it remembered that among her numberless phenomena, there are, in becoming proportion, the simplicities as well as the more reverent grandeurs. When a battle is fought on a hill or a plain; when the river side, or the bower is hallowed by the meeting and vows of distinguished lovers; when pilgrims land upon a rock, and afterward leave a heroic history, nature, which has unconsciously witnessed these events, becomes newly significant, and over men magnetic, because of the near relation these parts of nature sustain to man.

What were Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platea, Waterloo, and Bunker Hill, more than other neglected spots, but for this connexion with man in his heroic struggles? We have succeeded in bringing localities into union with ourselves; but not sufficiently yet has the universe seemed as ours, as related by sacred ties and affinities, as being our own mysterious spirit, thrown out in magnificent symbol. Never shall mankind feel the divine welcome of Nature, and be *at home* amidst her mysteries, laws, and immensities, until they have learned to behold the creation in the light of this truth.

Yet it is due to the latent wisdom of human consciousness — which has also been strikingly expressed in all the stages of life, in childhood, youth, and manhood, as likewise through the different stages of the world's culture — to say that mankind instinctively recognize a beautiful connexion of correspondence between facts of the outward world and of the inward life. The oldest writings are eloquent with its figures. All poetry, all eloquence is lighted up by its beauty. The denial of this capacity is to ignore the origin of language, as an expression of life and mind; and, since man himself is, by nature, the illustration of the universe, combining, as he does, a material and a spiritual world in the unity of his own constitutional being, in which the facts of the former are expressive of the facts of the latter, would it not be strange that he should have lived forever without some presentiment of this universal truth. Man has a presentiment of other great truths: of a Divine Presence; of Immortal life. Why not, also, of this, since it is laid in his very being? Why not, since the

universe is built upon it? We only complain that these perceptions are darkened by excess of sensuality; and we would add to the presentiment the great truth, in the form of *idea*, that man has but one true and complete biography, which is the symbol-history of all nature.

There are two other general views to be taken of nature, the first of which teaches the great subjective truth, that the soul sheds its own ideal radiance, or gloom, over the world — baptising earth and heaven in its own glory, as sunsets often do the clouds and hill-tops. This apparently transcendental vision of nature is practical enough, we are sure, since it leaves all men to feel that nature to them is dependent on their quality. The soul richly invests nature with itself, and is happy to see its own attributes enthroned in the stars, embosomed in the repose of the earth, and stirring in the manifold energies of the creation. Nature so gracefully returns us to ourselves, so eloquently gives us back what is best in our consciousness, that we arise with a pleasure like that we experience under the orator who has given our own unspoken thoughts and feelings the perfect utterance. Why am I pleased with the Swedish songstress? Because she knows how to articulate the primitive eternal music latent in my breast — a music unknown, perhaps, to the gamuts, and certainly one I know not how to signify to others. Why enchanted by nature? Because she knows the wonderful art of singing the heart's eternal music; of declaring its beauty, its sublimity, its love, its reverence, its infinity. We arise from her eloquence satisfied, for she tells us all. If we might unravel the last thread of

her meaning, a thing unattainable here, it would shew the most hidden mystery of man.

But this view, rightly poised in the balancing of truth, never nullifies nature, nor dethrones her independence, as an outward fact. She declines to sink herself in humanity, but sublimely stands out, a royal objective, asking no permission of man either to *be* this, or to *do* that. She wears the princely diadem; and in all her serving there is nothing servile. She challenges reverence by her distance, and love by her freedom and sympathy. The reason why the soul sheds itself upon nature, is because it is charmed out by the invitations and correspondences of the symbol.

It is proper then to regard nature as an independence, as having a voice of her own. Particularly does this conclusion weigh when nature accuses us. I suppose that persons becoming false to conscious Right feel a breach of the accustomed amity between themselves and nature. The sweet hymn of the bird, and the innocent gurgle of the brook seem to accuse. It is true that from high regions of the inward life the same voices are heard, and the same accusations descend, so that in this regard, the purity of nature only seconds, as it were, the purity of conscience; but the teaching strikes us as independent when the pure heavens admonish our uncleanness. Will, in chiselling out character, has done its work so viciously that nature refuses to accept its labors as belonging to the circle of her fellowship; and it happens as by necessity that the same nature which is the symbol of the true man shall also accuse the false. The same light that throws

upon the wall the shade of an Apollo or a Venus, as truly reflects a cripple or a dwarf, provided he intercepts the rays. Nature comes to us from a higher position than the one we usually occupy, and therefore her mission to teach, to accuse, to encourage and to elevate is fully vindicated.

Berkley reduced nature to ideas, which are, we will say, the riches of the empire ; yet it is insanity to deny the reality of the forms. The Gibraltar rock and the Cheops pyramid are quite stationary thoughts ! A little strange, is it not, that all travellers should meet them in the *same points* of the terrestrial space, since ideas are such racy itinerants ? Perhaps we can do no better than to stamp upon the earth and say, "*Here*, my dear etherialists, *is solid ground*. It grows wheat and it pastures cows. In the hill yonder is compactest granite. In God and humanity there are stern purposes, and solid truth ; and, if you like, we will see them pictured in the severe grandeurs, and in the time-defying minerals ; but whilst the dearest correspondence relates the whole panorama of the universe with the whole of the human spirit, let each have its basis without being at the mercy of the other. Orion is yonder in celestial equipage ; Niagara roars in but one river ; the Alps are in Switzerland ; and for one I hope for good rooms in the Asylum when these shall be to me only the thrown-off phantoms of my own brain, as when the maniac sees the clash of artillery in the air."

Nature, in coming from the divine Heart, as its messenger, was charged with the loftiest mission — the production of Character. For this she pours her Beauty

and her Fragrance ; for this she displays her Sublimity and even physical blessing ; for this she arouses us by her Power ; for this her Ethics and her Religion are forever unfolded ; for this she baffles and defeats us. Nature has three eminent qualifications for this ministry we cannot omit to notice. The first is the Inexhaustibility and the Original Freshness of her Truths. The second is the Adaptation she bears to the Mind, being able to strike every chord in the wonderfully strung harp ; and the third resides in that unfragmentary and entire Completeness which originates the ideal of a balanced character. Look we into the radiant Cosmos, and what do we see ? We meet a balance of forces, a joy-dance of revolving worlds, of flowing suns, and everywhere a harmony of antagonisms.

The intellect draws vigor and enjoyment from nature by subjecting it to *Thought* and to *Scientific Analysis*. Science has purified the natural world, or rather the mind that beheld it, from the superstitions that clouded its agencies ; and though the marvellous legend, and the supernal visitation have usually enriched the scenery of the world in the way of association, the deeper pleasure of the intellect is fed by the science attained, whilst the solid reliance on the unlimited triumph of order and law, on the inviolate union of cause and effect, in all the possible extent of natural phenomena, contributes most to the enjoyment of the material world ; for the pleasures that accompany abiding truths are perpetual, and of a high order. As a basis for the intellectual enjoyment of nature, the idea and feeling of a universe needs be established ; a universe of ade-

quate causes and legitimate effects, one of united and of mutually dependent parts. The Reason discovers that through the endless variety of phenomena, unity unfolds itself, that one heart beats in nature's bosom ; though it is said that in earlier ages man struggled amidst the ever-recurring changes of form to recognize the invariability of natural laws. In modern literature and reflection, the idea of nature as a harmoniously ordered whole, as a development of one inexhaustible force, is very common ; and when I read that this view was only a glimmering perception and a vague shadow to primitive ages, the wonder is, that intuition, in the absence of scientific observation, should not have seized on the oneness of nature and rendered it certain. Man, from the conscious unity of his own being, ought to have divined the unity of God and of nature ; nor can we glance at the early inspiration of the race without meeting some traces of this unity. Under the broadest horizon, on the sea-beach, and under the clearest canopy of stars, the first deep pleasure of the mind does not so much arise from the distinct perception of individual objects, as from the consciousness of the vastness and harmony of nature, giving to our minds the image of infinity. It is not the scientific *opinion* of the order uniting all things we most enjoy, but the presentiment, the feeling.

We reap sciences from nature. We evoke phenomena by experiment ; and when we think that nature everywhere is sown with truth, most of which is yet sleeping under the veil of mystery, we are rich in the prospect that remotest ages of the future will find am-

ple food for the mightiest intellect. Nature is so rich in truth that she never can be exhausted. Philosophy roots itself in the soul; but nature is to a large extent its diet, its play-ground, and its labor-field. And what, let me ask, is a theology good for if it omits the natural laws? What test of experience or of reason can it stand?

Allusion has been made to Intuition; and I am disposed to say that quite above and beyond the strict observations and experiments, reposes the power of insight; perhaps in the highest order of minds only does it vindicate its sovereignty over the inductions of experience. The soul, in knowing itself, knows Nature, divines its order, beauty, glooms and glory. We find beauty and divinity in Nature, not from logic so much as from primitive instinct. If creation hails from man, why should he not somewhat intuitively and instinctively behold his own? Must he learn, by pieces and by inches, the laws of his own ancient architecture? Humboldt is everywhere present, in the wide accumulation of facts, and of the laws pervading them; and it is to be wished that some one standing near the central sun, that enlivens all, might announce from himself the law of nature, more independently than the gifted judge, who, knowing so clearly what the law ought to be, told it, assigning, however, to his industrious and erudite associate, the task of hunting up the enactments and the precedents. The child is a true botanist, for without tearing to pieces the sacred gem, and talking of calyx, stamen, and pistil, he sips a nectared delight from the beauty that thrillingly flies from the rose to his heart.

Not long since, it was our privilege to hear a lecture on astronomy, which was full of scholarlike language, and of astronomical statistics and discoveries. He spoke lucidly enough on parallax ; and though he trod over a long pavement of facts, the feeling survived the performance that none of us had entered the heavens. The speaker had not, for he was bounded on all sides by the physical statement, never once rising into beauty, or into the truths of which the physical heavens are significant. There was not much astronomy in it. Pleiades was not there ; Lyra gave not one ray. It was learned, and all the worse for that ; the spirit that swung the stars in space finding no residence in the genius of the orator, it happened that in a coasting of two hours through the ether under this pilotage, we not once touched upon heaven. But there is some value in statistics. It is intuition that grasps and unifies the dual teaching of Nature, that so seizes the physical fact and law as to perceive in them Idea.

The Imagination accommodates us to Nature exceedingly ; and whether its present or retrospect enjoyment is considered, no power in the intellectual structure seems more necessary. Our intercourse with Nature must be free. No rule can be laid upon it ; the only limit being truth and veracity. The manner in which gleams of imagination fall into the discourse of the great naturalist, Von Humboldt, enables his pen to attract us somewhat mysteriously. " If I might," says he, " be allowed to abandon myself to the recollections of my own distant travels, I would instance, among the most striking scenes of Nature, the calm sublimity of a

tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean; or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy vail around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form as it were, 'a forest above a forest;' or, I would describe the summit of the peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy vail, so that the eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of nature, that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever-varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world, that with which we have ourselves invested it." *

* *Cosmos*, Vol. 1, p. 26.

It is a solemn joy, a joy somewhat shaded, to contemplate Nature in its majestic forms, as when, on the expanse of waters, the whole horizon rests — the stars that rise and set on its calm reflective bosom ; the storm that lifts its violent wave ; and even the rich gloom of the green forest, and the clouded sunset, have a touch of longing and sadness in the pleasure they yield. The passion and meaning of Nature are deep, and she discourses little of superficial joy. I know not but that a share of this pensiveness mingles in all our sublimer views of Nature ; it is at least certain that this element has always been expressed in those utterances of mankind, through which they have given to each other the impressions received from the scenes of the external world. Though every great joy and sorrow are serenely shaded, though Nature is full of silence, and throws over us her mysterious shadow, it is plain that the spirit of the universe is hope. Verdure, fragrance, and beauty on the earth ; the buoyancy of the racing planets ; the rainbow on the clouded sky ; the face of the sun ; and the bright joy-glow of every orb in heaven — apprise us that love inhabits the temple, and that none should, for one moment, despair. Beauty, somehow, is on the side of goodness and hope, and if we are to celebrate the lavish prodigality of Nature in anything, it should refer to the generous distribution of the Beautiful, which, in the tropics, gives the colossal flora, the giant mountains, and the rolling seas ; which, in the temperate regions, more minutely diversifies its apparel ; which, in the frozen north, gleams from the floating ice-mountains, that, in the arctic seas, sparkle under the

light of the sun and moon ; and which, over the dreary deserts and the trackless wastes, hangs the lamps of God, that throw over all their nocturnal lustre.

Have we approached Nature sufficiently from the Conscience ? Let us know that this whole creation is *ethical*. Its reproofs come down as from the sunny heights of rectitude ; and somehow nature seems pleased with every genuine charity and just action. The judge that sits enthroned in our breast, final and supreme, carries nature with him ; if he sanctions and approves, the creation from every height bows applause ; if he frowns and denounces, the very brook-murmur and the bright shimmer of the air seem to reject us as unworthy, and retire from familiar and confiding company. The league between the universe and virtue is of eternal standing ; and nature cannot be otherwise than quite limitedly enjoyed till it is known and felt through the complete ascendancy of the moral sentiment.

Love makes all things new, whilst the sordid, selfish craving, turns to indifference the miracles of beauty. The dollar, of course, must be cared for ; business and economy must hold fast their position. Nature allows the utilitarian to approach her, and freely returns to him according to his labor and his seeking, of harvests, cattle, houses, and gold. She gives to the mammonite, but always of her coarser coin ; her brighter eagles being reserved for others. The propensities and the animal wants are confessedly not on the highest plane ; and since Nature itself is from the Eternal Love, it is only through the diviner self that any may know and enjoy its companionship. Nature is a Siberian snow-

mountain under the exclusive research of the understanding ; but a summer bower under the freshness and kindling animation of the heart. Emotion draws from Nature ecstasy ; we feel the heart-beat of its life when we so fully surrender ourselves to its impressions as to welcome its scenes emotionally. Yet what we should never cease to admire is the catholicity that attaches to her conduct. The cool philosopher is welcomed ; the geologist, the botanist, the mineralogist are invited. The astronomer is welcomed by the stars he examines ; whilst the fervid soul of the poet, the prophet, and the enthusiastic worshipper are received with the welcome of home. To all temperaments, and to every combination of human faculties, Nature, in her all-sidedness and catholicity says, " Come. I will be just and generous to you all. My ways are infinite."

Could we return to childhood with the vigor of faculty that experience has developed, Nature would be more than we find it. We must be born of the unselfish sentiment, of the spirit that inhabits Nature, ere the true happiness and enlightenment can arrive. The narrowness, technicality and bigotry of our culture unfit us for Nature as thoroughly as do our frauds and villanies. Make Nature no idol. I would not worship her. But she shall be to me a teacher sent from God ; a brain of wisdom and a heart of love that ages may not exhaust ; a high-minded friend, reverent, free, reserved, generous, distant, near, reproving, encouraging, inspiring. Hers is the power of an eternally renewing youth ; and the leading impression seems to be, an infinite richness of faculty and force.

In Persian, and especially in Indian literature, abundantly and often the thoughts are richly woven into eloquent imagery. Jayadeva sings of "the firmament obscured by clouds;" of "the woodlands black with the Tamala trees;" of "the banks and blue streams of Yamuna," sacred to the loves of Radha and Madhava; of the "gale that has wantoned round the beautiful clove plants, that breathes from the hills of Malaya," and of "the circling arbors that resound with the notes of the Cocil." "The full-blown Cesara that gleams like the sceptre of the world's monarch—love;" "the far-scented Madhavi, that beautifies the trees round which it twines;" "the fresh Mollica that seduces with rich perfume, even the hearts of hermits;" "the Amra tree, with blossoming tresses, embraced by the gay creeper, Atimucta;" the "breeze from the fragrant flowers of the Cetaca, that kindles every heart, while it perfumes the woods with the dust it shakes from the Mollica with half-opened buds;" with numberless figures of similar grace, glide into the poetic eloquence of India. This masterly literature, which in the strictest sense belongs to antiquity, is one in which Nature bears a powerful sway.

All literatures springing from original fountains testify that Nature is the mother of oratory, of song, of science, and indeed of all immortal expression. The ancient Hebrew poetry, in profound inspirations of feeling, almost constantly pours forth delight in Nature. The Greeks and Romans enriched their literature from its symbols. Nevertheless, the steady persevering examination of the external world, the devotion of talent and genius

to its facts and laws as a distinct branch of education, belongs to modern times ; nor is it reproachful to the past that the mind, both in philosophy and in song, took precedence of the material creation, as Egypt, India, Palestine, and Greece at once remind us. The Greeks, who are preëminently the æsthetic race of all antiquity, did not select the natural world as the distinct field of poetic description, nor did they with any profound and *continued* enthusiasm portray its natural scenes. Man, in his aspirations, struggles, and fortunes, was the all-controlling and the all-absorbing idea of the Grecian culture ; the external world only coming into service as illustration, as subordinate to the grand theme. This fact, as observed by another, is owing to this direction of Grecian literature, and not to any insusceptibility to scenic charms ; for an opposite conclusion ignores their fine, harmonious nature, whose perception and feeling of the Beautiful have immortal monuments, both in sculpture and in poem. The deep blue of the sea, which on the Mediterranean is carried home to the very rocks and shores ; the bold relief of the sea coast, adorned by vegetation, with bold cliffs and inland heights, revealed a beauty to which the Grecian mind was not at all insensible. But in its development, *man* eclipsed the natural world, or was so far the monarch of its aspiration, that Nature was merely auxiliary. Though Homer touches the scenes and objects of the animal and vegetable world ; though Pindar sings of the “earth covered with new-born flowers,” and of *Ætna* as “the pillar of heaven, the fosterer of enduring snow ;” though Sophocles, in

tragedy, sings of "the noble resting place of the illustrious Colonos, where the melodious nightingale loves to tarry and pour forth its clear but plaintive tones," and of "the verdant gloom of the thickly-mantling ivy, the narcissus steeped in heavenly dew;" though Cicero celebrates the dearness of his woody solitude in the lonely Island of Astura on the shore of the Tyrrhenian sea, in language pensively elegant; though descriptions of scenery occur in Virgil and in Horace, — it is plain that with both these schools of literature, Greek and Roman, the interest in nature is but secondary and incidental to the greater interest which devoted itself to human beings, their wars, characters, struggles and destinies.*

Nor will we renounce the doctrine that Nature is secondary to man and to woman, that its interest must mainly proceed from its relation to humanity. But we would see an eternal relation uniting the two, which the Greeks did not generally perceive; a marriage of Nature to man, by symbolic expression, and by service rendered to his character, physically, intellectually, morally, and religiously; a union without which the facts,

* It is a remarkable fact and corroborative of this view, that the romantic beauties and sublimities of the Alpine regions should have been so generally neglected by Greek and Roman writers. In what poet of antiquity can you find a description of their eternal snows and glaciers, as the sun rises and sets upon them? These regions were frequently passed by statesmen, generals, and men of letters on their way from Helvetia to Gaul, who generally complained of the badness of the roads, without deriving anything for the imagination.

science, and beauty of the creation are as forsaken temples, aimless and obsolete. We study man in nature. All its beauty and order are latent in him: We are therefore still *in* the human sphere whenever we rightly explore the natural world. Man is entitled to feel that it is his own spirit that blooms in the floral varieties of spring, that sings in each melodious songster, that expands in every wide prospect, and glows in the soft night-calms of heaven. For what else is all this endlessly diversified picture of nature but *expression* of what we are, in our many phases and experiences, conscious of? Let the soul know its own superiority, and bow never in sentimental idolatries and exaggerations before the outward imagery.

Physical Nature assisted the Asiatics in the growth of that calm contemplativeness, that feeling of the Infinite, and submission to the All-Determining Force characteristic of Oriental Nations. Nature to Europeans is less colossal, is more definite, is sharper, abounding more in relief and boldness of outline. And this is the character of European intellect. It is definite, individual, practical, and result-loving. What says Nature to Americans? As a whole, taking into view the entire continent, it is nearly a colossal compromise of Asia and of Europe; neither the gothic sharpness of the latter, nor the luxuriancy and immenseness of the former governing exclusively, but in generous blendings we have both in one; so that the nature-oracle in the New World seems to intimate that when man shall have here ripened into maturity, he will unite the best of what Asia and Europe signify, will easily carry the

Orient in the back and middle portion of his brain, with Europe in the front, combining Reverence and Imagination with individual freedom, energy, and tact.

The highway of Nature and the highway of Spirit are roads that lead to the same great truths. Either path is a sure way to the central God. We find Him in worlds, and in single leaves. We also find Him consciously in our own heart. In the lives of degraded sinners, we are sometimes tempted to be ashamed of Nature as existing in the human form; though each serious question we ask restores us to a better feeling. Has the lust-serving son of the lower pleasures really followed Nature? Certainly he has wantonly disobeyed the leading voices that are heard in its higher regions, as in Reason and in Conscience. What has Nature to say when she prostrates him by disease, and robs him of physical vigor? No remonstrance, no chastisement is more plainly told than this. What does Nature say, when, as the result of his crimes, she takes from him the self-support of self-respect, and gives him, instead of sweet dreams and innocent visions, the dark images of guilt? Nature declares herself through the retributions of humanity; for these occur through the instrumentality of her own laws and agencies. We think of what an evil doer enjoys. Think also of what he loses, and of what he suffers, before you render a verdict on Nature's opposing agency to evil, and on her restoring power. Could some one arise, who should be competent merely to give voice to the idea and operation of Nature in the degradation, woe, and suffering of the worst parts of human society, we are

sure that no sermons of penitence and warning the world has ever heard would equal the overwhelming truth and penetrating eloquence of such a prophet. Human nature, by its sufferings and miseries, vindicates itself even in its worst and lowest forms. Nature in man, and Nature in the material creation, unite to reveal humility, meekness, energy, penitence, hope, will, and submission ; indeed, they unite to manifest the many opposite blendings of quality in character, in which perfection at last is found to consist. The brotherhood of Nature is also so closely linked, and from afar, that *our* limited experience of its laws creates unity between ourselves and all who exist across the infinite ocean of space.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

“I would wish never more to quit Spain, since I am here at the fountain head of tidings of the newly discovered lands (America).”—ANGHIERA.

EUROPE is rich in the associations of the past, like the accumulated memories of the aged hero, divine, or sage — memories shadowed upon its countenance and resting on its silvered locks. America is young, triumphant in energy and hope ; whilst its storied and historical memories are confined to the romantic legends of the Aboriginal races and the stirring events of the Revolution. To these perhaps we ought to add those relics of a mysterious past which are subterraneously scattered throughout this country, Mexico, and South America ; and to the eye of the geologist, those traces of remoteness which have produced the conclusion that this continent bloomed with vegetation whilst Europe and Asia reposed in the depth of the sea. But these latter traces are not freshly marked on the outer aspects of nature ; so that whatever marks of age the continent may bear in the eyes of science, nature in the New World must appear to the popular vision as more

youthful than in the Old. "We know of no mountain summits on this side of the Atlantic" says our first American novelist, "that wear the hoary hues of hundreds that are seen on the other side of the water." We are the New World in the aspects of nature, as truly as in the eras of art and of history.

The discovery of America marked a new epoch in the course of great physical discoveries, and gave a new impulse to the study of nature; not only by the enthusiasm which naturally followed the establishment of so great a discovery — enlarging to surprise the idea of mankind in relation to the extent of the world, and on the western nations acting even more powerfully than the magical influence of the Crusades — but by laying open a new field to scientific observation; by offering new gradations of vegetable and animal forms; by exhibiting the varieties and contrasts of the earth's climates in the temperatures and productions of its equatorial mountains; by giving facts for important conclusions on the composition of the atmosphere and its effects on human bodies; by offering, in short, to the naturalist a world of new material for the increasing wealth of natural sciences. This period, commencing in the discovery and exploration of the New Continent through its volcanic Cordilleras and elevated plateaux is singled out by the great German naturalist as the one "which has presented in the shortest period of time the greatest abundance of new physical observations to the human mind." The discovery of the telescope, which so soon led to great results in astronomy, followed as early as 1608; nor can it be viewed otherwise than as

a striking coincidence that not far from the time when the mind of Columbus was exercised in a way that produced the knowledge of the New World, the active mind of Copernicus was engaged in a manner that assigned to the earth its true position among the celestial bodies ; and we cannot forget the further coincidence that the same year Columbus died, and but fourteen years subsequent to the discovery of America the Copernican system of the universe was fully completed if not made generally known. To science, therefore, as well as to the imagination, is the New World a chosen minister.

We are struck with the similitude that subsists between American Scenery and American Ideas, the largeness, variety, and boldness of the former answering well to a similar largeness and originality of the latter. We suppose that accident and undesign never delivered a continent from the womb of the sea. Inasmuch, therefore, as a continent comes not up to the sun without a mission ; as climate, physical quality and aspect of nature prove themselves in time to be moral causes ; we hope not to rank with the visionary, nor to be swayed by excess of patriotism, when we say that nature in America seconds the motion made by the genius of this western development. These immense territories, these unforbidding sea coasts, these vast fields of fruitful soil are a welcome of nature to the children of the olden world. What else is the entire spirit of free American institutions ? The Declaration of Independence, so boldly stating the wide doctrine of natural rights ; the strong venture, as to the timid it

might have seemed, of religion unsustained by state alliance ; the enterprise which throws widely open its million of doors ; education, as attainable by the mass ; the state, as sovereign, yearly deciding questions of the greatest national moment ; the meeting of all nations, like the tributaries of the Amazon, in the flow of one American life, are ideas seemingly welcomed by the theatre of nature chosen for their performance. Did not man improve by his passage westward from Asia to Europe ? After his Asiatic culture, which is the earliest we can locate — in which he experienced a strong development of the religious element, worshipping in the vast idea and feeling of the Infinite, never rising, however, above the plane of absolute despotism—he found in the European west the definite ideas of freedom, the importance of the individual, the strength of enterprise, the vigor of will. And is not this American school destined to be a furtherance of man ? Coolly as the astronomer obtains his parallax, do we conceive that man, under the plan of the all-embracing Providence, is here to solve problems of human interest by successful demonstrations of practice which neither Asia nor Europe have been able to solve ; and it is under the colors of this faith that America, physically, rises to our view.

What should we mean by American Scenery ? Certainly not the limited area of the United States alone, where human cultivation has added to nature the various accessories of art ; but an ideal should be cherished which freely embraces all between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts ; mountains, many of which are wildly

romantic and graceful, in the Eastern and Middle States; lakes on the North resembling seas; rivers numerous, that in any part of Europe would have been sung as marvels of the element; plains of fertility which are the verdant promise of God to living millions, eclipsing the fields of Lombardy whose harvests are now the support of vast numbers. Under the view of American Scenery we would think of the western prairies which spread out to the horizon like seas of verdure, and graced with flowers of every hue; of the Rocky Mountains, whose loftier summits are crowned with perennial snow; of the wonderful Cordilleras, and the Andes of South America, on whose sloping sides all the climates of the globe with their respective vegetation are orderly seated, as if the earth, from the frozen pole to the equator, had been lifted up into perpendicular exhibition; these — with the profound ravines and the mammoth rivers which there roll through channels of many leagues to the sea, amidst a grandeur of forest and mountain truly picturesque; with the cascades and cataracts that sing of beauty and thunder of power in both divisions of the continent — arise to our view whenever we attempt to realize the just idea of American Scenery.

Nature contrives to appear in all possible diversity of forms and forces, that her unity may be read through the largest manifoldness of wisdom and beauty. By the heavenly Artist the countenance and form of the earth are not heedlessly drawn, but are full of expression. Of the land and water, which are the two great elements of interest with us, it is difficult to say which

is most variously beautiful. Immense *variety* spreads out into the continents, islands, mountains, vales, and plains, likewise in the trees, grasses, shrubs, and flowers of a single acre; nor seems it less when you examine oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, springs, and showers. The ice and snow, "which are the flowers of winter," grace the precipice in all diversity. The crystal snow-flakes unite their parts at different angles. Look at the stream and its green bank. The floral variety of the bank is stationary in the landscape, whilst the surface of the water is ever-varying; its delicate ripples and moving eddies; its reflection of images; its sparkling brightness under the sun; its difference of motion and form arising from the declivities of its bed; the contractions and expansions of its channel; the foaming cascades; and the musical murmurs of its flow,—yield not in variousness to the more settled beauties of the bank and mead. The polar air-currents that rush to the equator, are repeated in submarine currents of the ocean; and lower down in the watery depths than are the loftiest mountains in height, all the strata are alive with countless hosts of organized life. Land, in its productions, is the superior element; but water, in its endless diversity of forms, is always graceful. We find the greatest interest in neither, separately, but in the well-ordered combinations and unions of the two.

In the family of waters nothing is more beautiful than a noble river. The symbol has long since glided into human discourse, as an eloquent figure, variously expressive of the course of time; the noiseless passage of events; and the peace of self-sustaining spirits;

whilst its easy winding through the quiet valley, washing sometimes the feet of imposing mountains, and accompanied by forest, meadows, and banks of flowers, gives to this form of the element the largest loveliness, rivalled by nothing except the phenomena of certain lakes. The silent motion of a river is a mingled joyfulness; the sun-reflecting surface and the gentle murmur are responsive to happiness, whilst the feeling of seriousness mingles withal, since it is a seeker of vastness in the distant and afar. These daughters of the ocean are nowhere so magnificent as in South America, where, for thousands of miles, the Amazon and the La Plata, with their powerful tributaries, pass through the richest variety of physical scenery, and with the broad-breasted Orinoco, pour into the sea their incalculable treasures of water, gathered from many latitudes and from innumerable sources. The luxuriant might of the Amazon — with its more than one hundred fathoms of depth; with its large tributaries of the Ucayal, the Madeira, and many other considerable rivers; looking backward to the Andes for its lofty beginnings, and forward to the Atlantic Ocean for its end; with an expanse of surface near its entrance, under the equator, that apparently defies the power of mortal vision, from shore to shore — suggests the idea of rivalry between a river and a sea. As the immense volume of the Amazon presses into the ocean, its progress is met by a grand antagonism, the advancing waves of the sea; a sublime contention this, worthy of the forces that direct it. For seven hundred and fifty miles, this river, in time and tune, responds to the sovereign

waters in the ebb and flow of its tides. Birds of gorgeous plumage fly over its waves. The leopard, tiger, and other powerful animals roam freely on its banks, which are clothed with an immense woodland foliage, where grow the pine and the cinnamon, the orange and the cedar, with many other valuable vegetable productions. America as a whole is glorious in its rivers. Nature in the New World has wrought with a bold and a lavishly generous hand; and though the genius of the Past does not hover over its scenes as in the hoary ruins of the European world, the Angel of the Future spreads his white wings over them, whilst all things intimate that nature awaits a coming history. Europe is Memory, America is Hope.

Yet the associations of a chivalrous and a classical past are rich additions to the interest of scenery, as are likewise the creations of art, which blend with the landscape and impress it with the image of cultivated man. In both these respects Europe has immensely the advantage. The classical associations that still rest over the ruins of Greece and Italy; the strong architectural remains of the middle ages, as castles of war and fortifications, Gothic churches and abbeys of religion — which over all Europe are the massive monuments of the feudal times — give to European scenery a romance of association, a picturesqueness of view, and a reverential impress of time, to which the more youthful character of the new continent can lay no claim. But whilst inferiority in these respects is frankly acknowledged, a recompense for the difference is claimed in the fact that scenery in America has more natural

freshness and freedom ; that in primitive grandeur and natural radiance it is happily adapted to awaken the love of the beautiful, and to impress the mind on a large and generous scale with whatever is glorious in nature around us.

It has been said that the generally low and monotonous surface of the American sea coast, and of the shores of American lakes, gives to Europe the higher charms belonging to this order of scenery ; nor can we doubt that the bold reliefs appearing in the forest-mantled cliffs and inland heights of the Mediterranean unfold a striking and picturesque beauty of which our usually even sea coast may not boast. But when we take into view what is included in the idea of American scenery, we shall claim the variety which belongs to the coast of the continent, in which the abrupt declivities will sufficiently appear on the South American coasts, with heights inland that rise into colossal grandeur and sublimity. A large share of the coasts on the Pacific, west of the Rocky Mountain range, is also abrupt and precipitous ; whilst the coast of England is usually low and even, and that of Holland far more so than any belonging to the Atlantic boundaries of the United States. It will also be seen that interior lake, and especially river scenery in America is often strikingly effective and picturesque ; whilst it may justly be said that the even character of the American coasts on the Atlantic sea, though it does not move the imagination by a boldness of aspect, seems to express the generous welcome of the New World.

Very much of American scenery bears a fresh and original beauty, rising often into romantic loveliness and striking sublimity, where the hand of civilization has left no traces of art, no proof of human victory over the domain of primeval nature. Places now unnoticed, will, in the future, draw to themselves the distant traveller. In South America, in the regions of the Rocky Mountains, and elsewhere, are many glories of visible scene, that are destined to a reputation among the lovers of nature that shall extend over the wide world; nor are we desirous of hastening the period that shall realize this view. It will come with the sure advances of improvement, and with the rapid facilities of travel that shall one day unite the remoter parts of the continent.

A cursory glance over the western borders discovers a most striking variety of scenes. The immense tract of land that stretches north and south, for hundreds of miles, along the feet of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri and the Mississippi; which, spreading forth into undulating plains, desolate sandy wastes, monotonous and wearisome — a region supposed by geologists to have been the “ancient floor of the ocean,” when, numberless ages since, its wild waves smote the granite bases of these rocky heights, and which now so strongly resemble some of the immense steppes of Asia — contrasts strongly with the variety of water-course, ravine, mountain, forest and prairie, that enrich the views of the Western world. America, as well as China, Arabia,

and Africa, has its desert, and, in time, it may become the resort of lawless banditti.

Far beyond this sterile region, and extending from the Rocky Mountains to the waves of the Pacific, lies a region of country rich in all the varieties of wild, grand, and beautiful prospects. And if the lesson of civilization, taught by the example of the older continent is to be repeated in the new — namely, that the highest culture shall occur at the extremities of the same, where denseness of population, fixedness of residence and proximity to the sea, may yield their various advantages — the future will find the noblest cultivation to exist along the Atlantic States, in the peninsula of California, and the long-extending region that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. We are induced by several considerations, some of which are independent of the idea suggested by the history of the Old World, and founded in the physical conditions and social causes of the New, to believe that this will be the destiny of our country.

One of the grand rivers of this region is the Columbia, which, upwards of four miles wide at its mouth, with a peninsula and promontory on one of its sides, seems for thirty miles to be merely an estuary of the sea. The valley of this river, which is sixty miles in width, extending far southeast between parallel ridges of mountains, commands some of the finest prospects. Not to speak of the views of mountains that here unquestionably rise into real grandeur and sublimity; nor of the large and beautiful stream, the Willammete, that flows through the centre of the valley, having wandered

for hundreds of miles along a wilderness unsubdued ; the *rapids* of the Columbia—the roaring and boiling rush of the whole river through a rocky chasm only forty-five yards in width, and its bold descent some three and a half miles below over a ledge twenty-eight feet in height, and extending almost from shore to shore—cannot be otherwise than delightfully satisfying to the beholder. At the Long Narrows, the Columbia roars and foams through a rough bed of solid black rock for the distance of three miles. The Blue Mountains, which form the southeastern boundary of the great plains along this river, are rich in their own original vestments of dense and gloomy forest, whilst the mountains themselves are cut up with ravines deep and precipitous. The character of the mountain region was observed by Stuart to be volcanic. Several summits were covered with snow, from two of which, smoke, in considerable volumes, was seen to ascend.

In 1832, Capt. Bonneville, with a hunting company of over one hundred persons, left Fort Osage, on the Missouri, to traverse the region west of the Rocky Mountains ; and, taking his course down the deep ravine of an uneven stream, he found the scenery adorning it of an Alpine wildness and sublimity. He describes the traveller as sometimes passing beneath wild cascades, pitching from such lofty heights that the water fell into the stream like heavy rain. The Snake River, which is one of the most remarkable on the continent for varied and striking scenery, rises in a volcanic region amidst extinguished craters and mountains that still bear the awful traces of the ancient fires that gave

them birth ; and from its head waters in the Rocky Mountains to its junction with the Columbia, a distance of upwards of six hundred miles, it careers through the largest possible variety of landscapes ; sometimes through meadows green and smiling ; sometimes through great plains of lava and sandy deserts ; through wide landscapes of Italian grace and loveliness ; and again through vast sierras and mountain chains, that often present the romantic view of awful precipices, and lofty summits crowned with the venerable wreath of eternal snows.

Masses of basaltic rocks are piled one upon another on its banks ; perpendicular cliffs in places rise two hundred and fifty feet above the river, beetling over it like dark and gloomy battlements, whilst the clear and limpid current, merging its smooth and noiseless flow, which through many landscapes is its wont, into eager rapidity, rolls, boils, and dashes its way for miles and miles through the broken chasms and narrow channels, sometimes pitching in beautiful cascades over the basaltic ridges that cross its bed. On Bear River, an area of half a mile presents a level surface of white clay, said to be perfectly spotless, which in all seasons is strikingly beautiful, as its immaculate whiteness, like Parian marble or dazzling snow, contrasts with the surrounding verdure of summer, or the faded foliage of autumn. Near by, the trapper discovered springs of various sizes and temperatures, one of which boiled incessantly, some two or three feet from the soil ; whilst another, through an aperture of the earth, sent up a column of steam that hung in the air, a perpetual cloud. And how mysterious the feeling that must naturally have

arisen in the breast of the traveller as he heard all about him for a considerable distance, the hollow sound from beneath, which accompanied the tramp of his horse on the earth !

Some of the tributaries of this river are said to equal it in the wildness and picturesqueness of their scenery. Particularly is the Beuneau attractive — a river that runs through a tremendous chasm rather than a valley, for the distance of a hundred and fifty miles. In depth the valley is nearly two thousand feet, and the current is bright and limpid. Here the rocks again rise in perpendicular grandeur, and the traces of volcanic action are, as on many parts of the main river, strikingly presented. Capt. Wyeth ascended a summit in this neighborhood, from which, he said the whole country seemed like an indescribable chaos ; “ many mountain streams disappear in the plains, either absorbed by the thirsty soil, and by the porous surface of the lava, or swallowed up in gulfs and chasms.” The valley of Immahah, seen from the height, lay stretched out below them in lovely and cheering verdure.

Again they walked amidst the varied scenery of the main river ; and, in the language of Irving, controlled by the journal of Capt. Bonneville, we will read the impression made by the nature surrounding them. “ At times,” says he, “ the river was overhung by dark and stupendous rocks, rising like gigantic walls and battlements ; these were rent by wide and yawning chasms that seemed to speak of past convulsions of nature. Sometimes the river flowed glossy and smooth, then roaring amid impetuous rapids and foaming cascades.

Here rocks were piled up in most fantastic crags and precipices ; and in another place they were succeeded by delightful valleys." "The grandeur and originality of the views presented on every side," says Capt. Bonneville, "beggar both the pencil and the pen. Nothing we had ever gazed upon in any other region could for a moment compare in wild majesty and impressive sternness with the series of scenes, which here at every turn astonished our senses and filled us with awe and delight." This original and extensive scenery of the West, we have but a glimpse of; yet the fullest assurance exists that the forms of nature appear on a grand and impressive scale ; that the rounded and undulating outlines common to the hill and mountain scenery of several portions of the United States, here give way to the bold, the striking, and the really sublime and picturesque.

So indeed the great peninsula of California, which crosses the tropics and terminates in the torrid zone, and separated from the main land by the Vermilion Sea or Californian Gulf, which receives the waters of the Colorado of the West, is a wholly different order of scenery from that which prevails in the Eastern States. All California, extending along the Pacific Ocean from latitude 23° to 42° North, is one of the most fertile and beautiful regions of North America. Mount Shasta, like a storm-beaten column, rears its head of snow fourteen thousand feet ; and valleys of enchanting loveliness are traversed by Californian rivers. Likewise is the scenery of Mexico rich in the forms of a various and a colossal vegetation ; nor is it rare to meet with

mountain elevations, (such for instance as the volcanic Colima, which shows so strikingly as an inland height from the Pacific coast,) that overtower the monarch summit of Europe.*

The Rocky Mountains, which commence far North, in the unexplored regions, range through British America and the United States; and meeting the Mexican range they form the Northern part of the great continental chain that extends from the Straits of Magellan, 54° South, to the Frozen Ocean in 70° of Northern latitude. Of a geological character more primitive than the Alleghanies, and presenting an appearance dark, precipitous, and awe-inspiring, these mountains, the loftier of which are crowned with perpetual snow, justly belong to the character of sublimity; and particularly grand must be the passage of the Missouri through them, when the immense current narrows into a chasm not much exceeding one hundred and fifty yards in width, and rushes through it with the force and fleetness of a cataract, whilst on either side rise the black and perpendicular masses of rock, twelve hundred feet above the surface of the river.

Mountains, which mysteriously awaken the feeling of sublimity, are the proud monuments of the benevolent action of those disturbing forces in the earth from which have proceeded the inequalities of surface on which the interest of scenery so much depends. There is nothing picturesque, nothing that stirs the human

* Mont Blanc, according to the Austrian engineers, from Trelod, is 15,748 feet high. Colima, which is ninety miles from the Pacific coast, is over 16,000 feet.

spirit which does not proceed from *difference* and *inequality* in nature, qualities these, that receive the constant praise of myriads of leaping brooks, brilliant cascades, and majestic rivers. When we look at mountains, we think of the earnest throbbings of the earth-heart, of which they are born; for they are the giant offspring of convulsion, of central fires, though they seem to rise so silently into space, and to dwell in lofty repose. We love mountains for their immense prospects, for their capacity to awaken the feeling of the infinite, for the sentiment of sacred mystery and awe which has caused the superstition and legend of every nation to find a home among them, making them prominences, on which divinities and the numerous tribe of supernal agents are pleased to descend.* We admire them likewise as symbols of Permanence, and terrestrial Immortality; finding it good in a world of whirling permutations to look out upon these beacon heights and time-defying prominences. Jehovah deigns to rest on the Judean summit. Jove honors by his presence the Olympian peak. Worship obeyed a natural instinct in kneeling on mountains long before it entered the architectural sanctuaries. These solemn

* The answer of Cuvera's servant to Arguna illustrates the depth of this superstition in India. "This mountain, with its snowy peaks rending the cloudy sky in a thousand places, is, when viewed, able to remove at once the sins of man. An *imperceptible something* within it, the wise ever demonstrate to exist by proofs difficultly apprehended. But Brahma alone thoroughly knows this vast and inaccessible mountain as he alone knows the Supreme Soul."—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. x.

watchmen of the earth are revelations, also ; are apostles from the deep, on whose palms are written the history of marvellous ages. Man has seldom penetrated the earth more than half a mile in depth ; but these subterranean forces, in sending up their bold embassies from earth to heaven, have tossed from many miles beneath, the useful minerals into the paths of men ; making accessible the granite, sienite, porphyry and trap-rock, with many useful metals, and mineral substances. There is somewhat in the character of these vast and sudden upheavings of the central power that speaks of nature as a Revolutionist and a Radical, renouncing all gradualism and believing that nations may be born in a day ; but, when we gather the geological instructions thus laid open to our eyes, and the useful materials that ornament the external forms of civilized life ; when we think of the increased beauty yielded by the unevenness of the earth's crust, and of the development of the imagination caused by the picturesque conditions of nature, we then see the noble and generous conservatism of the awful forces. We then say, Away with all weak and whimpering kindness. Only the great strokes of power are far-sightedly kind. There is no accident in the play of seeming chances when Nature blows the trumpet of Revolution. That entire mountains in the Alps, that the Green Mountains in Vermont, the Highlands of New York, and most of the Alleghany range, as far as Alabama—a distance not far from twelve hundred miles—should have been so uplifted and thrown over as now to occupy an inverted position, exhibiting so clearly the more inaccessible strata as

they once lay deep in the lap of earth, is no blind stroke in the rapid commotion of natural forces. For how else should these eminences stand as glorious Revelators from beneath? How else could they tell the anciently hidden secrets as plainly as now? We value these immense forms of nature because they invigorate our minds with a lofty energy, because they inspire the spirit and speak the language of liberty, and because in the dilation of their enlarged prospects they emancipate us for the time from the bondage of the narrow and the local.

No part of the globe probably unites in so large a variety the grand aspects of nature as the mountains of South America, which appear as a reserved wealth for the imaginative interest of future times, to which travellers wishing to commune with the grandeurs of the earth will bend their ways. Who will now visit the cataracts of the Nile, which indeed scarcely equal the Cohoes on the Mohawk, whilst the memory of Trenton is fresh in his mind, and whilst the voice of Niagara is familiar to his ears? That the glorious scenery of Europe and of Asia will retain a commanding interest always, we joyfully believe; but nothing to us is more reasonable than the idea that the maturity of American culture, the additions of art which time always makes to nature, and the connecting intercourse which is destined to unite the remotest parts of the New World, will result in great celebrity for many places that now attract no general interest from abroad, whilst, from a tendency natural to mankind, the New World will

become most attractive to the Old, and the Old will remain highest in the esteem of the New, so far as respects the visions of beauty that reward and stimulate the distant journey among the lovers of scenic excellence.

The great Himalaya range in India, though its colossal peaks of the Jawahir and the Dhawalagiri, surpass the most celebrated summit of the Andes, the Chimborazo,* we are inclined to believe that in various sublimity fall far short of the impression made by the Cordilleras, whose deep valleys, and tropical vegetation, succeeded by the temperatures and productions common to the other climates of the earth, greatly enrich the views. Height is not the sole condition of the sublimity of mountain scenes. The depth of the ravines, the peculiar forms that nature assumes, the sky aspects that blend with those of the earth, and the variety and richness of the vegetation, that throw over the imposing majesty which attaches to these great elevations, the charm of life, are as essential to the excellence of the phenomena as the mere altitude of particular summits.

* Chimborazo measures 21,421 feet, which is twice that of Mount Etna. The Jawahir and Dhawalagiri are respectively 25,749, and 28,074 feet high, though it must be confessed that these last have not been measured with an accuracy that can be regarded as at all certain. In 1827, Mr. Pentland, a traveller of acknowledged learning and ability, in his expedition to Bolivia, measured the elevation of two mountains East of Lake Titicaca, the Sorata and the Illimani. He found the former 25,200, and the latter 24,000 feet high.

These American mountains have the decided advantage over those Indian Alps, in having upon their sides thickly clustered the powerful vegetation of the tropics ; whilst the latter are located in the temperate zone, and command no views of majestic palm groves, “ of humid forests of bambusa,” of the cycas and the bananas that flourish on the former. They appear in the clothing of species nearly similar to those which characterize Europe and Northern Asia. They are also less sublime than the Andes in not having the striking phenomena of volcanoes ; and having their limit of perpetual snow three thousand feet lower than its range on these American mountains, vegetation is arrested much sooner than it is in the equinoctial Cordilleras. But the greatest advantage, the one wherein lies the superiority of these Cordilleras over all other mountain scenery of the world, is so graphically stated by the great naturalist* who visited them in person, that we will here present his own words. “ This portion of the surface of the globe affords in the smallest space the greatest possible variety of impressions from the contemplation of nature. Among the colossal mountains of Cundinamarca, of Quito, and of Peru, furrowed by deep ravines, man is enabled to contemplate alike all the families of plants, and all the stars of the firmament. There at a single glance the eye surveys majestic palms, humid forests of bambusa, and the varied species of musaceæ, while above these forms of tropical vegetation appear oaks, medlars, the sweet

* A. Von Humboldt.

brier, and umbelliferous plants as in our European homes. There as the traveller turns his eyes to the vault of heaven, a single glance embraces the constellation of the Southern Cross, the Magellanic clouds, and the guiding stars of the constellation of the Bear, as they circle round the arctic pole. There the different climates are ranged the one above the other, stage by stage, like the vegetable zones, whose succession they limit; and there the observer may readily trace the laws that regulate the diminution of heat, as they stand indelibly inscribed on the rocky walls and abrupt declivities of the Cordilleras."

One striking difference between the Andes and the mountains of Europe, consists in the relative thickness and extent of the schistose and porphyritic rocks, which in the former, viewed at a distance in certain places, present the aspect of a vast assemblage of dilapidated towers. Without the least mixture of any other kind of rock, the porphyries of Chimborazo have a thickness of eleven thousand four hundred feet, while the pure quartz west of Caxamarca is no less than nine thousand feet. Not abounding in calcareous rocks, the Andes are said to contain but few petrifications, though the distinguished traveller already named reports the chain as covered over with ostracites, (petrified oysters) at the elevation of thirteen thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the plains of the Orinoco as presenting the rare phenomenon of petrified trees. The fossil distribution of the bones of the Elephantes, and the Mastodontes at an elevation of ten thousand two hundred and twenty feet, which with the speci-

mens discovered at the South of Quito and in Chili, and the rare species of the 'Mastodon found at the foot of the volcanic Inibabura, on the high plains of Quito, powerfully remind the observer of a former world, when gigantic animal races mingled with the colossal forms of nature that now awaken awe and reverence in view of the vast and mysterious forces of the external world.

Under the glowing sun of the Equator, and near Quito, the Andes exhibit their loftiest summits. Here Mount Chimborazo, Cayambe, Antisana and Cotopaxi raise their snowy heads far into the deep azure blue that so impressively reigns in equatorial skies. Chimborazo is whitened with perpetual snow the distance of five thousand feet from its top, and presents a spectacle most magnificent, as seen from the shores of the Pacific. This mountain exceeds twenty-one thousand feet, and the three last named exceed nineteen thousand feet of elevation, a height far superior to the loftiest summits of Europe; and though under the burning sun of the tropics, their tops for more than three thousand feet beneath, wear the crowns of eternal snow. In latitudes between 14° and 17° South, the Sorata and Illimani, outstripping the height of the more celebrated Chimborazo by some thousands of feet, pierce the clouds with their snowy summits; and in Southern latitude 20° the mountain of Potosi is attractive beneath its beautiful mass of porphyry by which it is crowned.

Volcanoes which diminish the dangers of earthquakes in the regions they occupy, and which are sublime

witnesses to the subterranean forces that gave them birth, are no curiosity in South America or in Mexico. In Chili they are exceedingly numerous. Their richness of phenomena must be increased by the fact that their igneous summits extend so far above the region of perennial snow. Cotopaxi is nearly five times higher than Vesuvius,* which is three times lower than the peak of Teneriffe. We venture the statement upon high authority, that among the volcanoes of the two hemispheres, the conical form of Cotopaxi is the most beautifully regular. Higher than the peak of Teneriffe by more than three thousand feet, rises in an elongated form the volcano of Rucu Pinchincha, at the foot of which lies the city of Quito. Its mouth forms a circular hole of nearly a league in circumference, whilst there is little room to doubt that the depth of the crater is on a level with the city itself; and we have the best authority for saying that in the history of volcanoes, none on either hemisphere, presents in its phenomena a grander or more remarkable picture than this. To us it is romantic to think of the extended plateaux that stretch along the sides of the Andes, on which, in flourishing towns and cities, the majority of the people reside; and though these inhabited plains and valleys are higher above the Pacific than are the crests of the Pyrenees above the blue Mediterranean waves, the inhabitants seem wholly unconscious of this high poising in the air.†

* Vesuvius, 3,876 feet. Cotopaxi, 19,069 feet.

† The village of Antisana is 13,500 feet above the level of the sea.

In Mexico, a country low on its eastern and western coasts, but rising gradually as the interior is approached, where it spreads out into immense table lands on an elevation of six thousand or eight thousand feet, one sees the strange phenomenon of a level country settled on the top of lofty mountains, extending at least a distance of seventeen hundred miles. From this elevation the traveller beholds the loftier summits shooting up into wild sublimity, some of granitic and some of porphyritic structure; whilst on the sides of the great volcanoes, which strike the imagination as colossal furnaces kindled by the fires of a central depth, bloom often the evergreen forests of pines and cedars. Here several of the volcanic summits leave the proudest mountain grandeurs of Europe far below them. Here too are the deep ravines, and the combined vegetation and temperatures of different climates settled on different elevations of the aspiring mountains. Here are Alpine solitudes, virgin forests, colossal flora, fragrant wild flowers with gay and beautiful colors, blooming under the dark shadows of the pine; and here the enchanted valley of Mexico, in which the ancient city of Cholula reposed with "its hundred towers and pinnacles" in the glory of its original power, opens in beauty to the view; on the west the bold barrier of porphyritic rock rises as the guard of the vale; in commanding view stand the two huge volcanoes of the country, Popocatepetl* and Iztaccihuatl,"† and far away to the east the magnificent Orizava‡ soars high above the clouds,

* 17,968 feet.

† 16,000 feet.

‡ 17,697 feet.

seeming in the distance like a marble dome towering into the sky. This mountain is said to be the most beautiful on a near approach, as it is the most magnificent in the distance. These volcanoes are covered with eternal snow, and each rises to a height that overlooks the sublime Mont Blanc of European pride. In this hasty glance at American mountain scenery, the claim of the New World to sublimity on a scale, that, all things considered, may not perhaps be rivalled by any other division of the Globe, is by its facts sufficiently vindicated. In the Adirondack Mountains of northern New York, in which the waters of the Hudson originate, and in those of New Hampshire, sublimity may also be derived ; and we have only to say, that sublimity, so far as it respects the inferior element, water, (as it is sometimes called,) does not allow a labor of contrast with the conceded excellence of rivers and waterfalls in the Old World.

Sublimity, from the very order of nature, and from the ends to be answered by the earth in respect to human wants, cannot be the general and universal aspect of a whole country, and a whole continent. Nature, constantly laid out in the forms of the sublime, could not be well subjected to those various uses which the wants of mankind so unceasingly require. Indeed the very nature of sublimity, as having the highest distinction, as awakening wonder, awe, surprise, implies that it is comparatively rare ; for it is only through contrast with the common and the general, that objects in nature strike us as sublime. In looking at the char-

acteristic landscapes of Europe, one sees that the heights generally, as well as the most elevated mountains, are more sharply defined, have an aspect more *gothic*, *angular*, and *abrupt*, and therefore more picturesque than the same kind of scenery usually prevailing in the United States, where the rounded outline much more prevails. There is, however, interior scenery here, in which the bold and the striking are decidedly prominent; and in the sublimities of American mountain scenery already mentioned, it will be observed that nature takes the European characteristic alluded to, and combines with it the characteristic of *vastness* abounding in Asia.

The rivers of the New World express vastness also. No channel of the width of the Mississippi carries so large an amount of water into the sea. The Rio de la Plata, or River of Silver, as the name implies, as wide-breasted as the Amazon, enters the ocean under a width of surface no less than one hundred and fifty miles, a width which continues as far as to Montevideo. The Orinoco, entitled to the third rank among South American rivers, full of islands, and presenting shores imposing and picturesque, affords the grandest prospects from its rapids; and its prodigious quantity of water convinced Columbus that the land, which afforded it was a continent and not an island. It was here, near its estuary, where the Orinoco like the Nile divides into numerous branches, and its green waters so beautifully contrast with the deep blue that rests on the waves of the sea, that Columbus, inhaling the balsamic fragrance of the land breeze, really supposed that the

source of the Orinoco was in the terrestrial paradise, and that he stood upon one of the four rivers named in the second chapter of Genesis. The Rhine, which is one of the finest rivers of Europe, is said to be unequal in its best places to the Hudson in its whole course. Rising among the Alpine glaciers it might seem to claim a nobler descent than the latter, which has its source among the sublimities of the Adirondacks ; it finds, however, a much inferior destiny. Whilst the one disappears in struggling turbid waters in the low marshes of Holland, the other in full power nobly enters the Atlantic Ocean.

It is a trait of American rivers that they are rendered picturesque by numerous islands, and by the fulness of forest landscape through which they flow. The Hudson, Connecticut, Susquehannah, Ohio, Niagara and St. Lawrence are suggestions of these general facts. The North American rivers far surpass those of the Southern division of the continent in navigable utility ; and in beautiful meandering and general loveliness cannot be excelled. The Hudson, which at New York seems like an estuary of the sea, is in its whole course decidedly sacred to the imagination. The Palisades for twenty miles above the city rise in a lofty precipice of columnar basalt ; and the variety of green meadow, villages, banks, forests, and clusters of trees, dotted along with villas and tasteful mansions that accompany the river course, opens a constant succession of agreeable views. The Highlands come down closely to the winding channel of the river, and seem to close it in by steep hills of gneis, so that the passenger as he

arrives at the entrance of the rocky gorge sees not where he shall emerge from the labyrinth of abrupt curves through which the Hudson passes these solemn heights, whose shadows rest as a silent melancholy on its waters; but he soon emerges into a wide valley where to the north looms up in the verge of the horizon the blue heights of the Catskill. These last named mountains, once "the wonder-land to the Indians, and the themes of golden speculation to the sages of New Amsterdam," from which indeed gold *was once* actually procured,* are an inestimable wealth in the scenery of the Hudson. Whether seen in the blue of distant vision on the river above Poughkeepsie, where the bending of the current and the meadowy and leafy hills of various outline form the foreground of the prospect, or seen from land-points in the counties adjoining them, they ever appear as a graceful and gentle air picture of inviting loveliness. Upon them, the traveller enjoys about three thousand feet of elevation, before whom a vast landscape is spread out, flowered with villages, and extending to the Highlands on the south, to the Berkshire hills on the east, and to an unconfined horizon on the north. The silver cascade is graceful; the rock scenery of the deep ravine is even grand;† and a sunrise, and a thunder storm echoing through the deep ravines and roaring among the hills, are majestic. The Hudson river scenery is rich also in Revolutionary

* So testified an eye-witness, Adriaen Van der Donk.

† The first fall is one hundred and eighty feet; the second eighty; and from the bottom of the third to the summit of the first precipice is three hundred and ten feet.

memories, in Indian legends; Washington, Andre, Livingston, Knox, Arnold with the dark hoverings of Treason still upon his name, and Kosciusko, whose white marble shaft in the Highlands points to his immortal honor, all arise as shades of an ineffaceable past.

It is difficult to imagine a more continuous line of beauty than the course of the Susquehannah, a river whose mild grace and gentleness combined with power render it a message of nature to the affections and to the tranquil consciousness. This trait of mildness, even in its proudest flow, seems to hover upon its banks and waters as the genius of the scene. No thunder of cataracts anywhere announces its fame. It is mostly the contemplative river, dear to fancy, dear to the soul's calm feeling of unruffled peace. This river of noble sources and many tributaries, traverses the vale of Wyoming, where, in other years, we have been delighted with its various scenery. Its mountain ramparts which rise somewhat majestically to hail her onward progress, are crowned with a vegetation of northern fir, whilst the verdant and fertile valley is graced with the foliage of the oak, chestnut and sycamore. At Northumberland, where the east and the west branch unite, the river rolls along with a noble expanse of surface; opposite the town rises, several hundred feet, a dark perpendicular precipice of rock, from which the whole prospect is exceedingly picturesque. The Alleghany Mountains, which somehow seem to bear a paternal relation to this river, lend it the shadow of their presence through great distances. These mountains, though they never rise so high as to give the impres-

sion of power and sublimity, are never monotonous. Though they are not generally gothic, but of rounded aspect, the northern part has those that are steep and abrupt, sharp-crested and of notched and jagged outline. The Susquehannah is wealthy also in aboriginal legend, and in abundant foliage. Its rude raft likewise aids the picture. It has many beautiful sources, particularly that in the lovely lake of Cooperstown; and no thought concerning its destiny can be so eloquent as the one expressed by our first American novelist whose name is alike honored by his countrymen and by foreign nations. He spoke of it as "the mighty Susquehannah, a river to which the Atlantic herself has extended her right arm to welcome into her bosom." Other scenery in Pennsylvania we have met, which though less renowned than Wyoming and the Juniata, is not less romantic and beautiful. A noble river is indeed the image of unity, a representative of human tendencies, wherein many separate strivings unite in one main current of happiness and success. Man concentrates himself like a river in plans and purposes, and seeks his unity in some chief end as the river seeks it in the sea.

The clear waters of Lake George, surrounded by bold and jutting shores and sprinkled with green islands of bright vegetation, is the queen of American lakes for all that is lovely and picturesque. Unlike the waters of Lake Champlain, the Hudson, and indeed the whole region between the Green Mountains and the Mississippi, which are more or less impregnated with lime, Lake George is preëminent in the purity and

clearness of its waters. It might well have been named Lake Sacrament. This scene of loveliness, however, lies under an atmosphere of violent and stormy changes, and within the companionship of mountains whose variety of crag, chasm, peak and promontory enriches the views with all the wild and agreeable romance of mountain scenery. When the lake is tranquil, the small islands with their reflections in the water have seemed to some observers like "globes of leaves heaped up and suspended in the air." The constant succession of new views attendant on the change of position in the advances of the traveller, and the various character of the mountain summits, some of which are of the bold and sharp cone, some crowned with lofty pines in the azure airy distance, with a thousand other scenic interests only to be realized in a personal visit, render Lake George, not by any means the first picturesque lake of Christendom, but certainly one of exceeding beauty and loveliness.

Time and space do not permit us to speak of the lovely valley of the Connecticut, of the Housatonic, in whose course occurs an interesting waterfall,* nor of Mount Holyoke, so exquisitely fine in its prospect, nor of the White Mountains † of New Hampshire, which overlook a wide sublimity of wilderness untouched by human culture, and which own Mount Washington as their sovereign height, where the sabbath of nature is unceasingly kept, where to the eye, as far as it can

* Falls at Canaan are sixty feet in depth.

† Within a circuit of sixty miles are six summits that exceed the elevation of 5,000 feet. Mt. Washington is 6,234 feet high.

reach, the blue expanding sea of mountains sends up its powerful waves. Here the solemn majesty is relieved by some joyous cascades that leap down their leafy sides, eager in the play of their descent, till they fall into the arms of the Saco.

“Mount of the clouds! when Winter round thee throws
 The hoary mantle of the dying year,
 Sublime amid the canopy of snows
 Thy towers in bright magnificence appear!
 'Tis then we view thee with a thrilling fear,
 Till Summer robes thee in her tint of blue;
 When lo! in softened grandeur, far, yet clear,
 Thy battlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue,
 To swell, as *Freedym's home*, on man's unbounded view.”

Ten months in the year these mountains are crowned with snow; and from great distances at sea are they observed, as mute orators publishing a welcome from the more solid earth-basis from which the sons of the ocean have strayed. In the valley of the Saco likewise, with streaming cloud-banners floating beneath their naked summits, these mountains are distinctly seen by the traveller at the distance of thirty miles.

When a successor of Thomas Cole shall appear whose genius shall carry forward the interests of American landscape painting in the ability that characterized this fine artist, his pictures will show that the Adirondack Mountains, heretofore comparatively so little noticed, are, with the Hudson Highlands, the attractive Switzerland of our northern country. A range of mountains extending through the northern section of New York

from Little Falls on the Mohawk, to Trembleau Point on Lake Champlain, claims the Adirondacks southwest from this lake as its loftiest group. With cone-like peaks and jagged ridges, they pierce the clouds and gild their brows in the upper radiance, whilst they pour from their sides in all directions the many cheerful streams. Lakes clear as crystal, densely lined with forest, lie embosomed among the bases of these mountains, quiet amidst their wild and leafy solitudes ; and though in most of the other attractive scenery in our Atlantic States it is a matter of distant memory, when

“ the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume,”

in these forest solitudes now live several of the wild animal races, among which are the lurking panther and the nimble deer. Mt. Marcy, McIntyre, McMartin and Santanoni are the loftiest summits, the two latter rising above the tide five thousand feet, and the two former exceeding that elevation. The first, which is the highest mountain in the State, has the significant Indian name *Ta-ha-wus*, “He splits the sky,”—from whose summit of gray rock spreads forth a forest prospect three hundred miles in circumference ! The wild Adirondack Pass, between two mountains, whose gorge is filled with huge rocks on which green trees are faithfully cherished, and the perpendicular precipice of a thousand feet which rises on one of its sides, are a scene worthy the superior artist. Cole delighted us through his picture of Scaron Lake, whose densely-foliaged shores, under the distant gaze of

the solemn Adirondacks, enclose a body of water peculiarly surrounded by the wild and the picturesque.

The scenery of Rhode Island in the vicinity of Newport, which attracts so many strangers to that place, which unites beauty of landscape with the sublimity of the sea, is extensively celebrated; and if causes may be read in their results, we shall find the beauty of this scenery reflected in the characters of Channing and Alston, both of whom acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the happy influences of this external nature in their early development. If we were to select one romantic spot for an hour's communion with the superlative in the picturesque, we should pause to behold the Potomac scenery at Harper's Ferry. Whether viewed from the Potomac side, where one glance embraces the neat, tree-shaded village on the right, the sloping upland forming a part of its background, the bold and imposing features of the mountains through which the river here passes, or from the superior position of the Blue Ridge, where a single glance embraces the grandest possible assemblage of delightful objects, the bold mountain on the left, the union of two rivers which have forced their way through mighty barriers of nature, two green and beautiful islands in the waters on the right, a charming vegetation all around, and an outspreading landscape in front,—from either of these positions the whole scene is a magical picture to the imagination.

“The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge,” says Jefferson, “is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very

high point of land ; on your right comes the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac in quest of a passage also ; in the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time ; that the mountains were created first and the rivers began to flow afterwards ; that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley ; that continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah—the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of Nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which Nature has given to the picture is of a very different character ; it is a true contrast to the foreground ; it is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous ; for the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself ; and that way, too, the road happens to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three

miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and, within about twenty miles, reach Fredericktown and the fine country around it. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic; yet here, as at the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre."

In nature, the cataract is the most concentrative marvel of the watery element. It is the type of freedom. It is water apparently released from law, enjoying wildly its high moment, its holiday. It is genius in its wild leap; is courage and power in triumph; the drowsing lion aroused; is Peter at Pultowa, Bonaparte at the Bridge of Lodi, and Leonidas at Thermopylæ. The height of heroism is to be like the cataract, *at home* on the precipice.

As the tailor's measurement of the human figure is no knowledge of its life, mind or physiology; as the great epoch is not well known by statistics, but by the achievement of its ideas; so the material world is not grasped by even accurate details: since Nature is full of divine idea above and beyond the form; — idea whose invisible hoverings are the chief glory of every scene. We reach the divinity of Nature only when we hail the genius, the soul of a place which we sometimes catch by a glance at the body of the material scene, though to reveal it in *words* according to the Arabian idea of a perfect description, one that "converts an ear into an eye," is by no means the easy task, though it lawfully

becomes our motto. We may also know scenery which we have never seen, as we know Cæsar and Bonaparte, through their faithful history.

Two places on the Orinoco, a river crossed by granitic mountains, and twice confined in its course, obliging it to break upon the rocky barriers that form steps and transverse dikes, offer phenomena distinguishedly grand. "Nothing can be grander," says the learned traveller, "than the aspect of this spot; neither the Fall of Tequendama, nor the magnificent scenes of the Cordilleras, could weaken the impression produced upon my mind by the first view of the rapids of Atures and of Maypures. When you are so stationed that the eye can take in at once the long succession of cataracts, the immense sheet of foam and vapors, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, it seems as if you saw the whole river suspended over its bed."* The sheet of foam at Maypures stretches out a mile in extent, whilst "masses of rock of an iron black color rear their ragged fronts, like towers, out of this misty cloud. Every island, every rock is ornamented with luxuriant trees closely grouped together. A thick smoke constantly hangs suspended over the water; and through this foggy vapor, which rises from the foam, shoot up the tops of lofty trees. As soon as the burning rays of the setting sun mingle with this humid cloud, the optical phenomena which are produced, actually give an air of enchantment to the scene. The colored arches successively appear and disappear, and their image incessantly

* Humboldt's Travels, Vol. IV, pp. 1, 2.

hovers before the eye at the mercy of the wind. During the long season of the rains, the murmuring waters have accumulated little islands of vegetable earth around the naked rocks. Adorned with the *Drosera*, the Mimosa with its foliage of silver white, and a multitude of other plants, these form beds of flowers in the midst of frowning rocks." Thus speaks the truthful naturalist.

The cataract of Atures, thirty-six miles below, and three hundred and forty-five west of the Cordilleras of New Granada, with a horizon bordered by mountains on which the palm-clusters shoot up more than a hundred feet, and with its prospect of numerous islands bearing amidst the watery foam their palmy verdure, is exceedingly fine. A perpetual verdure is here observed; the peak of Uniana, of pyramidal shape, towers in the west. Aside from the brilliant and vigorous vegetation that grows within the prospect, the division of so large a current into separate torrents, the ingulfing of its waters into rocky caverns, in one of which travellers heard the eager song of the rapids chaunted, at the same time both above their heads and beneath their feet, would alone constitute this place a wild region of beauty.

But the glorious cataract of South America is found in New Granada, on the Rio de Bogota, a river that has forced its way through the mountains to the southwest of Santa Fe de Bogota, and draining the valley through which it passes, descends from its elevated course toward the bed of the Magdalena, whose northward flow to the sea is enlarged by its waters. In the

current of this river is the magnificent cataract of the Tequendama, about which, all that is picturesque in nature seems to have taken its perennial residence. It is a characteristic of powerful cataracts to narrow their channels at and near the place of descent, securing thereby concentration and force, a fact which, seen by the imagination, implies the conscious apprehension of the element in relation to the crisis to which it hastens, collecting and concentrating itself for the heroic deed to which it violently moves. Thus the Tequendama, which has a width of one hundred and forty-four feet above, contracts itself within the compass of thirty-six feet in passing the rocky crevice near its descent; and with a double bound plunges down an abyss five hundred and seventy-four feet in depth, more than three times the descent of our glorious Niagara. The vapory column that rises from beneath is clearly visible at the city, a distance of seventeen miles; whilst over all the scene, the lordly rainbow, with an ever-varying beauty, sits constantly enthroned. This double bound of the plunging current enhances the interest, not only by increasing variety, but by the peculiar aspect which a sudden arrest of falling water by rocky projections, tossing it upward and forward in white, broken forms, is always known to create. One fact may be alleged of this fall which we presume may be said of no other. We mean the diversity of vegetation which brings under the eye of the observer the plants and trees common to temperate and tropical regions; for the summit and foot of the precipice are adorned by totally different forms. There the observer

sees around him oaks, elms, and various other trees reminding him of the northern vegetation, while to his downward vision appears a country rich in bananas, palms, and sugar-canes. This is no trifle in the glory of the Tequendama.

We shall believe this to be the Niagara of South America, unless future travellers verify the story of the Spaniards under Gonzalo, who, in traversing the banks of the Napo, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon, and a river which in the Old World would be esteemed of the first magnitude, found a stupendous cataract formed by the precipitation of this broad expanse of water in one volume of foam, over a precipice of twelve hundred feet ! which is more than twice the depth of the Tequendama. Above and below the precipice the river narrowed itself to the breadth of twenty feet, and for miles above the cataract it rushed and foamed along in swift and powerful rapids. Through the gloomy stillness of the forests, where no trace of human hands indicated the least victory of man over the wild and primitive grandeur of Nature, the appalling sounds resounded ; and the rude warriors who heard it for eighteen miles above the cataract, were struck with awe, regarding it as subterraneous thunder.

Though sublimity with respect to the common is rare in terrestrial forms, all are admitted to its presence. Though it might seem at first view to be always a superlative in Nature, it has, like beauty and loveliness, a positive and a comparative degree, and *many forms*. In view of this we shall not allow the gentleman who has seen a Rhigi sunrise in Switzerland, and

who thinks the sublime ever after can *legally* have but *one* shape, to determine for us, *ex officio*, what is beneath sublimity in the creation around us. Certainly the skies unfold this attribute over every part of the earth. It is touchingly mingled in the wild storm that bends the forest to its will, in the cloudy sunset, in the mysterious forces of Nature of which external phenomena are the suggestions; it reveals itself also in great actions and characters, in universal truths, in vast hopes and limitless desires that grasp the immortal; and particularly, in the feeling of a universe, which awakens in reflecting minds. The question of sublimity concerns Nature simply as an objective symbol, foreshadowing, answering, gratifying the real sublimity of the soul. The question, therefore, "Is this or that scene sublime?" justly stated amounts to this: "Is the symbol adapted to awaken the consciousness of sublimity in the beholder?" which must depend mutually on the scene itself and the susceptibility of the person, though a general agreement among men may be so far presumed that real objective grandeur will seldom be largely destitute of its true reputation. Some, however, will not meet sublimity where its material radiance is brightest; others, from its fulness in their own souls, will derive it from simpler sources.

In glancing over American waterfalls within the Northern division of the continent, it is needless to tarry long at the Falls of St. Anthony, which, instead of the very steep descent ascribed to them by the early French writers, are proven to have, on later and more accurate examination, a precipice of but seven-

teen or eighteen feet of perpendicular depth. Yet there must be something impressive at this place, where the Queen of Rivers robes herself in white, and gracefully makes this downward passage of her destiny. In the loneliness of the desert, the anthem of the waters dies solemnly away in the distance of the forest; romantic scenery in the vicinity lends it aid; and the spirit of legend, wildly beautiful, still recites the fate of the young Indian wife and matron, who, they say, on sunny mornings, is yet often seen wandering near the precipice where she perished, mourning her husband's inconstancy, with her babes bound to her bosom.

Fifteen miles from Utica, in the county of Oneida, and among primeval forests, are the exceedingly picturesque Falls of the Kauy-a-hoo-ra. We hope not to be readily forgiven should we ever call this beautiful river, particularly where it passes the ravine of the several cascades, by the usual name, "*West Canada Creek*," so long as we remember that Kauy-a-hoo-ra is its euphonious Indian appellative, and that this signifies "Leaping Water."

Trenton is a combination wholly different from Niagara. Beauty and loveliness, with a hovering of dream and fairy-land, are the chief elements of Trenton, as sublimity and beauty are those of Niagara, sublimity being the central power. As the reader is delighted in passing from Shakspeare to Burns, or from Goëthé to Schiller, each entertaining him by original genius, so are we happy in the same journey to pass days at Niagara and days at Trenton.

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At Trenton we are struck with the sudden vision of the deep ravine, at the bottom of which the staircase leads. The feeling of being *low down* in the earth, of being free and at home with Nature, and isolated from the world, immediately arises in the mind ; whilst a walk along the side of the Kaury-a-hoo-ra, which is here shaded by the high hills that rise on either side, discovers the largest *variety* in the forms and in the expression of the watery element. The water has, in places, beneath its Ethiop lustre, the calmest expression, which with the shadows of the ravine upon the current, sets off by contrast the white foam of the rapids and the amber color of the cascades, before they dash and break into snowy whiteness. Never have we seen the element more rich in the dark lustre of its surface, which seems as a symbol of Thought in its tranquil depths, than, in certain places, it assumes at Trenton.

The few racing rapids and the four principal cascades, each of which varies the prospect, do not alone make up the delightful satisfactions of Trenton. Neither of the cascades probably exceeds forty feet in depth. It is the entire scenery of the place ; the peculiar gracefulness of the river ; its rapidity in the wild and dazzling leap ; the bold, rocky heights that descend so far above you, offering to every upward glance the verdure of a full vegetation ; trees standing thickly on the sides and summits of the ravine, and sometimes coming down to the water's edge and bending over it ; the golden yellow that edges the water of the precipice ; the white foaming silver of the High Fall,

and the graceful shelves below; the floor of rock, on which ages far anterior to man are clearly written;* the placid, thoughtful sombre of the stream in places; and the flowers that gleam forth from the sides of the rocky way in beauty,—these make Trenton a picture not to be forgotten, one that will often reappear in retrospective revery. Reality, poetry, spirit-land, dream-land, have expression on the Kauy-a-hoo-ra, though the rounded and even outline, rather than the sharp projective, prevails in the hill scenes that embosom it. Trenton, in Germany, France, Italy, or England, would be the universal worship of poets and scholars.

But the grand marvel of the earth, the divinity-voiced water, which speaks in mightier eloquence than all forms of the element, is Niagara. We should say that this is the *real* voice of the New World, the William Pitt, the summit eloquence of all the sublimity that concentrates historically and prospectively in the word America, somewhat as the roar of the lion is the natural signal of his real power. In Niagara we conceive that *America* roars. Yet whenever beauty or sublimity reaches its superlative, it has a charm to *unnationalize* the spectators, and makes them children of the Universe only. Are the sun and stars German, or are they English? “There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.” Is Niagara

* The order of these rocks is Transition, the first that contains fossil organic remains, and is, therefore, earlier than any trace of human history. Orthoceratites and Trilobites, of different genera, Nautili, Crinoidea, Producta and other petrefactions, are found in the Trenton rock.

American, or is it English? Is the voice of Mont Blanc, "where rave the Arve and Aveyron ceaselessly," merely European? Then is Lyra Italian, and Cassiopeia Russian. A grand scenery is like St. Peter's Pentecostian sermon; the pilgrim of every nation hears it, each in his own tongue. As Niagara is the celebration of thoughts and sentiments resident in all men, as Nature everywhere is a grand ritual referring to what is greater in the spirit, we will not be patriotic in the presence of the Universal, nor need we catch Niagara spasms in the enthusiasm aroused by the sublimity-revealing symbol, since no two men ever saw the same scene, since none ever carried sublimity away from this dazzling miracle who did not bring it to his confront with the scene. Yet we will not quarrel with emotion, when in the near contact it crowns the objective as all in all.

When, in 1698, Father Louis Henepin visited Niagara, he found, on the Canada side, a third cascade, at which the water was thrown inward, from West to East, by a great rock. The same cross fall is mentioned by Kalm, a Danish naturalist who visited the cataract in 1750, as having disappeared a few years previous, from the falling down of the rock.

There can be no need of Alps or Andes to complete or increase the sublimity of Niagara, since no mountains known on either division of the globe would well correspond with the scene. The sublimity of the land is elsewhere sufficiently celebrated. This is due to the other element. Niagara, though the central wonder, is in perfect and symmetrical correspondence with the

character of the river in which it occurs, with its distant and mighty ancestral sources of lakes and rivers, that have all the vast and permanent wealth of power, of which its thunder is the trumpet; and particularly does it correspond with the wonders of the river-wrought ravine through which it flows, where for miles below is traced a sublime history of inconceivable remoteness, through the series of geological phenomena that now stand as certain proofs of an immensity of changes both of land and sea, and of eras of time for whose expression there is in nature no analogy. To reflection, therefore, a grandeur of conception arises equal to the vision that stirs the soul in beholding; and it is a sublimity in thought harmoniously flowing into the total symphony of the scene. Niagara has kindred all around; for in receding from Queenston southward, this cataract has dug a path of wonders; and the facts of its history, the truths laid open by its deep ravine, and those discovered in its surrounding region, cause the sublimity of the mighty past to encircle the vast astonishment, whose song unceasingly announces the Infinite, and whose form is sublimity itself.

When at Queenston, seven miles below, the flood of the Niagara was sustained by a far loftier throne of rock; when at the whirlpool, two and a half miles below the present precipice, it stood upon the extremely hard basis of quartzose sandstone, where for ages it may have been stationary, successfully resisting the erosion which is constantly removing the cataract nearer Lake Erie. The two constituent layers that now uphold the rushing river being of shale and lime-

stone, each measuring in thickness ninety feet, it will happen, that, as the process of erosion advances through the action of the wind-driven spray against the lower strata, (which is the shale and more easy of dissolution,) the bottom of the precipice will be a solid massive limestone, after the cataract has receded two miles from its present position; which from its great hardness will be likely to again render Niagara a permanent wonder to innumerable ages. The prediction of this solid future basis fairly resides in the two existing causes, the southward dip of the strata, which is about twenty-five feet to the mile, and the sloping of the river channel in the opposite direction. The deep chasm of Niagara, twice broader at its top than at the surface of the water, is one which the river and not the sea has made; and when we consider that the several genera of fresh water deposits found imbedded on Iris Island, with those discovered in the cliff below, preceded the erosion of the ravine in which the river now flows; and when we reflect on the evidence proving that this river once occupied another channel three hundred feet less in depth than the gorge of its present waters, what can more solemnly impress the idea of time-immensity than the history of this immortal river! The cycles of human development, in comparison, are but moments. Geology says that the interval of time between the origin of the coralline limestone at the top of the cataract, and the human epoch, is an immensity too vast for ideal realization; that Alps, Pyrenees and Himalayas have been slowly elaborated beneath the sea, and thrown up as mountain chains; that

land has often been converted into sea, and sea into land, since that rock was formed. What other river has so sublime a history ! Roar, ye ceaseless torrents ! For eternity-grasping tidings are all around you ! Be voice to the sublimely-buried secrets, to the silent mysteries of ages ! Has not Brainard spoken well to the occasion in these words ? —

“ It would seem
 As if God poured thee from his ‘ hollow hand,’
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
 And spake in that loud voice, which seemed to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour’s sake,
 ‘ The sound of many waters ;’ *and had bade*
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.”

The Niagara river connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, the former being three hundred and thirty-four feet higher than the latter ; and when it is remembered that for fifteen miles the river spreads out into a calm, lake-like scenery scarcely descending as many feet, and that it is reserved for the rapids and the precipice to overcome the greater part of this distance, one can imagine the activity of the element as corresponding to the concentration of so large a descent. It numbers forty islands before it reaches the Falls ; and it may well flow with an unasking grace, for what queen ever had such grand and loyal tributaries ? In the presence of the cataract the mind is so absorbed as not usually to think of its distant and unseen sources of vast lakes and rivers ; yet before leaving this uniform

orator who never asks or suffers anything from the changing seasons,* the mind rushes to its adequate causes hidden in the distance, and from happy analogy is reminded that every world-stirring voice, whether from Plato, Chatham or Kossuth, has in the distance its great unseen sources of experience, knowledge, and inspiration.

The river narrows to the breadth of a mile, a mile above the cataract, at which place it is but three-fourths of that distance. In looking southward from the bridge or the island, the rapids in white-crested breakers strike the imagination by their wild and passionate play, all life and eagerness, as if the river itself were bravely conscious of the awful crisis, and already shared the soul of the precipice; even as the human spirit, agitated and aroused by the heroic greatness of the end on which it resolves, bursts through all fear of consequence, and hastens under the inspiring play of terrific passions to its achievement. Since Byron spoke of the "Hell of waters" in *Childe Harold*,

"Where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture;"

it has not been uncommon to meet the phrase and spirit of this apostrophe to Velino in relation to Niagara. But in what sense of the word it can so be styled, we know not; certainly not in the sense of despair, sin or misery, for Niagara is hope, joy and heroism. Perhaps its fullness of *power*, which is thrillingly terrific when

* No rains or drought ever perceptibly affect the volume of the river.

the scenes, in places, are beheld from *beneath*, may cause some to think of it under this association, as Milton and others derive the fearless executive energy mostly from hell, though Nature leagues with God and truth; nor does she in her finest triumphs picture hells and devils. It is rather a heaven of waters. Sooner think of Dante's *Inferno* when traversing the wonderfully picturesque, subterranean world in Kentucky, the Mammoth Cave.

The whole scene is far more terrific when viewed from beneath, where the solemn might and sublimity of the place are unsoftened by those views of the graceful current and the rising spray commanded by higher positions. *There* one is conscious of the *awful* forces. Beneath! Are not the more terrible daring forces thence? From such were the mountains born. From thence is the armed Satan of sacred mythology. Power is the *basis*, and beauty is the summit of every fine character. Bases are beneath. We demand of every great man a certain solidity of will and principle over which his grace and eloquence may pass, as in Niagara we have the lofty rock-throne which supports the fluent beauties of the hastening element. Such were Cæsar, Luther and Hannibal.

Nature usually contrives to beautify the sublime so that the awe-inspiring shall be in some degree radiant and lovely also. Mountains have verdure and joyous streams; likewise lingering gleams of sunlight. Niagara is a *contrast* of waters where the milder phenomena of beauty are mingled with the sublime. A mile below the falls the river is the type of repose; on the

Wire Bridge the eye surveys this calmness above, and the hastening of the waters below. The delicate lines of loveliness frequently displayed in this river, the white bands of foam that stretch along like the Milky Way on its surface, the gentle eddies that seem to imitate the starry groups as they dance their waltz on the rocky floor, the verdure and flowers that creep down the rocky chasm, the gay vapors of spray that briskly dart from beneath and sustain the many-colored rainbow both by day and by night, and especially the grace of the cascades themselves, when viewed from the higher positions, exhibit clearly that blending of the beautiful with the sublime, of gentleness with power ; in brief, all those manifold contrasts in which the perfection of nature resides, and which render Niagara the masterly picture whose unexhausted interest challenges the frequent visit, the long-beholding and the lingering look. Yet we will not isolate this scene. The mountain and the daisy, Shakspeare and the infant, are one in nature ; so is Niagara brother to the laughing rill.

No country has rivers that rank so high as the American on the ground of landscape beauty. Italy has none that deserves to rank high in this regard ; her streams, for the most part, being dependent on the melting of the snows in the Alps and Pyrenees, have no regular character. The Thames would be nothing in America. Neither the Seine, which has very fine scenery between Rouen and the Channel, nor the Rhine, which has great diversity of character and embellishes a large extent of country in the heart of Europe, can, as rivers, stand a moment's comparison with the Hud-

son. But, though Nature in America offers herself to man in her primitive freedom and freshness, she is not so picturesque in the accessories of art, in the sharp and bold lines of ordinary heights and prominences, such as a glance over Spanish, Swiss, or Italian scenery would suggest, as in Europe. These picturesque remains of the middle ages, the fortified war-castle and the Gothic temple, are not here; whilst in Europe the lavish hand of Nature is not traced in rivers, forests and prairies, as in America. American scenery needs landscape painters of adequate genius to set forth its true claims. Cole is worthy of his excellent fame. But where are the pictures of American forests, lakes, rivers, mountains and sunsets, in our own and in foreign galleries, that compare in finish with such paintings of European landscape as have lately been seen in the Dusseldorf gallery? These acquisitions will undoubtedly be gifts of the future. But the just and extensive appreciation of the scenery of America will not occur until art becomes its faithful representative.

In these general glances at American scenery in which we have found the home of the sublime and the picturesque spread out over the New World in many forms, we hope to awaken some new and general interest in the subject. We would know the wealth of nature. We would gather from it sources of inexhaustible truth. We would revere its beauty, and in character reproduce its impressions of energy, truth and loveliness. We have spoken of America as combining traits, belonging, by resemblance, to Europe and to Asia; yet it is a *New World*, with an expression original and

peculiar to itself alone. It unfolds its phenomena for other and higher ends than mere subsistence ; and in the faith that animates us, it is the *designed* and not the accidental auxiliary of the new human development, which, under the providence of God, shall further, and we hope, fulfil man's nobler destiny here.

At least, those who regard the ennoblement of the intellect, cannot disregard the forms and influences of the outer world ; for to it they are more than books and poems. If terrestrial nature is viewed simply from the space it occupies in the inclosing immensity, it is of course but a trifle ; its mountains are ant-hills, its seas only drops of eternal dew. But if we view it from the truths it expresses, from the educational power it has over the whole nature of man, it is at once exalted into the noblest agency. As one human creature is so cunningly devised that he represents, in little, the whole moral empire, as the infant is the entire world in miniature, so this small globe with its manifold scenes may be so comprehensively contrived as to represent the whole material creation, whose limitlessness always strikes mankind as sublime. From the mysteries, laws, forms, and beauties of the present earth, shall be delivered to efficient learners the keys that shall unlock every door of the material universe ; for the genius of the creation is triumphantly expressed in throwing the character of the Whole into the Part, and in enabling the Part to see its apotheosis in the Whole. Herein is the glory of the earth. It is the miniature Universe, the rounded Part, holding the fundamental truth and secrets so sublimely expanded in the Whole.

THE CENTRAL NATION.*

THE unwillingness of a nation to be known does not diminish our anxiety to know her, as a studied concealment only awakens and concentrates the closer scrutiny. The unsocial position of China to the rest of mankind, the consciousness of self-perfection in which she separates herself from the world, are, indeed, long-standing and extraordinary traits; styling her Emperor "The Son of Heaven," and herself "The Flowery Central

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartaire, le Thibet, et la Chine, pendant les Années 1844, 1845 et 1846.* Par M. Huc, Prêtre Missionnaire de la Congregation de St. Lazare. 2 vols. Paris: 1850.

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China and the English. By J. Abbott. New York: William Holdredge. 1852.

Nation," "The Celestial Empire," she sincerely imagines that whatever is great and good in human history has arrived at its highest possible summits in the past developments of China ; and, in the feeling common to perhaps the larger share of prosperous nations, if not to the larger divisions of men every where, she looks down upon all other portions of the human family with a self-satisfying contempt, honestly enough regarding them as barbarians. A gentleman in China loses caste somewhat by travelling into foreign lands, as this seems silently to imply an insufficiency in the excellence of the Celestial Empire.

This national egotism is not uncommon in history, and in the observation of the extensive traveller, but not in the same excess ; for the nations who frequently are obliged to measure themselves against their equals and superiors in policy, enterprise, and physical vigor, must arrive at a more correct estimate of their powers than a people so isolated as the Chinese. It is as true of nations as of individuals, that the proper self-estimate is never made until their respective forces are antagonistically measured by the forces of others with whom they are to be compared. The Chinese standard of comparison being wholly within themselves, they are, from position, doomed to be the nation of egotism.

The oldest nation now living is the Chinese. With a civilization as old as Egypt, and perhaps older ; with a literature as early as Greece in its primitive blossoms ; with a form of government the most ancient, founded on the patriarchal idea of ruling society, it now stands an unbroken, united, massive structure, defying time,

as if its basis and structure were each of solid granite. Nor can it be doubted that the thoroughly conservative character of this people, which forbids innovation, and which retires from intercourse with the modes of thought and action adopted in other parts of the world, has powerfully assisted in retaining through so many ages the unity of this colossal empire. From the common susceptibility of man to be influenced by his neighbor, it is safe to say that the action of the ideas of enterprising nations, under a free and unrestrained intercourse, would have proved too strong for the deep originality of this unique people to have resisted. They could never have kept the same ideas in the perpetual ascendant, whilst the winds of thought from different parts of the world were bravely stirring. Their reserved isolation has therefore assisted to strengthen their union, and to perpetuate their nationality; an isolation growing out of egotism, assisted by the consciousness that every physical want common to man may be supplied in the resources of their productive art and soil.

Of late years, China has been the centre of new interest from abroad. The mystery which hangs over its internal affairs, the great antiquity of its origin, the commercial importance it sustains in the traffic of nations, the many fine thoughts its ethical literature has already given, the renown of the national sage, Confucius, who, in the firmament of superior genius, shines a light of first magnitude, have combined to inspire the world of civilization and of letters, with a fresh interest in every additional manifestation of intelligence, concerning this secluded race. The United States, which

has heretofore sustained the second greatest commercial relation with China, must very soon hold the first, as a glance at the position of San Francisco on the map of the world, and the rapidly increasing population of California, clearly indicate. The Chinese are one third part of the human race. Every way is this vast pyramid of empire, whose top and base are white with antiquity, well worthy of thoughtful examination.

Situated on the far limits of Eastern Asia, it lay safely beyond the circles of Greek and Roman conquests. In the remotest time, the same unambitious trait not to be known abroad, by conquest or other means, belonged to them; for in ancient literature there are but a few obscure hints that may be referred to them. The Greeks and Romans wore their beautiful silks, long before they knew of the country whence they came, receiving them at first from Western Asia; and the failure of Marcus Antoninus in 161, and also that of the other Roman embassy in 284, to establish with them direct commercial relations, prove that their disrelish of intimate connections with the rest of mankind, is of long standing. Indeed, what people ever so faithfully, so perseveringly obeyed the rough maxim of "Mind your own business," as this nation of Odd Fellows, the Chinese? None other, we think. How they dispose of the question of human brotherhood, and how they speculate on the unity of our race, we know not; but nothing is more certain than that they would wish forever to remain a sort of Masonic lodge in the world's centre, without intermission or adjournment.

China Proper, situated mostly in the Temperate Zone,

with its southern extremity resting on the Tropic of Cancer, has great variety of climate and temperature. The culture of the Old World is eastern and western, China and Japan being the highest at the former, and Europe at the latter extremity. The scenery of this country is exceedingly various; and, though inaccessible to travellers, its geography is as exact as that of any country. Its area of 1,297,000 square miles is rich in the scenery of noble rivers and of mountain ranges. Within its confines are four principal ranges, some of which rise to lofty elevations, usually, however, falling below the limit of perpetual snow.

The first summits of the Altai range, which takes several names during its long course of two thousand miles, form the northern limit of the table-land of Central Asia, as well as the boundary between China and Russia. The Belur-tag Mountains, (Tsung-ling,) which lie in the southeast of Songaria, and separate it from Badakshan, commence in latitude 50° N., nearly at right angles with the Celestial Mountains, and, extending in a southerly direction, rise to a great height. The Celestial Mountains, Tien-Shan, begin at the northern extremity of the Belur-tag, in 40° N., which, extending from west to east, between longitude 76° and 90° east, and generally along the 22^{d} of northern latitude, divide Ili into Songaria and Turkestan. A high glacier above the snow line projects its summit, in longitude 79° east, to the east of which rise the highest peaks of Central Asia, called Bogdo-ula, traces of volcanic action appearing at the eastern end. Between the glacier and the Bogdo-ula, is the Pi-Shan, the only active vol-

cano known in Continental China. Indeed, the extensive mountain scenery of this empire forbids that I should speak of all its larger details. The Himalaya range, one of whose peaks surpasses all other colossal elevations of the earth, bounds Thibet on the south, whilst the Kwanlun defines it on the north.

The Chinese are justly proud of their noble rivers, which, for natural facilities of inland navigation, eclipse the glory of all other countries. The four largest are the Yellow river, the Yangtsz'-kiang, the Amour, and the Tarim. The largest and most useful is the Yangtsz'-kiang. The Yellow river is the most celebrated. Along the course of these magnificent streams, appears elegant scenery, amid the most beautiful of which, it is said, the Chinese poets have chosen their residence.

The entire surface of China naturally divides itself into two parts, which are the great plain, and the mountainous country, the latter comprising more than half of the whole ; and the former, lying in the north-east, forming the richest part of the empire, supports by its productions a greater mass of human beings than are sustained on the same area of surface any where else on the globe.

But, dismissing for the present the physical aspects of China, let us inquire into what is of far more importance in the history of any country, namely, the character of its people, its men, women, literature, religion, customs.

Unlike the civilization of Greece, and of Europe generally, it bears every mark of originality, borrowing nothing, as it would seem, from other renowned nations ; its literature, arts, and customs, having been,

more than those of any other distinguished people, a self-development. What nation have they imitated in language or in law? Owing no debt to Egypt, India, Palestine, or the renowned culture of our classical antiquity, the Chinese structure of government stands in its own time-worn and original wisdom; and, though egotism and contempt of others are not the proof of the highest power, they are likewise never the attributes of utter weakness, as the individual or the nation that always relies on its own sufficiency, asking no foreign counsel or help, is far from being imbecile.

The Chinese, first of all, are a conservative race. They have a grand paradise in the past; and to its imagined brightness they turn as benighted travellers to the Eastern sun. Confucius himself, the moral colossus of the empire, took his stand in the past, through whose sages and rulers he instructed and reproved his own age, and also future ages. The religious sentiment, every where mighty and eternal, universally looks to the past in the worship of ancestors. Firmness is implied in the very fixedness and permanence of their institutions. I should say they are not a skeptical race, but a people of reverence. Hence the general loyalty to the ruling sceptre. The emperor is revered as the paternal sovereign. All his messages are received with prostration, and three times does the loyal auditor bow himself before his majestic presence, as a reverential honor becoming his personal presentation.* Though masses of citizens are

* The Dutch Ambassador was required to perform this ceremony nine times whenever food was sent him from the imperial table, because *he* was a barbarian envoy.

capable of temporary, violent outbreaks, they are incapable of any revolution which may radically change the ideas and framework of the government. This conclusion fairly springs, not only from the uninterrupted sameness of the governmental machinery, but from the fact that the thorough conquest of the Tartars, which, though it brought a new race to the throne of the Perpetual Empire, did not in any degree change the theory of government or the long-established social usages of the country. The absence of the military skill and energy common to Europe and America, if chosen as the measure of their civilization, will doubtless leave them at a very inferior point of observation. That they should have greater skill in the making of silk than in the conducting of war, may, after all, result more from circumstances than from natural incapacity. Any people who care not to be glorious, except in their own eyes, and who decide that they will work out the problems of life by peaceful industry on that area of territory which Providence has assigned as their fatherland, cannot be expected to carry the science of war any farther than is supposed to be necessary for self-defence ; and, in forming an idea of the extent of this necessity, the warlike ability of surrounding powers, and not of the more distant and superior nations, would, of course, be the measure of their aspiration. The ambition of conquest, and of glory in the eyes of the world, is a needed stimulus to the development of military genius in a people. That individual men may have greatness and energy, without being able to fight much with club or rapier, I suppose may be conceded ; and

to such as may have leisure to think upon it, I could offer the problem, whether the same may not be true of a nation. But evident injustice is done to this peace-loving race, should we omit to state that their history, here and there, is dotted with some noble victories; as, for instance, in the time of Vespasian and Domitian, a great Chinese expedition was headed by the general Pantschab, under the Emperor Mingti, of the dynasty of Han, which subdued the Hiungnu, levied tribute from the territory of Khotan and Kaschgar, and carried its conquering arms as far as the eastern shores of the Caspian; and, according to the Chinese writers, the expedition would have attacked the Roman empire but for the admonitory counsel they received from the Persians. But, with its nominal army of more than a million of soldiers, which seeks to inspire the necessary awe in all the barbarian states around them, as well as to promote the subordination of the citizens generally; with the word *valor* painted (so significantly) on the *back of their jackets*, as is usual in several corps; with an arrangement of officers not unlike those adopted by Western tactics; with their bows, arrows, and clumsy matchlocks; and with their navy of a thousand sail, small and large included, we are obliged to regard them as mere effigies of power, when thought of in comparison with the military genius of England, America, or France.

It is the industry, the useful arts, and, above all, the ethical literature of the Chinese we are to regard, if we would see them in their principal worth. If we may judge of them from their literature, we should say that

their moral ideas were their noblest wealth. It is not the intellectuality of the Chinese that mostly distinguishes them, for their intellect does not appear to rise expansively and vigorously into the form of reason. They have perception, far more than reason; and, in our estimation, the Chinese nature is in no direction so rich as in its affections and moral feeling. This fact constantly unfolds itself in Confucius, in Mencius, and in all their proverbial philosophy.

The very framework of their government bears testimony to this view. Loyalty there is filial. The emperor is viewed as the sovereign father of his people. Each ruler in the kingdom is supposed to bear the paternal relation of sympathy and care to those he governs. Throughout the whole of Chinese politics, the idea of domestic relation, of a happily constituted family, is the favorite symbol for good government, which is applied to all departments of ruling, from the ordinary magistrate to the august emperor himself. It is indeed remarkable that ideas and words most sacred to the affections should be thus expanded into all the massive forms of empire.

In the same direction of thought, the worship of ancestors, so general in China, leads us. Why worship departed fathers? Why offer incense upon their graves? Conceding the great distance from the highest truth, which these acts of homage imply, the inference cannot be suppressed that the cause of this widespread devotion takes deep root in the social affections. They love their homes. And in the literature of what country, let me ask, is the moral sentiment more cen-

trally enthroned than in China? Where else is the precedence of right in all things more frequently and decidedly expressed? He who has read their classical books, or perused any of the collected sayings of their kings and sages, cannot have failed to notice the constant predominance of the ethical over every other element. That some credit is now generally, and justly conceded to the larger principles of phrenology, will not be denied; and in unison with the conclusion drawn from their literature, is the fact, that the moral brain of the Chinese is far more full and prominent than the intellectual. It is to be regretted that a people so decidedly ethical should be circumstanced under such an overpowering sway of absolutistical opinions and forms, as not to possess more individual independence and energy of character. Mildness and politeness are the natural qualities of the Chinese. It is to be doubted whether a true view of their character is to be derived from the hasty opinions formed on their manners, as seen at the outposts of trade, especially since their education causes them to look upon barbarians with so much contempt. In the new and heterogeneous population which the golden mines of California drew together, under circumstances where the accustomed restraints of older society were freely thrown off, we were not surprised to hear of the sobriety, honesty, and marked uprightness of the Chinese. Marvellousness and imitation belong to them in considerable fulness; and in the sphere of their artistic genius, they are very dexterous and ingenious.

But the credit of some large discoveries of science

is due the Chinese intellect. They closely observed the operations of the heavenly bodies ; and, in point of accuracy and richness, their observations of nature are of more worth than those made by the Greeks and Romans. Even at this late day of victorious science, the most enlightened naturalists find their astronomical tables of value to them. “ While the so-called classical nations of the West,” says A. Van Humboldt, “ the Greeks and Romans, although they may occasionally have indicated the position in which a comet first appeared, never afford any information regarding its apparent path ; the copious literature of the Chinese, who observed nature carefully, and recorded with accuracy what they saw, contains circumstantial notices of the constellations through which each comet was observed to pass. These notices go back to more than five hundred years before the Christian era, and many of them are still found to be of value in astronomical observations.”*

Fracastoro and Peter Apian first made it generally known in Europe, during the sixteenth century, that the tails of comets are always turned away from the sun, so that their line of prolongation passes through its centre, whilst the same fact was observed by the Chinese astronomers as early as 837. Their annals record great falls of shooting stars, dated earlier than the second Messenian war ; two streams of these they describe as belonging to the month of March, one of which is 687 years before the Christian era. Out of fifty-two phenomena which M. Biot collected out of those annals, those of most frequent recurrence, he ob-

* *Cosmos*, Vol. I, p. 99.

served, were recorded at periods corresponding to the 20th and 22d of July, O. S., and might therefore be identical with the stream of St. Lawrence's day, not omitting to notice that it has advanced since the epochs alluded to. In 134 B. C., the Chinese records of Matuanlin record the appearance of a new star in Scorpio, which Sir John Herschel supposes may have been the new star of Hipparchus, which, according to the statement of Pliny, induced him to commence his catalogue of the stars. The new star which appeared in A. D. 123, in Ophiuchus; the singular large star that appeared in Centaurus in 173; that in Sagittarius in 389; that of 393 in Scorpio; that of 1203, which, as the record alleges, was "of a bluish-white color, without luminous vapor, and resembled Saturn;" the one of 1230 in Ophiuchus; that of 1578; that in July of 1584 in Scorpio, with many others, are so accurately described, and agree so well with other observations, that the care and accuracy of Chinese observation seem to be illustrated before us. Nor is it any ordinary praise to Chinese invention, that, more than one thousand years before our era, they had in active use magnetic carriages, on which the movable arm of the figure of a man continually pointed to the south, and served as their guide in conducting them across the immense grass plains of Tartary; nor should it be forgotten that, in the third century of our era, which is seven hundred years earlier than the use of the mariner's compass in European seas, the Chinese* vessels

* Humboldt, *Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Geographie*, t. iii, p. 36.

navigated the Indian Ocean, under the guidance of magnetic needles that pointed to the South, which indeed was the direction of navigation mostly at those early times. The Greeks and Romans, less intelligent of the uses of the magnetic needle, never knew the true direction of the Apennines and the Pyrenees.

The government of China is wonderfully systematic, and in its parts most closely linked. Its chief idea has been already expressed. The doctrines of Confucius, which refer so constantly to the state, exalting virtue above all things, as being the greatest of national glories, do very much toward securing the good order they commonly enjoy; for upon his teachings the government may be said to rest, since the thorough study of his writings is required of all persons who expect to be honored with office. Yau and Shun, the two most celebrated kings of the remote antiquity, are the most glorious samples of perfection; on them Confucius himself lavished extraordinary praise. Though a hereditary and absolute sovereign, censors are appointed over his conduct, with a view of curbing somewhat his immense authority; and it is expected of him, when a law is once established, that he will be governed by it in the administration of justice. But one dash of his red pencil may, at any time, degrade the loftiest stations under him. Yearly confessions, supplications, and offerings to Heaven he makes for his people, the state religion which he wields on such occasions being not a doctrine, but a sacred ritual. His dress is plain, and the general appearances, by which he surrounds himself, are quite free from the gorgeousness of many oriental

princes. He is regarded as the vicerent of Heaven. His laws are often severe, having penalties beyond the intent of justice, thereby furnishing opportunity on the part of his Majesty to exhibit merey. The officers who administrate are frequently false and cruel, whilst hundreds of them aim at justice and the happiness of the country. Somewhat touching are the lines of Chu, the very popular and aged officer, addressed to the people on resigning his charge :

“ Untalented, unworthy, I withdraw,
Bidding farewell to this windy, dusty world ;
Upwards I look to the supremely good—
The Emperor—to choose a virtuous man
To follow me. Henceforth it will be well ;
The measures and the merits passing mine.
But I shall silent stand and see his grace
Diffusing blessings like the genial springs.”

The history of the Chinese extends back into a night of wonder and of fable. They imagine the universe sprang from the masculine and feminine principles, Yang and Ying. “ Heaven was formless, an utter chaos,” says one of their authors, “ and the whole mass was nothing but confusion. Order was first produced in pure ether, and out of it the universe came forth ; the universe produced air, and the air the milky way.” Another author said, “ Reason produced one, one produced two, two produced three, three produced all things.” Pwanku is the Chinese Adam, who, however, instead of finding a beautiful nature, and a paradise to receive him, was obliged to re-act upon the chaos that gave him birth, and to chisel out the earth to his liking.

The Rationalists picture him, with chisel and mallet in hand, splitting and shaping the vast masses of granite floating through space, whilst behind the openings made by his powerful efforts, the sun, moon and stars gleam forth, the brilliant monuments of his order-causing labors ; and on his right stand the significant emblems of the animal kingdom, the dragon, the phoenix, and the tortoise. At last Pwanku died, thereby enriching his own work ; mountains arose from his head, winds and clouds from his breath, thunder from his voice, the four poles from his limbs, the rivers from his veins, the undulations of the earth from his sinews, the fruitful fields from his flesh, the stars from his beard, the metals and rocks from his bones ; his falling sweat became rain, and the insects of his body became people ! Beneath this myth of several nations, that nature is formed of the man-giant, is there not a meaning concealed ? It is this : that nature every where is a symbol of humanity. It is through the beauty, order, virtue, and joy of the mind, that the creation is beautiful, orderly, innocent and joyous. Man, indeed, seems to have made the universe, it being the external shadow of himself. He sees himself in it. The myth also signifies that man is to re-create nature by art, and out of the primitive wildness he is to construct a world of his own. The three celestial, terrestrial, and human sovereigns that succeeded Pwanku, one of whom brought down fire from heaven, thereby becoming the first Prometheus, held a reign of eighteen thousand years, it is said, in which sleep was invented, and many useful arts established.

Though much cloudiness rests on the extreme horizon of Chinese history, which they themselves regard as mythology, there is a supposed real period, commencing with Fubhi, five hundred and eight years before the deluge. Chronology, at best, is a dim shadow from the past ; and in the present state of our acquaintance with Chinese history, and the paucity of our means to compare its dates with other national histories, we should not deride its ancient pretensions, nor blindly extol, as the French may have done, its remote chronology. We are satisfied in the belief that no civilization can claim an earlier date ; not even that of Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Iran, or Cashmir.

Education in China was carefully inculcated in the early ages ; and now Mr. Davis affirms that among her millions, comparatively few can be found unable to read and to write.* “ Bend the mulberry tree while it is young ! ” is a maxim of the state ; and the universal habit of calling the educated to posts of public responsibility, of requiring that all persons who are to be crowned with official honors, shall be versed in the classics, books in which the ethics and the wisdom of ruling are fully unfolded ; their careful public examinations of all aspirants, with reference to mental qualification, tend to exalt culture, and to make education an important object. Before the voice of Confucius was heard in the empire, the necessity of public schools was taught. I quote from the Book of Rites : “ For the purpose of education among the ancients, villages had

* Mr. Williams supposes a large number unable to read.

their schools, districts their colleges, and principalities their universities." And I am happy to learn from Mr. Davis, that in the government of schools, great reliance is placed upon persuasion, and that corporal punishment is but seldom inflicted.*

The language of the Chinese is purely original, and as unique in the languages of the earth, as they who speak it are among its nations.† It is a language of monosyllables. Only four hundred and fifty distinct sounds are found in the language, which, by the additions of tones and accents, are multiplied to a little more than twelve hundred; so that this number of sounds, not admitting of combination, as in compound words, (these not being in the Chinese united in sound,) limits the spoken language of China to about the number of words just stated. This would seem insufficient for free oral expression, were it not for the ample service rendered to the meaning by gesticulation, repetition, and the like. In written language they increase the means of complicated and complete expression, by adding to the original sound-signs, other conventional signs, ‡ which, though not expressive of sound, are suggestive of particular meaning. Relation is expressed not by particles, but by the *positions* of the words employed. It is a language wholly without inflections, bearing evidence of having originated in a sort of picture-writing. What a word means, depends very much

* Mr. Williams gives a contrary opinion.

† North British Review, Nov., 1851, p. 119.

‡ Of these there are about 50,000.

on its place in the sentence. The high degree of excellence belonging to the language, the consistency of its structure, the copiousness of its expression, and the complete success it achieves in designating different formal relations without the use of significant sounds, are freely admitted by those who have thoroughly learned it. Yet how unlike the languages of India, and of Europe ! The scholars, in various styles, write it elegantly. An original language, well studied, must reveal the soul of a people ; for how can the life, the genius of a nation, remain unexpressed in the methods it creates for a free self-utterance ?

The national literature of China is mostly pure, a better moral element prevailing in it than existed in Greek and Roman poets, and probably far better than circulates in the most popular reading of our own country and time. The Chinese are a reading people, and had in use, much earlier than other Asiatic nations, the art of printing. Prominent in their literature are the Four Books and the Five Classics, which, containing the ideas of their sublime Confucius, and of many other renowned authors, and being studied for public reasons, have an unequalled influence over the people of China. Elsewhere, literature far superior in genius, and in enlivening variety, may easily be found ; but where can a national literature be found, whose higher forms are more free from every taint of moral impurity, both in thought and expression ; and where can a living literature be pointed out, whose active hold on the reverence and moral practice of millions is so deep and efficient as theirs ? It fades before the self-

luminous orbs of ancient Greece, so far as the mental excellences are concerned ; but in chastity of utterance, the Chinese classics, and, indeed, all their highly prized works, put the best classical teachers of Europe to the blush ; nor is it with any partial bias that we hazard the opinion, that no literature on earth is so practically efficient as the Chinese, notwithstanding original writers are not the common fruits of their peculiar culture.

Poetry, drama and romance, of their kind, exist in massive abundance. Myriads of novels and tales have been sent forth, which are there, as elsewhere, the most popular books, since no door to the human mind is so free, easy, and happy of entrance as the imagination. Though demoralizing tendencies may be traced in many works of fiction, many also are written in the purest style. Of the drama, and of theatrical exhibition, the Chinese are exceedingly fond, and, under the control and direction of the priests, they depend wholly on voluntary contributions for support. The bewitching power of acted drama is particularly observable over the villagers, to whom the more stirring amusements are seldom known. Tragedy and comedy are variously mixed ; unity of time and place is but carelessly regarded ; and the scenery is very simple, never subserving the ideas intended, by lending a rich and yielding variousness of appearance to the senses, though the costume of the actors is splendidly fine.* In strong confirmation of the view I have taken of the striking ethical richness of the Chinese literature over the intel-

* So testifies a Russian Ambassador, as early as 1692.

lectual, I would urge the fact, that while the deficiencies of scenery, plot, and management, are to European intellect often conspicuous, the tendency of the plays is strongly on the side of virtue and morality.

Players there, as elsewhere, are an itinerant band ; and the audiences are usually quiet and orderly. The Orphan of Chau, as translated by Primère, is the groundwork of one of Voltaire's best tragedies, *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, which rests upon an event a century previous to the birth of Confucius. The Heir of Old Age, and the Chalk Circle, are celebrated pieces of mental China-ware. Bazin names five hundred and sixty-four plays, all belonging to the Mongol dynasty. The East India Company have two hundred volumes of plays in one work, spread out into forty volumes. Their literature is like their wall, a huge pile of ancient massive labor ; and whatever it may be in worth, *it is their own*, woven, like spiders' webs, from interior resource.

Poetry is a pastime of the Chinese scholar : a piece is always handed in at public examinations. A few translations have come to us. Of course they have neither a Homer nor a Shakspeare. But two sons of song, brighter, greater than all others, they celebrate, in the poems of Li Taipeh and Su Tungpo ; poets, these, combining the three traits of the bard—love of flowers, wine, and song. The former, from the precocious development of his tenth year, was styled the “ Exiled Immortal,” but, from another taste in himself, he assumes to be known as the “ Retired Scholar of the Blue Lotus.” But, after a stormy and eventful life, he is said to have sought an escape from the plots

of his enemies by death in drowning, exclaiming, as he leaped into the water, "I am going to catch the moon in the midst of the sea!"

On education, we offer these lines :

"Men at their birth are radically good ;
In this, all approximate, but in practice widely diverge.
If not educated, the natural character is changed ;
A course of education is made valuable by close attention.
To bring up and not educate, is a father's error ;
To educate without rigor, shows a teacher's indolence.
Gems, unwrought, can nothing useful form ;
So men, untaught, can never know the proprieties." *

Anatomy, as yet, is unknown to Chinese physicians. Their theory of medicine, therefore, so far as it has value, must be founded mostly on experience. Their practice, it is said, outstrips their theory. Valuable books are spoken of, but the truly skilful practitioners are far the fewer number. It is certain that medicine, with them, can never be a science until the human organism, in its many parts and functions, is clearly understood. They even make no distinction between venous and arterial blood, and apply the same word to tendons and to nerves.

The legal profession there, alone and by itself cannot secure a livelihood. Whether this historical fact should be taken as a hint in favor of general order and social soundness, I pause not to inquire.

Chemistry, as a science, is but very imperfectly known. A complete course of mathematics is con-

* Middle Kingdom, Vol. I, p. 428.

tained in the *Fang Sho Hioh*, 36 vols., 8vo. But the Chinese mind is not mathematical, like the European, the science not being usually regarded beyond the business demands of their vocations. In astronomy, higher claims are made ; but how these claims should be settled, as yet, does not in all respects appear. The fact that astronomy is connected with astrology and divination, even at the Imperial College of Pe King, shows that the profound laws of the science are uncomprehended, however accurate they may be in their observation of the course of planets, and the appearance of new stars and of comets. They need a *Novum Organon* to clear away their superstitions, and to teach them the reign of law in the depths of immensity. We know the Chinese have carried a few arts to great perfection ; but we believe that they lack the power to arrive at great scientific generalizations.

But let us come to their Ethics, which is the great wealth of this people. This is not to be judged of by their daily lives, though in this respect it will not be denied that they have more virtues than most pagan nations, probably more than any other. Indeed, what man, what country has a daily practice that fulfils its best ideas? Some few most flagrant vices that are too often intruded upon the social peace of families under our western civilization, are seldom known in China ; and no where are life and property more strongly protected, and industry more justly rewarded, than among the millions of the " Celestial Empire."

Confucius is the summit of Chinese morality, though Mencius and other writers abound in great truths. He has

no idiosyncrasy, but is China in colossal representation. The moral element in his character and teaching absorbs every other. Born five hundred and fifty years* before the dawn of the Christian era, he shed his radiance on this vast portion of the race not far from the time that Pythagoras kindled such ennobling fires of light in Athens, and Zoroaster in Persia. Three self-luminous suns ! And whatever superiority, in purely intellectual power, may be accorded to the glorious Hellenic sage, Confucius is first of the three in effective moral splendor, for his influences have gone farther, and awakened more virtue in all classes, than may be claimed for the works of both his illustrious rivals.

Confucius did not announce himself in dogmas. Hence no narrowing creed belongs to his thoughts, and none, through any subsequent folly of his disciples, has yet sprung out of his writings. He was the grand expounder of duty, of the eternal ethics sown in the soul, and every where somewhat developed. He claimed no inspiration ; yet there is a steady moral brilliancy constantly falling upon his theme. He claimed no originality, but professedly drew from the remote wisdom of an ancient paradise of rulers, sages, and people. But there was central light in him ; he was the man of fine nature and culture. His sentiments are now styled Joo-kiau, the religion of scholars. Though in a nation of local tendency and prejudice, he taught universal doctrines. Many were the disciples that attended him when living, but the chief power he

* Socrates was nine years of age when Confucius died, which was 479 B. C.

has wielded has been through his written words, as set in order by his learners. How true is this latter fact of the world's most immortal teachers! Jesus, Socrates, Confucius, are of this number.

This teacher put mighty stress upon sincerity, as being the very "origin and consummation" of things, as that without which nothing could exist. He says that, but for sincerity, the universe would be empty nothingness! And why not? It is real, and exists for truth; all its purposes are earnest; and what less than the heart of the creation is lost in the total absence of sincerity? "One sincere wish," affirms the Confucius wisdom, "would move heaven and earth." Add to this the sincere *deed*, and heaven and earth are moved.

He builds upon the filial relation, carries a deep reverence into every family, unites brother and brother, parent and child, in loving, reverential concord. Finally, the state is a family, and all mankind are brothers. Deeply has this nation drunk of the reverence which elsewhere said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And have not their days been long? For a nation, I say, wonderfully long. Do we feel the width and the ethical greatness of this relation? Nature and education have much to say of it, through the constitutional indebtedness of soul, body, condition, and culture of all persons to their paternal sources. Wise government is necessarily paternal. The earth is our mother, and heaven our father, in the use of appropriate symbols. The universe is a revelation of masculine force and feminine loveliness, and these unite in the

blessing of all spirits. What is religion in its last and finest expression? It is reverence to the infinite Father; the homeward movement of heart-sick prodigals. Then had not the sage some eternal rock to stand on, when unfolding his truth and duty under this social symbol? Evidently he stood on a God-appointed and an eternity-enduring basis, although the sage did not behold this human bond as the image of a higher and an eternal relationship.

What is most beautifully worthy in these ethics is the reverence that pervades them; and without reverence there is no profound beauty of character, no sacredness, no deep worth. It is right to honor the superior, and it is wrong to withhold the deference. The superior man, in the eye of Confucius, has sincerity and benevolence; he practises his words before he speaks them! Asked once if any *one word* could express what is most fitting a whole life, he answered, "Will not the word *shu* serve?" which he explains by saying, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you."* Some have said Confucius only announced this grand law of true religion in its negative forms, merely prohibiting the doing of that to others which we would not wish that others should do to us. Be it even so: the negative precept implies the perception of the positive law. This is a great truth; and many have seen and felt it originally, and from within. The very relations of life impose the thought upon us; and it bottoms the complaints even which men bring against each other.

* Middle Kingdom, Vol. I, p. 519-20. Also Mr. Davis.

“You would not wish me to have dealt with you thus.” How often is this said! And what bases the plea? In substance, the golden rule. When it is remembered that the golden rule is *social* wholly, and that the fundamental faith of the Chinese mind is good government and society, it is plain that a gifted moralist would be aided in its discovery by the whole tendency and striving of their deep national impulse. Attraction as a law rests in nature, not in Newton. So this princely truth of ethics depends not on personal authorities, nor can it lose in force because several may have, either intuitively or logically, discovered its being and its beauty.

“The perfect man,” said the sage, “loves all men; he is not governed by private affection or interest, but only regards the public good or right reason.” Retribution is certain. “How can a man be concealed?” We say, How can he? Who can divorce cause and effect? The deepest secret shall see the light. “The perfect man is never satisfied with himself.” “Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water.” “Complete virtue brings happiness solid as a mountain.” “Without virtue, both riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.” As a whole, he is elaborate, and his high ideals of character are beautifully wrought. He had a noble public zeal, though conscious of the derision and ingratitude that came to reward his large solicitude. In some of his life-jeopardies he compared himself to a dog driven from his home. “I have the fidelity of that animal, and I am treated like it; but what matters the ingratitude of men? They cannot hinder me from

doing all the good that has been appointed me." The same nation now chants the following pæan :

"Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius! Before Confucius there never was a Confucius! Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius! Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

There can be no doubt that the moral ideal of perfection in China is far higher than the practical realizations of that country or of this. The fact, however, in one regard is highly joyous, as it attests the moral wealth of human nature to arrive at much light, to receive by intuition, by reason, great truths. The social nature must develop itself in social forms; the intellectual nature, in intellectual forms; and the moral nature must also yield its ideas in moral forms. The soul cannot be hid. But Confucius dwelt almost wholly on the moral; he did not reach after the invisible, did not awaken that feeling that yearns after the infinite, that rushes upward to the embrace of Deity. Hence, and for other reasons, the voice of Christianity must yet give them life. Confucius is rightly to them the First Saint, and Mencius the *A-Shing*, or Second Saint. There is reason in the pride felt by the people of Shantung, that the tomb of the glorious man is with them, whose majestic monument in the midst of forest oaks and gloomy shades, rears high a reverential symbol of his moral greatness.

Buddhism, transplanted from India, flourishes in China. The Rationalists, or sect of Tau, are quite numerous. No religious caste, however, has ever arisen to political power, so as to engraft itself on the

state, and China has never had an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Nor are they intolerant, since many Catholics are still in the empire; Mohammedans, half a million,* who make a Sabbath of Thursday, and some of whom hold important offices in the government; and Jews, who refuse to marry with the natives, who worship no idols, take no oaths in heathen temples, honor Confucius, like the Chinese, and, in their synagogue worship, translate Adonai by Tien. These incarnate permanences still pray westward towards Jerusalem.

Confucius, essentially the Chinese great man, believing in social order and institutions first of all, was evidently indebted to his cotemporary, Lautsee, the great transcendentalist of China, with whom he frequently conversed, for those traces of exalted views in regard to the soul and its inherent faculties which are interspersed among his writings. This retired sage, who had far greater insight into man's spiritual life and being than Confucius himself, dwelt much on the divine Reason in man, turned attention inward, and from the sufficiency of the internal powers, excluded all authority in ethics. He sowed some of the greatest truths. Buddhism, which in the world sways at least three hundred million of human beings, worships Supreme Wisdom or Intelligence, turns with all the yearnings of the heart to the Invisible, regards God as perfect repose, as rest, as contemplation, as never willing, commanding or doing. Denying the distinctions of Brahminical caste, it affirms the native sacredness, the

* The computation of the early part of the last century.

spirituality of every grade of man. Judaism there affirms its one God, who is sole sovereign. Islam there holds up this naked Unity, assigning will, command, might, action and exclusive sovereignty, as his glorious attributes. Roman Catholicism there exhibits the Christianity of the middle ages ; and there the Confucian school exalt intelligence, virtue and social order. The seeds of all the greatness in the world seem already separately sown in China, and time alone can declare what shall be the ultimate fruits.

But this entire nation needs, most of all things, to be stirred up by the activity of western intellect. That this isolation is eternal, cannot for one moment be believed. Antiquity, however incarnated, cannot remain forever on its own strength, with a sea of mental progress dashing against its walls. The merchants of China, even now, desire free intercourse with the world. A part of the world cannot successfully isolate itself from the whole. Isolation is against the dependency and unity of parts, observable in both the physical and the moral universe. Somehow, in the commerce and conflicts of nations, this eastern extremity of civilization in the old world will one day freely answer back to the western ; and the unity of the human race, which has been so slow in its dawn upon human conviction, will be seen and felt in China, to the overthrow of its powerfully cemented exclusiveness.

MYSTERY.

“Nature, like an Orient Maid,
Loves the obscuring veil to wear.”—EASTERN ROMANCE.

THE confession from the lips of Newton, which is occasionally repeated by the wisest men, that but little is really known, that to the philosopher his own sublime discoveries are as pebbles on the sea-shore, has somewhat in it, which makes us alive to the infinite wealth residing in the Unknown. Why do the limits of present knowledge ever seem small? There must be something great in contrast, else this comparative verdict could not be given. This greatness is the Illimitable Truth, whose abysses are ever unsounded. The circle of the known is the finite, that of the unknown is infinite. *Mystery*, a word of several uses, mostly interests us as the type of the Unknown, this being still the region where our higher tendencies have their freest play. The imagination here has ample space. The joy of beauty lies not a little in its nameless mystery. Hope draws her rainbow on a shadowy sky. It walks never on certainties, but requires that the future shall be mystery, whose threads time alone is permitted to

unravel. The calm beauties of faith, which belong not to matters of certainty, are also set in the firmament of mystery ; for, though we cannot *know* what disposition the Higher Powers shall make of us, it is good to cherish the filial trust. Love also unfolds in the twilight of mystery, as it never can assign the entire reasons for its noblest enthusiasm and its thrilling delights. More is imagined than is known. *Mw*, from which our word mystery is originally derived, meant to *shut*, to *conceal* ; and the frequent use of this word is to signify a profound secret. Such were the celebrated mysteries of the ancients. When we consider that man would know all things, it is fair to regard whatever is unknown as concealed, as being unfound secret. Is there science yet in nature ? It then must be mystery until found and brought to light. Whatever is unrevealed belongs to the kingdom of mystery.

But though a mystery implies something *uncomprehended*, it cannot interest us except it is *apprehended* ; for without the latter we have nothing to pursue, nothing for which to inquire. What we do know suggests the existence, as well as the vastness of what we do not know. It is not till the longest line and the weightiest sinker have been let down into the sea, that we get the impression that its depths are unfathomable. On the ocean, it is not until our vision is lost on the expanse of waters, that we feel the immensity of the element in regard to extent. Neither is it until our effort at *comprehension* has found its limit, that we *apprehend*, by a sally of the mind into chaos, that a boundless region is before us. If you try to fill the infinite space with

your imagination, each effort will be accompanied by the conviction that wider circles remain, that the blue immensity in every direction is radiant with worlds beyond the empire of your imaginative sallies. This kingdom of the Unknown, the fact of which we apprehend by the very limits of our knowledge, by an inability to traverse the whole that we catch a glimpse of, is the true domain of Mystery. In mystery there is an absence of demonstrative knowledge, such as the senses demand, such as the materialist always requires ; but there is light here, not the noonday of proof and evidence, but glimmerings that cross its horizon, just as the Borealis, the Milky Way, and the Zodiacal light make the night beautiful when the moon is not to be seen. This universe intimates but One intellect, in whom is no darkness. He is the Infinite Soul, who comprehends all phenomena, to whom nothing is hidden. But when we have made this concession, that God alone is above all mystery, we include the whole moral creation, in different degrees, in the effort to conquer the mystery of nature and of being, for which purpose the human faculties are conferred. Who is omniscient ? None save God.

We are aware that marvellousness, wonder, mystery, have fallen into great disrepute, owing to the extravagances which are covered by these terms. But the excess of any human instinct or faculty cannot lead to the duty of its extirpation. Should the atmosphere be abolished because a hurricane has demolished houses and forests ? In degrading superstitions we meet these elements of life in grossest excess, entering as they do

into idolatrous homage, into painful asceticism, and gloomy fears. Whatever belongs to human nature, shows itself to disadvantage when contemplated from so low a stage of development. But when we consider that the man of lowest culture has all the germs of nature that put forth in such beautiful majesty in Socrates, we are admonished not to decide against anything fundamental in our nature, because its disgusting excesses appear in Hindoos, Jews, or Mussulmans. Let Fo be worshipped. If the worshippers knew a better, Fo would be obsolete.

That which takes root in nature should not be lightly spoken of. For God is the planter of every fundamental power. That the marvellous has always been strong, is proven by the mythologies of every nation; by the ravishing delight found in legends, in the reports of miracles in every country; in poetry, in romance, in the thrilling effect on the masses, of storied ghosts and witches, of dreams, precursors and the interpretations of destiny. Egypt had her mysteries, which only the initiated knew. Greece was celebrated for mysteries, which referred mostly to the gods, their exploits and the true interpretation of mythological fables. The farther back the inquirer goes into the records of time, the denser are the clouds of wonder and of marvellousness that darken the sky above him. Nor are the modern times unfruitful. The Ganges are still holy to the man of India. Daniel, it is true, is not now called to explain a despot's dream, but Wallenstein, as confidently as the ancient Syrian put his trust in astrology.

“ The stars lie not ; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny ;
The science is still honest : this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests ;
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, then all science errs.”

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN. Act I. Scene IX.

And I know not that we are less believing in the Wonderful, than others whose reputation for money-making may be less. In this country we penetrate stone walls, and annihilate both time and space by our clairvoyance. We hear that the sick are still healed by prayer ; and these as yet contested facts of mesmerism and of spiritual illumination by the Divine Spirit, as in Swedenborg, Fox and Behmen, are among the noticeable things which indicate that society receives what is out of the accustomed routine of accomplishment. To dry up the Amazon would be as possible to any power of ours, as to destroy or expatriate this love of the New and the Unaccountable. But the other day, spirits from the other world were knocking so loudly in Rochester, Providence, Boston and New York, that many terrestrials, as by telegraph, took news from that world which has been hitherto so generally silent. The witch-mania of England and Salem is supposed, by some very intelligent gentlemen, to have really had a degree of that sympathetic power in it by which one will is able, through excitement, to affect another. In the middle ages rude dramas were acted, of which Ecclesiastics were the first composers

and actors, designed to represent the mysterious doctrines of Christianity with the miracles of early saints and martyrs. One of those plays, the *Corpus Christi*, the famous *Coventry Mystery* begins with the creation and ends with the judgment-day; and in evidence that the love for mysteries when coupled with action was sufficiently strong, we need only to name the fact that one of these dramas lasted eight days in the performance.

You observe that in all the ancient mysteries they held the most intimate connection with religion, they being mostly religious rites. The gods were not exactly frank and open-hearted, but were supposed to put deep meanings beneath the surface. They themselves appeared from their concealment to mortals, only on rare occasions. From the invisible nature of divinity, and the great importance assigned to the powers which govern the destinies of men, it is not surprising that the mysteries should have been chiefly in the hands of the priests, and that they should have chiefly referred to religion. For in the analysis of human nature, the religious sentiment is found to be the central, the strongest element of all. Whence came the power of the priest, with his mystic rites and symbols? Chiefly from this, that, in his rude way and for his time, he represented the idea of the Sacred, an idea that has profound depths in humanity, an idea but for which there had never been a priest or an altar. And, so far as the connection between the mysteries and religion was concerned, there is not much dissimilarity between the moderns and the ancients. That there was an at-

tempt, however, to *explain* the mysteries among the ancients, is evident from the fact that they regarded them as an order of *knowledge* which the initiated understood, and which was not to be given to the common people. We would again say that the excesses to which the feeling of wonder, of mystery has led, in ages and in men not ruled by the highest enlightenment, form no argument for their extirpation, as the fact that these feelings have root in the soul, gives the sanction of the Creator to their healthful exercise. The artist, whose pictures now delight you, possessed them ; nor can genius be found in the departments of poetry and romance in which wonder and mystery are not evident traits, as reference to Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott at once reminds us. Neither is it to be feared that a delight in mystery of itself can lead to error, inasmuch as it has a reverence for truth, and since there is an eternal difference between a mystery and an absurdity, the former containing a truth which is clear when revealed, whilst the latter holds an error which no power or sanctity can render true. Even the superstitions of Greece were the handmaidens of her arts, inspiring as they did the elegant statuary which no age has since been able to excel. The worth of each natural tendency, whether it be reason, love, ambition or the marvellous, is to be judged not by its excesses, nor by the hues which a rude culture may have thrown over it. In nature, perhaps twilight is the best symbol for our idea of mystery, though the profound darkness may stand for some of its degrees.

There is a blending of the known with the unknown. There is no greater joy than in knowing a truth, than in hailing the dawn of a new truth. A new truth is the conquest of mystery, the revelation of that which was hidden. Man loves conquest, whether over the elements, the wilderness or foes ; but no conquest is so joyous to a contemplative thoughtfulness as the conquest of mystery, by bringing forth truth from its obscurity to explain what was dark. He who first learned that the eclipse of the sun was occasioned by the intervention of the moon, made no small conquest of mystery, since it dispersed the superstitious fears that oppressed the masses with gloom when this phenomenon was beheld. It is a fact not unworthy of thought that whenever a new and striking phenomenon occurs in nature, such as the appearance of a comet, or the shooting of stars, (as it is called,) fearful apprehension is aroused, rather than new hope or joy inspired ; so that the truths which explain the great and striking phenomena as to harmonize them with nature in the popular esteem, thereby solving them in one system of general benevolence, are a conquest of mystery which adds to the happiness of mankind, as also to their intelligence, and faith in the kindness of nature. What we know of nature commands our reverence and awakens our delight ; but the degree of reverence and delight is greatly carried forward by the apprehension of the unknown, an apprehension which teaches that the depth of things is yet unsounded. We doubt that the feelings of reverence, of awe, are ever profoundly reached, except where the known is accompanied by the mysterious,

by that which stretches forth in the imagination as uncomprehended and unknown. This blending of the two, is the highest attraction. What is fully understood soon ceases to interest, whilst the hovering of mystery challenges curiosity, invites research ; and in proportion to the apprehension of the unknown as to kind, extent and importance, comes the feeling of reverence toward the unfound worth. Of course we speak of things that may be revered. But in a coming event of sorrow, somewhat contingent, what mostly oppresses us ? Is it the part that may with most certainty be calculated upon ? Often the oppressive gloom proceeds from the mystery in which the results are concealed, in which the imagination is at liberty to picture so vividly what is possible. We fear not an opponent or a foe so much after his points of power and weakness are well determined. But, on the first dash of his energy, we see not his boundary. If the known is significant of power, and if reputation has said he is formidable, we infer too much, and are often vanquished by that we could easily have met had we known his limits. The world, then, is to be divided into two parts, the known and the unknown ; or, knowledge and mystery, the chief interest forever depending on the union of these.

There was a time when, after this planet had undergone ages of physical development, man first appeared to take charge of the green ball, which still bears him up amidst the stars, and carries him onward so swiftly, so gracefully, so silently through space. What was *his* relation to mystery ? To him there was nothing

but mystery. That he existed was the first mystery. Man to himself was the first marvel, as likewise he is the last. The stars did not seem to him as worlds. What did he know of attraction? What of weight? What of the uses of vegetation? He knew not to use the skin of a beast, until necessity and the power of invention had led him to this rude conquest of mystery, to clothe his person. Whence he came, whither he tended, whence the elements, what their properties, and what the general end of nature — these to him were mystery, profound as the depths of the sea. But education began with the duty of existence. He who first walked, learned the truth of self-balance, thereby conquering one mystery. Contact with nature soon taught the essential properties of matter. Hardness, softness, beauty, deformity, size, distance, odor, sweetness, bitterness, weight, color, height and depth — such realities soon became a part of knowledge. Man, in his efforts to acquire bread, clothing and shelter from the elements, won wisdom also. The world now all opens to the mind of the child a mystery; but in these early years of original impressions, it makes fine conquests of mystery as it existed in things, their properties and relations.

What are these mythologies, which, like changing clouds, both darken and beautify the sky of history, but the early efforts of man, to account for creation, for himself, and for the government of the world? In the duty of existence with which man commenced, he learned that there are *causes*, that he could realize nothing without putting an adequate cause into opera-

tion. This circumstance alone, that in the circle of his own experience, it was mind that ruled and fashioned matter, that every effect had the precedence of a cause, was enough to incite him to inquire for the origin of nature, and for the powers which rule its phenomena. Egyptian culture, the oldest we can locate, whilst it acknowledged the eternity of mind and matter, affirmed that the latter is fashioned by the former; that the mind which built the world is Infinite and Eternal. This was an early sally into the Unknown. And yet it looks Herculean. Ocellus Lucianus, who taught that the world was eternal; Aristotle, who held the universe more as an emanation than as a creation of God; Plato, who said the Universe is an eternal image of the immutable Idea united from eternity with changeable matter; Xenophanes, who held that the Universe is one with Deity; Epicurus, whose atoms chance blew together; Anaxagoras, who first taught the Greeks that God created the Universe out of nothing; the Romans after him, who mostly adopted this opinion; the Etruscans; Druids; Magi; Brahmins; and we think, also, the Jews may be added to the list, as adopting the same conclusion;—these are so many efforts of human nature to beat back the mystery which envelops the origin of the world and of man. The Northmen made the world from the body of Ymir, the Ice-Giant, slain by the sons of Bor. But these efforts at cosmogony, even the most ancient assume that chaos was the original condition, and generally that a Supreme Intelligence brought forth the order and harmony of worlds.

The sentiment of worship, which belongs to all ages, prompted a seeking, a learning, even, of the Divinity. Altars, rites, hopes, and fears alike pointed to Him; and it is no small compliment to the unitary influences of the universe that the Ethnical Faith should so generally recognize an Invisible One, unknown to the outer senses. The famed Stagirite alleged that God is an intelligent Spirit, *Novs* incorporeal, eternal, immovable, indivisible, and the Mover of All Things. What a proof certain passages are in the sacred writings of some nations, that the human spirit has sent deep glances into the Mystery of Mysteries, into the essential nature of the Godhead! "All which has been, all which is, and all which shall be," say the Vedas of India, "are in Vishnoo. He illuminates everything, as the sun illuminates the world." And is not this a truly mystic passage, found on an Egyptian temple sacred to the goddess Neith?—"I am all that has been, all that is, all that will be. No mortal has ever raised the veil which conceals me; and the fruit I have produced is the sun." Such sunbeams of the human spirit sent into the Invisible are an effort to plant the Standard of Knowledge in the region of undemonstrated verities; which, indeed, is the method of all advancement since the world begun.

God, who is All in All, we yet but partially know. We learn his Unity, since all things point back to this, as the diverging rays of the sun, traced backward, lead to their original source. We know that goodness and wisdom, paternity and sovereignty, omniscience and omnipotence are His. But who can know the things

which Omniscience contains ? Who has the goodness, the love, by which to know all that exists in the Infinite love ? To do this to the full extent is to be God. We know the Universe is the forth-putting of His excellence, the entablement of the celestial radiance ; we know the soul is His image, that the pure heart is His mirror ; yet who can measure, in this confinement of flesh, all the towers of the temple of nature ? Who is far enough in sacred feeling and wisdom to fathom the divine depths of Purity ? What we know compels our love ; but the fact that He is unknown, moves us by the wondrous power of awe and reverence. No being can be all-sufficient, of whom we comprehend all. Beyond the limits of knowledge, we wish to apprehend that which is unmeasured, undetermined. This feeling, that none know all of Him, is universally the accompaniment of worship ; and without this feeling that He is the Unsounded Infinite, reverence, in its deep, awful, thrilling power of silence, could never hold us. Hence nature and the soul are conscious of an All-Present Force, of a spiritual Vastness, for which words and symbols are indeed but feeble types. He is the Invisible, also the Unknown ; the old Athenian altar being still significant.

In our admiration of Character the same law obtains. We are, like Diogenes, always looking for a Man ; more, we are always expecting one. Hence the high and fresh hopes with which we come to a new guide or teacher ; and when he fails, to still another, and so onward. Your new great man dazzles you to-day in the first hearing. He is an empire without bound. But

to-morrow you detect repetition, the story grows familiar, and soon you are conscious of having measured his whole capacity and thought, when immediately you look above and beyond him. After this his reign declines. You again take the sceptre of your own mind, and address him as a common citizen. You have known his limits. You believe not that back of his efforts he still has kingdoms of reserved power.

We admire the *simplicity* and *transparency* which are not wanting in genuine greatness. Though a great soul draws us to himself by delight as well as by reverence, we feel that there are reserved forces, that beyond the exhibitions we witness, there is yet more; and in every month and year of our acquaintance, we find new traits. Who, of the associates of Bonaparte, and who of his foes, felt that there was not more of him than the incidents told? Who does not apprehend in Shakspeare infinitely more than what one is able to grasp in a single play? Washington has serene depth, of which the historical incidents are only partial signs. There is a nameless mystery in every fine character, as in every fine picture. In the paintings of the Dusseldorf gallery, the first moments of beholding are rewarded with delightful discovery of beauty; but, after the eye has passed from picture to picture, and again returned to those previously examined, new shades and hues, undiscovered before, greet you. Where nature and culture have joined their influence to produce fine intellect or fine character, the perfection of the work long lingers to reward us with new

discovery. Such was Fenelon, such was Allston, such was Channing.

If you would allow us most reverently to find an illustration of this idea in Jesus of the New Testament, it will appear strikingly clear, that what was known of him in his age, was small compared to those divine riches of soul which the flowing centuries have not been able to exhaust. It was the fulness of his spiritual life, that placed him above the rigid symbolism of Judea. His character, we would say, was natural as the wayside flower, transparent as the white cloud of summer on purest currents gliding; yet his purpose of founding the kingdom of heaven in the spirits of men, and the great depths of his character, were not known. How slowly was he comprehended by his nearest friends! Beyond all they knew of him, lay in calm repose that wealth of divinity which has proved a sun, and a fountain of life to the purest hearts for all ages. And now, the Unknown of this character is not fully conquered; perhaps purer ages shall see in him what we have not discovered.

In this reading age, we may draw from volumes support to this view. What are the books that take the deepest hold upon us? Are they those whose meanings lie so plainly on the surface that one perusal is sufficient, and concerning which no controversies can possibly arise? By no means. Plato and Shakspeare reveal to you anew from year to year, the wealth of their meaning. We like the author whom we have not exhausted in the first and second readings, who gives us difficulty somewhere, and whose meaning sometimes

causes us to pause and wonder what it is, and in whose page we always find something new. A degree of mystery is conquered when such a truth-teller is understood. The merit of the Bible is indicated by the fact that it is never fully understood.

In *Wilhelm Meister*, as in other of Goëthé's writings, the rays of meaning shoot so far beyond the statement, that you might read the work at intervals your lifetime, and draw fresh interest from his pictures. This fact in nature is the reason why it never grows old ; and only such productions of genius as have this large hold on nature, containing a share of her mystery, can live. In this justly celebrated work of Goëthé, the finest example of the charm of mysterious worth, is in *Mignon*, the little girl who is at first rescued from the master of the itinerant rope-dancers, by Wilhelm, who arrests him in the act of beating her unmercifully because she will not perform the egg dance. This at once places her in our sympathy. Then the mystery which hangs over the parentage and early years of this gifted creature, the gracefulness of all her movements, the suddenness of her mental action, her native sense of what is proper and real, which outruns all education, give to *Mignon* a power to attract us as mysterious as that which lives in the magnet. She does not assign her reasons generally, and in the salutations of persons around her, she has varying modes, corresponding to her immediate perception of their character, condition, or peculiarity. Wilhelm, whom she ardently attaches to herself, does not fully comprehend her. She is as a sunbeam, stealing upon our admiration so gently, glides

before us in the very genius of grace, knows always so much more than she signifies, and is always somewhat shaded, like those fountains in nature whose depth is more than common. Thus, through the major part of the work, Goëthé carries Mignon, who draws with her our attention, reverence, and sympathy, by the union of that which is clear with that which is unrevealed in her spirit and character.

The Maid of Orleans, the heroine of whom France may justly be proud, (and of whom her nation was at the time unworthy,) is a striking illustration of this kind of interest. Only in part was she understood by her father and sisters ; a humble shepherdess in Domremi, tending her father's flocks on the mountains and peaceful valleys, she walks in regions of thought unknown to those around her. The ancient and majestic Fairy tree, which others feared, she chooses for her shade, beneath which she meditates, adorns the image of the sacred Virgin with flowers, and sings hymns to her praise. She shuns the gay companionship of her sisters, lives her real life in solitude, sees visions of angelic beings, thinks she hears the voices of the High Spirit, apprising her that she is born for the assistance of France, in its darkest day, which conviction rises into magnanimous enthusiasm, and cool, yet mighty resolve, when she hears that the English warriors are stationed in the heart of France, that in two great battles France had lost the day, that even to the waters of the Loire the land was theirs, and that for the siege of Orleans the whole hostile force was making. We are thrilled when this maiden puts the helmet on her head,

to obey the Spirit's voice ; when we read her farewell words, as Schiller in drama has given them : —

“ Farewell, ye grottos, and ye crystal springs !
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sangest responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.”

Still more, perhaps, when she rushes into the terrors of battle, awing the multitudes to her command, whom she inspires with courage almost supernatural, are we impressed with the mystery of her power. All her trusts are sacred. She never doubts the reality of the Voices. As she thus bears aloft the oriflamme of war, on whose white surface the enthroned Saviour is pictured, holding the symbol of the whole earth in his hand, and by angels attended, we are pierced with her voice of courage : —

“ Why be dismayed, brave Frenchmen ? On the foe !
Were they more numerous than the ocean sands,
God and the Holy Maiden lead you on ! ”

Here lay a mystery of power which logic never wielded ; and throughout her life is Joan d'Arc the true, the good, the mysterious woman. You cannot read her wonderful life without a thrill and a tear, though it be easy to drowse over the pages of ordinary saints.

Nature is an immense fact, too vast to be explained. The worlds are marvels all. Nature does not tell us her profounder meanings ; a few of them, perhaps, she tells to those who come near her. What lies in the heart of the earth ? We may invent hypothesis, but

who will journey the four thousand miles to bring up this *Μυστηριον* to the light of demonstration? The height of the air and the depth of the sea are yet unknown. Is light *rays*, or is it *vibrations*? Is it material, or immaterial? We conceive that much dogmatism on these points is unauthorized, since difficulties can be started against either position. We cannot assure ourselves that we have brought out every secret contained in a single element of matter. Nature does not publish her aims; we here and there hit on a good interpretation of her procedure. We have a visible universe, but its every law is *invisible*. The agencies working in a plant are out of sight; and so much of nature's labor is done in the dark, we fail to reach the processes. What is the art which builds the sea-shells? How is the interior so finely smoothed and polished? How did the Artist shape the exterior, draw the lines of order, and provide safety? Who shall reveal the mystery of life in one violet or cedar? Newtons and Bacons are as dumb here as Sandwich Islanders and Australians.

The Beauty of the Universe is infinitely enriched by its mystery. On its inexhaustibility all orders of intellect and sanctity have been fed. Philosophers, poets, artists, orators, musicians, prophets and saints, have all grown by its teachings. In the *aspects* of nature, as well as in her law, there is the unknown, the mysterious. At the great Cataract, the soul is uplifted, awed and aroused; also softened and delighted. But what is the power of Niagara? We see a wide river, rolling over its lofty throne of rocks, the waves above the precipice

all eagerness and bounding activity, the spray below darting and rising in the most delicate clouds from the white abyss, the rainbow rising in modest loveliness to preside over the thunder of waters, to soften the terror, to beautify the awe awakened by the scene. But this is only water and rock and land; there are water, rock and land elsewhere as good as those. Wherein, therefore, lies the power that attracts and inspires? The forms awaken these emotions, because they are the very countenance of grandeur and beauty; yet the great glory of the place contains a fulness of mystery which constantly reveals new traits; and when you leave, the feeling of mystery still lives in your deepest impression. The unknown, the undefined impress you, and this assists to perpetuate forever the influence of the most marvellous scene of the continent, a scene which beyond all others combines the highest degree of sublimity with tender and delicate hues of beauty and loveliness. The same element, so far as we • know, dwells in all the great and captivating scenery of the world.

Few of us are aware of the vast variety that beauty assumes in the clouds of summer; for most persons do not examine these everchanging landscapes of the sky, with that minuteness and continuity necessary to see the beauty which is constantly gliding over us. The white, fibrous structure of the *cirrus*, supposed by a German scholar to consist of snowflakes, which in great variety of form soars the highest of all clouds; the white heaps of the *cumulus*, whose radiant tops

gleam like the snowy peaks of distant mountains ; the long and slender bars of the *stratus*, which, gilded with gorgeous light, are seen to rest near the horizon at sunrise and sunset, and sometimes seen running through the fleecy heaps of the *cumulus* ; the delicate gauze-like cloud which sometimes overspreads the whole sky (*cirro-stratus*) through which the sun and moon are dimly visible ; the darker, foreboding hues of the *nimbus*, filled with rain ; these cloud-forms, to watch their combination with each other, and the mystic shapes they perpetually assume, resembling rocks, mountains, ships, islands floating on the aerial sea, — man, woman, or groups of persons, — or whatever similitudes the imagination may suggest, is to witness the transformations of beauty more rapidly than in any other scenic contemplation. We wonder that the ancient divines did not take the cloudland as the scene of their skill, rather than the stars, which are so fixed in relation to men. Had they done this, the constant change of aspect had better corresponded to their doubtful art. We allude to the sky and clouds thus, because, as appearances, they are a more mystical phase of nature than solid forms ; hence they are so difficult to describe, or to paint. Even a Roman dared not besiege a city whilst the shadow of a cloud rested upon it ; and always has its lightning and thunder been by the many mysteriously associated with the Divine agency. A feeling of mystery, calmly inspiring, always pertains to a gorgeous sunset.

As a whole, nature must be always significant of

mystery, from its immense concealment of unfound truth and from the tendency of every conquest to suggest unconquered territory beyond. The Known aids in finding the Unknown ; and should coming ages greatly increase the quantity of the Known, the further victories over the Unknown will be vastly multiplied, since each truth becomes in time the parent of another truth. Our reverence for and delight in Nature, are both equally cherished by the Unknown ; and when we think on its inexhaustibility and its unconquered mystery, we wonder not that ages have been satisfied by its aspects and influences, and that with all the sorrows of human lot man is so unwilling to dissolve his material connection with it.

Man, we said, is the first mystery, also the last. Has he enabled himself to say what life is? From this perpetual mystery he knows not how to pluck the heart, as no mortal has lifted the veil from its substance. By what process does an act of the will get obedience from the unintelligent muscles? Wonder, man, but speak not. The divine mystery is here. The pen with which you write, can you account for it? You talk of statues, but look to living men! See the artistic soul working its image on the forehead, face, the movement and form. A vile passion pictures itself on the clay ; and the gigantic power, the holy feeling, the noble culture, the idiotic and lunatic mind, alike daguerreotype themselves on this living form. There a smile, a scorn, a pity, an anger, a tear! Each change of thought and emotion is thrown upon the countenance by the spirit with a living finish which puts to shame the chisel and

the toil of the artist. *These*, Raphael, are *the* wonders, not thy lifeless imitations.

The sleep in which our every sense is locked, what do we know of it? Why this, *that it is sleep*, and it refreshes mind and body. The mystery remains.

In Judea and in Asia generally, dreams are whispers of the deep wisdom. What is a dream? As a phenomenon, it exhibits the imagination as more creative. In dreams, you *see* objects more vividly than you can paint them in waking hours. *What* so draws these pictures that you hesitate for a moment whether it is dream or reality? If you read, or meet a friend, or speak in verse, or see a page of Greek, what makes the letters so *minute* to the eye, what makes the person so distinct, or the verse so much better than the ability of the person?

We suppose it not unphilosophical to assume that the dreams of men, like their waking follies and wisdoms, bear some resemblance to the character of the person. Innocence dreams more sweetly than sin. A fine nature will dream finer than a vulgar coarseness. A coward in emergency would be less apt to dream of acting valiantly than a true hero of the battle; and a gigantic spirit shows itself in these shadows of thought by the original and colossal figures it puts forth, so that whether we sleep or act, the fact of character lying at the bottom of each developement is not unrepresented. Columbus the world-finder, when laying sick near the river Belem, says that the Unknown Voice thus whispered to him in a dream: "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will

give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean, which are closed with strong chains." *

Death is a beautiful mystery whether found in vegetable or in human forms. The tree drops its leaves, and the spirit drops its fleshly garment, in obedience to a beneficent law. What is death? We have so far pierced the mystery as to accept it as a change of position merely, not of character, as a sort of birth into the higher sphere. Like life and the beating of the heart and the rolling of the globules of blood in the supply and renovation of body, the twilight of mystery settles down upon the wisdom involved in the fact. So Time, whether past or future, has its more than myriads of buried secrets. In ruins, in hieroglyphics, in passages of history, and in fossil remains we have sought to force some openings in the cloud which settles over ancient ages; and in the prophecies of hope and the carrying forward of present analogies, we have ventured to draw the colossal pictures of happiness, of millennial ages, of heavens. But of past and future, the unknown remains the infinitely greater part.

Superstition with its mountains of credulity has this fact to plead, that we are always surrounded by powers, the nature and possibilities of which, no one knows; and that it is beyond us to say what is possible. The myths show a gigantic belief in power; nor has the error lain in the over-statement, as there is more potency than we have ability to state. The mistake

* A dream related to the Catholic monarch in a letter, July 7, 1503.

dwells in the manner, sources, and ends of its direction. If we would bask in the truly marvellous, it is needless to visit pyramids, the Dead Sea, Rome or Athens; still less is it necessary to call in the diviner to offer a sham encounter to the inevitable darkness of things. All we need do is to listen to our heart-beat, to gaze on the new-born infant, and wake betimes to hail the rising sun. The dance of the planets around their king, is mystery enough for us; mystery at once joyous and sublime.

But we do more than to delight in mystery. We rejoice in our triumphs over it. Though we revere Nature, Man and the Creator from their inexhaustibility, we are summoned by the insatiable thirst of knowledge to make the largest possible conquest of mystery. The philosopher is he who has conquered largely. The artist has some conquest of which to speak. A good man makes conquests in the mystery of godliness. The prophet conquers in the realm of spirit and of time. The antiquarian gives us secrets of the past; the prophets, those of the future. Each makes a conquest. Each science conquers mystery, showing in part nature's way, and announcing her law. Newton and Herschel pushed their victories far into space, and showed us attraction as ruling solar orbs, and the far distant double stars, whose motions around each other, prove its supremacy there. How wise a man was Newton? This is the same as to say, How much mystery did he conquer? Pope alleged that

“Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be; and all was light.”

If this be true, he must have conquered like a Cæsar. Gallileo held up a grand secret when he said that the earth was a sphere, and moved ; Hervey, when he found the circulation of the blood ; Swedenborg, who first demonstrated the office of the lungs ; Priestly, in the announcement of oxygen as an element of the atmosphere ; for to make known a fact hidden and concealed is to conquer a mystery ; for a mystery is a secret, and a secret known is no longer such.

Art reveals the mystery of form. In nature stood some of the suggestive types whose hints art has put into its own creation. And so far as the perception of form is perfectly expressed in art, the secret is actualized. When the inventor draws a new power out of an old element, or gives an old power a new use, as steam in navigation, electricity in health, gas for illumination, victory is achieved over what was hidden. Civilization is a conquest of mystery, or that which was so at first ; for it discovers that human nature is somewhat to be respected, that a right to life, name and property, belongs to it. Ancient knighthood and chivalry beat back some darkness, for they saw what before had not been learned, the respect and honors due to woman. Anatomy and physiology have at last descended into the mysteries of the temple of human form ; have explained structure and function ; and with the addition of mental philosophy, have driven away the supernal agencies to which the ancients ascribed the chief diseases of man. But geology, though comparatively an infant science, is the greatest conquest over the mystery of time, and over the former conditions of

this planet. Science observes that the earth bears now the evidences of all its former conditions ; and when the geologist has examined these, the mythologies and cosmogonies of nations are rolled away, and in the earthy strata the silent work of ages is read, teaching the gradual formation of the exterior, that creation in this planet was a work that took ages for its days, that man is comparatively a recent inhabitant of its surface. To the naturalist we owe much of the influence that has led us to accept the idea of a progressive development of nature. A mystery dies when it sees the light, as mists are dispelled by the sun. At Niagara, whose ravine is a chronometer of ages, you seize the proofs that eras inconceivable have passed away in the formation of the present channel of its waters. Are not Werner, Lyell and Agassiz, conquerors of the mystery that was ? So Judaism and Christianity are both conquests over mystery ; the former over that of polytheism through its idea of Divine Unity, and the latter over that of enslaving localism and of outer formalism by its Catholicity and Inward Life.* Man, then, is put on this planet to subdue mystery and tame the chaos before him.

We might, indeed, have spoken about the excrescences, or the unphilosophical developments of the love of mystery. We might have spoken of ghosts and witches ; of astrology, palmistry and hieromaney ; of late mysterious knockings, which some very intelligent persons have more than half sanctioned as effects of a

* Col. 1 : 26. Rom. 16 : 25, 26. Eph. 3 : 9.

power over which the mediums have no control. But we do not do this because these, as yet, have not struck us as the great genuine mysteries, a genuine mystery being that which contains truth when explained. These pretended arts only assume to conquer mystery, whilst they are but sham battles with the powers of darkness. In the sixteenth and to the middle of the seventeenth century, the astrologer waxed fat upon his living, whilst the alchymist had a starving trade. Cousin, the French metaphysician, thinks that great men usually have superstitions. Extraordinary ambition often believes in its own star of destiny. Bonaparte thus confided. But he added to this the most practical belief in *causes*. Great men, those who are instruments of Providence to great purposes, are perhaps conscious of the Higher Power, and their relation to it.

In this world, where but the smaller portion of truth is demonstrated, where there is always a verge to the known, where a half-glimmering isthmus unites the two hemispheres of Reality, the Known and the Unknown, there opens a space to be filled by the Mystic. Neither logic, history, nor inductive reasoning, gives us the whole truth. The spirit has intuitions diviner than its arguments, inspirations which, in many cases, are more far-reaching than the inferences of experiment, and of a detailing observation. Plato was a mystic, vast as he was in knowledge. Swedenborg, the most learned man of his time, who could write the best essays on Finance, and the Iron Mines, as well as on the arcana of Nature, Scripture, Spirits and Angels, is the philosopher and the Shakspeare of mystics. That

he could write well on finance and iron should redeem his credit with practical men from the imputation of an idle dreamer ; that Charles XII greatly esteemed and honored him, shows that he was a man among men. This calm thinker, whose books were all written in Latin, and over fifty large octavos, is one to whom the world, more than formerly, is turning attention. He was himself a whole university in matters of learning and science. It would sound the depths of our medical fraternities to well comprehend his work entitled the Animal Kingdom. Always self-consistent and self-collected, never sectarian or sinister of purpose, he wrote on the greatest themes, on matter, its properties, its laws ; the Soul, in which Will and Understanding are the principal elements, the former being receptive of goodness, the latter of wisdom, the former of love, the latter of truth. He wrote of the Creator, whose unity he held sacred, in whom he finds a beautiful trinity of love, wisdom and use, which is reproduced in a representative capacity in the whole creation. He explains Christianity, finds the literal facts and images of the Scriptures symbolical of deep spiritual meanings, the moon standing for faith, the horse for carnal understanding, the feet for the affections, water for truth. He wields this Scripture symbolism in a new and original way. But Swedenborg comes as the seer of the other world, claims that by the opening of his spiritual senses he really saw, heard, questioned and answered, the inhabitants of the Spirit-world. He saw several personages, Cicero, Abraham, Mahomet, Moses, and others ; saints and angels many, also the sinful of every

dye. Love, he says, is the life of man, that which creates character ; Wisdom is its executive, and Use is the procession from the activity of the two. Among the great conclusions of this Seer of Sweden is the idea that the conditions of mankind hereafter grow out of their present lives, of their present good and evil, as naturally as the branches, leaves and flowers grow from the trees and stems they adorn. He teaches that spiritual beings, that the departed are really with us, that they still influence our thoughts and affections. If we might take Swedenborg as the prophet of the Spirit Life, his conquests over profound mystery would throw the achievements of all seers into the shade. We cannot accept him as authority, though we concede the wonderful wealth of analogical perception, reflection, and of learning claimed by his friends ; and would think that poets might as wisely omit the bard of Avon, as divines the lines of Swedenborg. Yet the great theological mystery is unsolved, as no man living or dead has ever reconciled the two great facts, the eternal prescience, and each man's conscious freedom. What brain shall give us so vast a generalization ? We wait to see.

We all make some conquest over the mystery of futurity, not only from the fulness of hope we all have, which sheds some light on the future, always arching its sky with rainbows, but from the necessary analogies and likenesses which unite the two lives, or rather the *one* life, in its passage through many stages. The reason why childhood in its impressions prepares for youth and manhood, is because childhood is a miniature

manhood. Each truth, each lesson it gains, widens out into complicated use, when the mature years have come. Have the meadow, the sun, moon, brooks, flowers, woods and storms impressed those young spirits for nothing? Believe it not; for in those years are things which, through their similitudes, point on to all the wider circles of human life. In nature and in experience, each period is connected with a previous, out of which the last condition merges, as the growth of plants, trees, and the successive stages of character and culture indicate. Why is the new comer at a university free and at home? Because he knows that what he has learned in lower institutions is here only widened and perfected; that truth in the little is one with truth in the great. Why is the new officer skilled for the battle? Because there is some likeness between the teaching of West Point and the practice at Buena Vista and Monterey. This principle of likeness between the end and the educational means which exist in everything that may be called preparation, when applied to the future ages of our being, doubtless compels the conclusion that this life and world are types and shadows of that life and world; that the disclosed mysteries of the world to come, when they shall appear, will correspond to what is best and true in our present learning; that all our impressions from the material world, and all the right developments of our nature in experience, may be subservient in some way to the uses of the future progress. As it is the same humanity without addition or subtraction of faculty that lives hereafter, as over both worlds the same administrative

Deity forever presides, we may without the aid of a seer, safely infer that we shall be ourselves ; that the nature of virtue will always be a spontaneous action ; that worship rooted in the soul shall prove an eternal fact ; that man now is the type and the illustration of the two worlds, natural and spiritual ; that the law of affinity shall alone associate kindred spirits ; that the further development and nobler activities of the spiritual faculties, there as here will shine forth as the end of being, as the explanation and the justification of the whole array of means that may surround the immortal being. These conclusions reside in what is now known of the soul and its God. We would also add, that, as immortality must be progressive in order to accord with the genius of either matter or spirit, its highest intellectual glory will forever consist in the conquest of mystery, the unknown never being wholly subdued. All progress is and must be such a conquest.

When one like the Swedish songstress successfully invites the spirit of harmony, resident in all nature, to dwell in her heart and voice, when such an one calls up the mystery of song to her perfect command, the multitudes gather with deep enthusiasm to celebrate her victory over the untold secret of melody. The music masters, gamuts and notes cannot signify it. The nightingale and the linnet are now unmusical before an amazing acquisition. Handel and Beethoven were kings in the mystery of music, and though the secret of their power was not communicable, it was in them a conquered mystery. Indeed, what in human

life is more undefinable than the emotions awakened by music? The ideal perfection to which man ever aspires is never so divinely vivid as then. We have listened to strains of this mysterious power, which awoke ideas never to be realized in actual life. This delightful witchery of song eludes the grasp of logic. The heart alone interprets the mystery of voice, whose melodies are utterances of the heart's unpublished faith and feeling.

We still love to revive in imagination the burning bush, from the midst of whose aspiring and unconsuming flames the voice of the Lord addressed his servant. We still love to picture the rising sun, as awakening music in the stony breast of Memnon's lifeless statue. The face of Moses so bright with the radiance of his God that the people could not behold it! Of such pictures do we weary?

Men would get tired of their trades and occupations sooner but for the oft-repeated fact that something *new* in each branch is constantly to be learned. In looking over the path of civilization, we are apt to flatter ourselves that since the days when Jews believed that there was water above the heaven, science has lifted the veil of mystery from off the face of the Creator's work. So, indeed. But Greenlanders, in 1852, to account for rain, presuppose a lake of water in the skies, which, overflowing its dam, produces showers. Our victories are local as yet; perhaps not one is universal.

There is no mystery too sacred to be searched, as man, by his nature, is entitled to all possible conquest.

“It is the glory of God,” * said the Hebrew sage, “to *conceal* a thing.” This is true ; for his depths are necessarily hidden, and to the concealment we owe the joy and the activity of finding. By exercise, the powers grow perfect and strong. In the structure of the earth, in each life that blooms, in the body and mind of man, He has concealed the greatest truths ; but it is the glory of Man to *find them out*. And this he is gradually doing. Our mission, then, for all time and all eternity, is the conquest of mystery ; and we may feel assured that beyond each victory a boundless territory of the unknown will constantly open. Moses is heroic example ; for whilst the people were afraid, “he drew near to the *thick darkness* where God was.” †

The regions of the Unknown being confessedly illimitable, we, at first sight, might seem to share an insect feebleness when compared with it. To withstand heroically this overwhelming sublimity, we are to draw courage from the fact that two keys, capable of an immensity of uses and applications, are given us, in man and the physical earth. Give me a perfect knowledge of all the truths and mysteries that are thrown into the structure of this small planet, and I could then be at home on Saturn, Neptune, or wherever else ; I would then have reason to say that I am successfully introduced to the whole material creation ; for the Unity of the Universe is carefully invested in the *part*, which by numberless analogies, links itself to the whole. Also give us to know Man perfectly, though he be a scarcely half-developed germ, and we will be at home anywhere

* Prov. 25 : 2.

† Ex. 20 : 21.

in the boundless empire of spirit. We might then interpret the Divine Soul, and walk freely the chambers of seraphic mind. Man is himself the vast mystery. "Know thyself." But ask not that frankness shall give to you all knowledge of your neighbor. He, too, is his own kingdom, and may of right reserve himself. We shall not say, enough is known. The past has divine days ; also the future. We will believe ourselves in the Temple of Mystery wherever we stand. We will therefore be reverent, and evermore direct our pilgrimage toward the Unknown.

LANGUAGE.

WE concede in the outset that all persons might as well have been mutes but for this, that there is something real to be spoken. Fiction and unreality could never have justified so high a gift. Speech is conferred because Truth exists and ought to be spoken. For *Truth's sake* language became possible, taking the word language in its widest sense. In this sense all things come under its dominion, since it is no poetic fiction that the Heavens declare the glory of God, and that the whole visible creation, in its unity and diversity of parts, is a symbol-shadow of the soul, and of that which transpires within it. Nothing in nature or art seems unwilling to stand as the sign of idea; and for what else do words stand? These are but signs, signs, which in the common assent of men have a certain significance. The silent formation of rocks in the earth speaks of past ages, whilst their distribution on the surface converses of the great subterranean heat. The shadow of the pine speaks of the form that caused it, whilst each human countenance and achievement speaks of intellect and character. Is not a fortress as intelli-

gible as a maxim? Man's whole tendency is to self-expression. Bonaparte in war, Milton in song, Astor in money, are but successful efforts at self-expression, so that the work one does, like the words he utters, goes to reveal his inward life.

With the world's great men, those who have combined ideas and practice, their language has been action, and their action has been language. Our words and our silence both communicate.

But man alone articulates the profound and varied wisdom of nature and events. From the established superiority of the soul, from the rich diversity of its powers, man has, and must continue to have the most to express, therefore requiring a manifold power of utterance. His nature and his experience are many-phased. He has occasion therefore so to *combine* the simple sounds out of which all language and song are coined, sounds all of which are in the animal world, perhaps in the various notes of the wind itself, in a way sufficiently diversified to meet this wondrous manifoldness of the human powers, and of human experience. Man, so to speak, is God in the germ. He contains all the diversity of which creation is the type; whence it is that *all things* come to his assistance in the formation of language.

We rejoice in this beautiful gift which is probably used and misused more freely than any other. A few persons have swayed the world by their tongues, and a few have done it by their pens. The clear, flowing rivers of inspiration come down to us in the channels of language, in the words of ancestors, of olden bards,

prophets and sages. Thus in the nineteenth century we listen to David's chant, to Virgil's song, to Plato's wisdom. As a bond of union between the ages, we celebrate this wonderful endowment, as also for the facility it affords for present utterance. It is the high office of language to give permanent residence to the invisible and otherwise fleeting beauties of mind ; to hold fast the knowledge and acquisitions of other ages ; to aid the mental operations, since we think as well as speak in words ; to subserve the social sympathy ; to make known the whole diversity of the world within and without, so far as knowledge may extend ; to relieve the heart by utterance of its burden of grief ; to send the electric shock of courage to another ; to warn and animate ; to educate the untaught ; to worship God. In short, language is the power by which our myriad-phased nature utters itself in all its moods, wants, ideas and aspirations. It reacts upon the speaker, giving order to his ideas, deepening the emotions set forth, and contributing, so far as he has elegant, forcible, and systematic habits of speech, to similar habits of feeling and of thought. That we learn many things without writing or speaking, our five senses can testify ; but, so far as man is the educator of man, language must always be, as it has always been, the chief instrumentality of success. The great Revelations of Heaven retain and exert their power in words. Nature and her mysteries are unknown to the multitudes, until their law and order are spoken. The wonderful property of language resides in the fact that the soul puts forth its every attribute and quality in words. Christ

lives in the ages through the words of the Evangelists. Saints and sages are immortally imbedded in words, and, like the Missouriums and Mastodons left in the soils, whose entire figure naturalists construct, we get at their characters in the things they have said. If the science of human nature were perfect, we might learn a character from a true discourse, somewhat as Cuvier gave the entire figure of extinct races from a single bone. We think in words, though in reality thought must *precede* language in the mental processes, else the *selection* of appropriate words could not take place. To reveal, therefore, the inward life, and to interpret the outward world, we gratefully celebrate the wondrous gift.

Much as we differ from Talleyrand on the offices of language, who said its end is to *conceal our thoughts*, we shall differ but little on its uses, however much we may regret its perversion in falsehood, profanity and tergiversation. Are we equally agreed in relation to its origin?

The majority of persons, perhaps, have taken the position of its supernatural commencement, alleging that the first inhabitants of the earth were miraculously taught a language, though what language none can now venture to be positive. The same view has been extended to the origin of civilization. Human beings, it is said, do not speak until they hear speaking. That they can only articulate by imitation is boldly assumed, from which it is inferred that the Creator, or some supernatural agent, must have been the original speaker. Following the line of history, it is observed

that each civilization is imparted, that Greece gave culture to Rome, that Egypt imparted it to Greece, and that there is a supposed earlier seat of civilization from which Egypt and India drew, whence it is inferred that the first civilization, like the first language, must have been miraculously produced, and that in the operation of the merely human powers, no original fountain existed ; that imitation, with the power to modify and enlarge, without the ability to originate, was man's highest prerogative as respects language and culture. Questions of this nature are always open to debate, though their doom must soon be sealed if brought to the judgment-seat of Philosophy alone ; and to this the present question evidently belongs, since the problem is laid so far back in the night of antiquity as to exclude History from acting as judge. The origin of language was necessarily long before the eras of history.

We claim in behalf of Philosophy, that she knows of no excellence in human attainments except that to which the human powers, aided by favoring circumstances, are fully competent. It seems to us, that all the excellence to which the inferior creation arrives, is the analogical expression of this view. What is there in the form, fragrance and beauty of any plant or flower which does not proceed from its own substance and life ? What animal, what tree does not unfold its proportions from its own life alone ? True, climate modifies ; foreign influences, as sun and rain, assist ; but that which is characteristic in every unfolding form springs not from foreign sources, but from its own mys-

terious, hidden power. *In the nature of every race, the Creator has sown the competency for every excellent result which the history of that race can ever exhibit.*

The contrary position implies, that with our own race there were designs beyond the reach of capacity ; that the ends of creative wisdom are not corresponded to by a perfect precedence of means, from which failure the foreign addition became necessary. DEVELOPMENT, we say, is the lesson taught by every life. Nature is forever teaching, that whatever is manifested in the growth, was hidden in the germ. We know not the exception to this law. Hence we say that Philosophy, in relation to man, refuses to isolate him from the general system by lifting him out of it, and ascribes the excellence of human culture, under God, to the ever-productive faculties of man. We know that intellect and love are original powers, that from the abundance of these, the first men of the earth had *something to say*. We know that self-subsistence in the world, that contact with outward things constantly demanded the use of words, of nouns, adjectives, verbs, adverbs, and prepositions ; for *things* must have been named, some *qualifications* concerning them must have been expressed, *action* must have been denominated in the manner of its occurrence, and the *relation* of thing to thing must have been indicated. The soul, conscious of the great inward elements of Reason, Imagination, Love and Appetite ; also seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling so much from the outward world, certainly must have longed to utter itself ; and having command of a body in which the organs of speech are perfect, — the mouth, larynx,

trachea, from the use of which the atmosphere of the lungs is coined into articulate sounds, — the practice of utterance must have commenced with the first inhabitants, and from practice came skill. The first efforts at using any of the voluntary organs are necessarily unskilled; but as the restless spirit of action in the child leads to development of muscle, so the social impulse, the love of knowledge, and the strong innate thirst to communicate one's self, led to the use of articulate speech.

The view we here oppose implies that man only improves by imitation. But in his finite sphere does he not originate and invent? He has genius. He can make language, if he chooses, as easily as rail-cars and air-balloons. By neglecting the old, and calling every thing by new names, any ingenious person can form a new language. Facts not only prove that men are able to originate language, but that *children* can do it; for the children of the Manchester factory workers, left to gather in large companies for amusement a great part of the day, are said to make a great deal of new language. In a work on South Africa, Robert Moffat states that in the isolated villages of the desert, fathers, mothers, and all who can carry a burden, are compelled to journey, for weeks at a time, over the wilds, and that the children left behind, some of whom are just beginning to lisp whilst others may command a whole sentence, romping and playing the live-long day, become accustomed to a language of their own.* Two

* Missionary Scenes and Labors in South Africa.

young men in the State of Connecticut, who were much in each other's society, on good authority, are said to have arrived at a new language, which served the purpose of conveying to each other whatever they wished to impart. Thus it is proven by examples that creative power in this department is as easily possible to men as in statuary, painting, and architecture. It is even more so. For speaking is a more natural, spontaneous production of the mind, than the physical sciences. It is as true of singing and of walking, as it ever could have been of speaking, that mankind usually do not walk or sing until they have observed walking and heard music ; but who will carry this last concession back to the first man, or to the first men of the earth, and from it conclude that walking and singing were supernaturally taught ? We see no reason why imitation should not be assumed with reference to these last arts as justly as it can be in relation to the first, since man has ever been as well furnished with the ability and the occasion for speaking, as he has for walking, singing, or laughing. And surely it is no exercise of credulity to concede to the first *men* the originaive ability which facts now compel us to concede to children, especially when we remember that the *necessity* for language among the first men was favorable to the mightier development of human genius in its production.

As to original civilizations, history does not hesitate to record them. The refined and elegant Mandans of North America are an instance. Mr. Catlin found them in a fortified village, where they cultivated the

arts of manufacture, enjoyed not only the comforts but the luxuries of life, and had attained to a remarkable refinement of manners. Being settled so far in the vast regions of the North-West, they were wholly beyond the influence of the culture of the States. With this example may also be ranked the improvement found among the Jolofs, Mandingoes, and Caffres, in Africa. And is not the civilization of China, embracing a third part of the human race, purely original? It is human nature, therefore, under favoring physical conditions, that has put forth the blossoms of culture, and of perfection of speech, wherever these are to be found.

Notwithstanding this whole subject of language comes under the law of purely human development, it is true, true in the highest, deepest, and widest sense, that God teaches us language. He taught it, and he teaches it. The only question that may be raised is this, — How does he teach it? And this question will be answered in the views which follow.

In the conditions of things, in the relation man sustains to outward things, the demand for language is laid. For the very diversity and complexity which the external world presents, not only in the forms, colors, weights, and whatever properties belong to matter, but the action and relation which there so variously subsist, require a similar extent and manifoldness of language.

First there were *real objects* in nature. Man himself — was in his own knowledge the first object, surrounded by numberless other objects. Thence, and not from the grammarian, came *nouns*. The soul, able to enjoy

the beauty of the creation, to admire a flower, a sky, a sea, or to find a law in nature, or to subject to its control the elements and the brute beasts, would never allow them to go unnamed. See how God has sown *prepositions*, in the relations of things! From everlasting has there not been an *out of*, an *into*, a *from this*, an *of that*, a *to which*, and a *to what*? Always this has been. Each day man saw the sun coming *out of* the East. He saw him sink *in* the West. The rills poured *from* their springs; the differences in altitude made an *above* and a *below*; the properties inhering in things, the procession of effects from causes, have always called liberally for these designations. Has not heat ever been *of* the fire, and light *of* the sun? An *above*, *against*, and a *below*, preceded all dialects. Languages which have no prepositions as separate words, express the ideas for which they stand, by terminations or other means.

Witness how the Creator, in the conditions of things, has called for *verbs*, and, indeed, for every essential part of speech! If nothing more than a storm raged, or lightning darted across the sky, the verb was needed to state it. Man has always been an *actor*, has always observed *action* in the operations of the Universe. He also notices that some things are the recipients of action, that relatively there is the absence of both action and passion in a thousand objects about him. If the structure of man and the world had not contained these facts, an agent acting, and an object receiving the action, no language could ever have held an active and a passive verb; and a world that should not have re-

quired these, would have been a lifeless, motionless waste, utterly unlike all the Creator has made. *Motion* is the supreme law of the Universe ; whence it is that on no world in space can verbs be dispensed with ; nor, indeed, any of our essential parts of speech. It is a thought worthy of notice, that the origin of language as being based on the established facts and relations of space, goes to prove that the prime elements of language, as we now have it, must flow in the language of every world ! The language of Saturn must have our essential parts of speech, for the objects, qualities and relations of the material world demand them. From the unchanging law of things, which demands that each particular object shall have a locality, arises the *Where*, for which we have such millions of uses ; and because to all things there are origin and tendency, language, in each of its dialects, must have a *Whence* and a *Whither*. Is there a barbarian so rude that his speech does not contain a *How*, a *Whence*, and a *Where* ? Time also aids in the making of language, since the duration of things, and the occurrence of events stand in various relations to centuries, years, months, days, hours, and so forth. We could well have dispensed with our *When* and its kindred, but for this eternal fact of Time. Events which belong to one hour and day must forever belong to them. Hence the importance of these distinctions. There is no one essential part of language, which, traced out, is not demanded by the conditions of things, by realities common to mankind. Man, therefore, has never made language from pure volition. The seeds of language are sown everywhere

in the creation. The relations existent in space, the qualities of matter, the various action inseparable from human life, or from brute matter ; in short, all the order and truth of the creation known to men, always did, and always must, modify, and even create language, whatever may be its forms. We speak not of particular words, or particular languages ; we mean, that, allowing these to be what they may, the surrounding creation is such, and human experience is such, that they tend to throw into all language the same first elements. Over and above all that man has ever designed, the whole system of things has operated for the production of language. All life and nature are a creative school, a flowing fountain of philology to man. Is it not, then, a truth great and glorious, that God taught language, that he is ever teaching it ? He teaches it through those laws and developments of nature and of human experience, to which Jew and Greek, Indian and Tartar, are equally debtors.

The great pleasures and pains that entered into human experience, assisted the growth of language. Who could have long enjoyed an exquisite pleasure, and at the same time have allowed it to go unnamed ? Who could have met a thrilling danger, or a painful injury, from brute beasts or from brute matter, without distinguishing it to himself, and to others, by a name ? Such a neglect were totally impossible. Each thrill of delight and of sorrow, of hope and of fear, which the external world was able to communicate, or which his social condition brought him, naturally, and we would say, necessarily, led to language. The diversities of

human experience, and the diversities of creation, united to produce language. Not only the multiplicity of objects, but the multiplicity of qualities, which each object possesses ; the numerous relations, uses and dependencies belonging to every particular thing ; the importance that attaches to the *manner* of actions, in which there are right and wrong ways, the latter often leading to the greatest danger, and the former to the most advantageous results, must necessarily have led to the closest verbal distinctions, so that this endless complexity and numerousness, found in the particulars of nature and experience, served to enrich language with a similar multiplicity of verbal signs. The REALITIES preceded the WORDS ; wherefore the increase of knowledge, both with reference to the visible world and to man, caused a similar enlargement of language, nor can we hesitate to predict a still greater perfection of language in proportion as man's knowledge shall extend its triumphs over the creation, and over himself.

In the foregoing remarks, we see wherein God is the Father of language, so far as language springs from the order of outward things. Here we see that He is the Logos universally diffused. But this is only one hemisphere of the subject, which, though first and preparatory in the order of human development, is by no means equal to that which remains, the WORLD WITHIN. This is to have expression. Mind, Soul, though unseen, is the great nature. Its value must be incomparably greater than the material worlds ; for it judges their beauty and their grandeur, and so far as we can learn, their mission appears to lie in its develop-

ment. The highest office of language is to reveal the Soul, its thought, feeling, hope, love, sorrow, joy, hatred, fears, vices — all that dwells in the consciousness, all that transpires within man, which in variety is not outstripped by the phenomena of the material world. Language now arrives at a two-fold service, *beginning* in the material and sensuous, and ending in the higher uses of Spirit. To answer this purpose the whole vocabulary of *things*, which was the earliest attainment, came up to serve the soul, to assist in the unravelment of every head and heart in the world. This is indeed a wondrous service, and no small law is involved in the fact that immense armies of verbs, adjectives, nouns and other forms, which had purely physical bases, should all go up so readily and so efficiently into this labor of self-expression. But such is the fact, such has been, and such will continue to be the fact, when language shall have come to its final perfection. We shall also ere long ask for the law which this phenomenon involves.

We imagine that the first person who applied a name to the *stone* or the *rock* little supposed that very soon the same terms would be needed to express hardness of heart or solidity of character. They who first gave names to the *sunlight* and the *darkness*, little suspected how soon these were to become the types of purely mental conditions. The child that learns what *weight* and *lightness* are, suspects not that these will serve him as types of what is powerful and what is not so in argument, influence and character. But how soon does the mind recognize its own true servants!

We all glide so unconsciously into this higher use of words that we appear to employ no *reasoning* on the fitness of their application. The school-boys ask *light* on their problems, and accuse each other of being in the *mist* long before they have *reflected* on any similitudes of mind and matter. The history of the word *heart*, which so generally signifies the reigning love, is a universal instance of this transition by analogy, which has entered into every language on the earth. The *tide* of the river, which has been emblematical of human life, and the silent flow of time; the *crystal*, which has stood for that transparency of character proceeding from simple wisdom and virtue; the green hills, flowery meadows, and budding blossoms, which have been *hope* in human discourse; the storm and rage of elements, that shadow the violence of passion; the calmness of the landscape, the sea and the firmament, which severally picture the soul's tranquillity; the delicate loveliness of flowers in which the gentler affections behold themselves reflected; the aromatic odors that in the balmy air speak to us of the influence of every pure love; the great space-immensity, in which the numberless worlds like radiant flowers are sown, emblematical of that immensity in Spirit through which we are conscious of our claim in the Universe, in God, in Immortality, in Eternity — these are slight fractions of the great process by which all language has seized the symbols of matter for the statement of spiritual facts. When we find that *Right* at first meant only the straightness of a line, that *wrong* only meant *twisted*, that *spirit* was the name of *wind*, we are

apprised that words have had a tendency upwards, that it is a happy mystery which so marries material to spiritual things as to cause the former to administrate language to the latter. What is *umbrage*? A shade. It is also an offence, intercepting the sunlight of the soul.

There is, indeed, a multitude of words so long appropriated to mental facts that their physical origin is never thought of, and a vast number whose physical bases are lost in the night of ancient ages. But as each man shows some ancestral attribute even in his higher fortunes, so each word retains something of its primitive character when carried into its highest uses.

But what is the Law of this phenomenon, which so traverses the entire world of Visible and Invisible, as to permit, or cause this linguistic service from outward things? We announce the fact that matter and soul are wedded from everlasting, that the bond is still inviolate; and that SIMILITUDE is the law which carries us from the outward creation to the inward life. But whence this similitude? This is the primary question, back of which there is nothing. And the Similitude flows naturally and necessarily from the likeness that must subsist between every creator and his work. Our simple faith declares that God made the visible Universe. Here lies the grand generalization which bottoms the entire symbolism of the creation; for what God creates is full of himself, and He being Spirit, it follows that nature shall serve as his symbol in its myriads of facts. All the rays of analogy, therefore, from the material world ascend to Him. Not only so,

but they all converge in Man; for he being the *son* of God by descent, finds himself an Original in the midst of this limitless realm of forms and laws, so that the same necessity which plants likeness between the Creator and the natural world, plants it as perfectly between the soul and nature; whence it is that all our spiritual attributes are glassed in the material world; and for the same reason does the language which expresses what is known of the outward world grow so readily convertible into the signs of all that is known of the soul itself. So far we go in respect to the language-service rendered by the visible creation in revealing the realities of the soul.

But here is a little world in which man is directly the creator,—his arts, manners, movements, which also contribute to this higher use of words; for very many of the terms which express the facts belonging to mind and to character are thence derived. *Walking, bowing, running, fighting, working*, though the most literal of facts, readily glide into the expression of analogous facts in relation to mind. *Supercilious*, the raising of the eyebrow, *Progress*, primarily a moving forward by muscular motion, easily indicate haughtiness of spirit, and the advancement made in intellectual and moral attainment, though the latter of these terms still remains in its double use, to express the improvement which appertains to mind, or to vegetable and animal growth, or the merely forward movement of physical power. We ask no clearer proof of the existence of the perfect, secret analogy which marries matter to mind, than this easy transition of words, from

the expression of things of matter to the expression of mental realities, — a transition so easy that none are conscious of *reasoning* on its fitness. So perfect is this analogy, that our speech, which denotes the relations in space, as *by, with, above, through, against*, when applied to the relations of thought, is found to answer equally well. For ages the discourse of the orator and poet has flown along with the radiance of symbols sparkling on its surface, and of whatever else we may tire, the picturesque in language will always captivate us.

Why, it may be asked, do you ascribe *height* to virtue? Why do you call a man of the propensities *low*? Why describe the indifferent as *cold*? Why denominate love or anger, a *fire*? Is there altitude in the spirit? None, certainly, that rules and lines may measure. We concede that no mensuration learned in the books or in magnitudes can show the inebriate as *low*, that no degree of Fahrenheit will ever indicate a stoic as *cold*, that no anger or love ever ignited wood or charcoal, yet in the ever-diffusive circle of Analogy, we are sure that there is something in these facts of spirit which entitles them to be so called, something of which these outer facts are objective pictures. We see, therefore, in the very structure of the Universe, that the provident Creator has aimed at language, that by His hand the Logos is every where sown. He who globed the worlds scattered thickly the seeds of language over all his Universe.

As language flows from the material world, from human nature, for the answering of human wants, we

should expect it to possess a large degree of unity. For in man's nature wherever found, in the external creation wherever known, there is a reign of Unity. Man is One. Nature is One, and is *from* One. Accordingly, the same great elements are found in all languages, though the forms may vary ever so widely.

But there must be diversity also. There is need for languages, for the very diversity of human nature and its outward conditions, would, of necessity, lead to many forms of language. The Primitive language, which Grotius and others say preceded all known languages, traces of which he thinks may be found in all; the primitive language, from which Gébclin taught that every dialect was derived, the language "natural, necessary, universal and imperishable," "inspired by God himself," cannot be named or learned. We know of no such language. It is true, that the affinities between the languages of Europe and Western Asia, are decidedly marked, so much so that linguists have classed the German and the Sanscrit dialects together, under the generic name of Germano-Indian; but, that these affinities prove a general descent of all languages from one primitive language, we deny, on the authority of evidence gathered from both continents. Crossing the Ganges towards China, all these affinities disappear, where it is found that the monosyllabic language of the Chinese — a language without syntax or inflection of words — the oldest language now spoken on the earth, and spoken by at least a third part of the human family — has no affinity whatever, with the polysyllabic, and the syntactic languages of India. In the vast ter-

ritories of aboriginal America, all the spoken languages were connected by affinities, but hold nothing in common with the Chinese; as these men of the woods uttered themselves in good long words, in eloquent sentences, and in rich grammatical forms. Where, then, is the one primitive language? The chain of affinities is broken. History knows no one primitive seat of civilization, no one primitive language out of which all others have sprung. The unity of the human race, supposed to be favored by a common origin of languages, does not, we think, need such argument in its defence; for, so far as this essential unity is concerned, it is proved by the possibility and contents of human language everywhere, in which the rational and moral nature, in which the ideas of cause and effect, of religious homage to Divine Power, of moral right, and of a future life are exhibited—these great common sentiments, which must prove a common nature in those who are capable of their possession, are all-sufficient evidence that the race is essentially one. Articulate speech *in any form*, unfolding an order of thought and love, of retrospect and prospect, which alone pertain to the sphere of rational and moral nature, is infallible proof for the unity of the race, though no trace of word-affinity be found.

That there should have been a multitude of different languages, seems natural and inevitable. Even granting the one primitive language of Grotius, there must have been *in human nature* the diverging cause, to have broken it up into so many different dialects. If we might be allowed to suppose ourselves as destitute of all language, and that three persons should be sent to

spend seven years in the formation of language to four exceedingly isolated positions of the globe, when the twelve should return, can we imagine that they would come back with the same language? We are far from believing that they WOULD or COULD fall upon the same language, though divested of all education from the past. Many accidental likenesses, however, would be detected among the four languages created. That the same tendency of human nature which leads to diversity of intellect, genius, form, and character, should also develop diversity of language, we take to be a safe position. We will here name some principal causes which would naturally lead to many languages.

1. *There are peculiarities of the VOCAL ORGANS, which diversify the pronunciation of mankind.* No three, of a dozen small children, in pronouncing monosyllables after a teacher, will be apt to pronounce exactly alike. The teacher may speak ever so plainly, they will vary in following him. There are sounds in several languages, which it is difficult for foreigners to attain. This diversity in pronunciation, would, in time, cause difference of language.

2. *Mankind differ in the particular structure of their INTELLECTUAL and SYMPATHETIC nature.* There is in every people, capable of much good or evil, an ORIGINAL GENIUS which distinguishes them from others. The Hebrew and the Greek, the Roman and the Chinese, differed as widely in their genius as a people as they are found to have differed in their languages. The Indian of America and the African of Guinea, would, left to themselves, necessarily adopt

different forms of speech, for the diversity of their minds could not fail to represent itself in their language. A language, originally, is from the soul, the life, the experience of a people. Who does not see the strong worshipful Hebrew heart in the Hebrew language? Who fails to recognize the harmonious, æsthetic soul of the Greek, his fine fancy and subtle intellect, in his elegant, symphonious speech? This originality of a people, which leads them to excel in very different directions, to do that which stamps their nationality upon it, has necessarily filled the world with thousands of languages. From this fundamental originality of a people, which lies back of education, and which causes the interesting diversity of mankind, we are obliged to infer that nature, and all things objective, would not strike any two nations under the same aspects and impressions, no more indeed than they do any two individuals, even were the external scenery and conditions exactly similar, which is never the case. What men, in different parts, or in the same parts, ever contemplated life and nature under the same hues of reason and fancy? And would not this diversity of impression, in a people whose language is being formed, in a people unbound by inherited habits of association as to language, appear in the formation?

3. *The great diversity which reigns in EXTERNAL NATURE, thereby awakening different thoughts and emotions, must have proved influential in the formation of different languages.* The power of physical conditions on character, has long been acknowledged, though of late years, more than ever before, has the idea been

made prominent. It is found that a tropical sun awakens not only a different flora from the temperate and the arctic, but it also develops a different *man*. He is as tropical as the palm or the cedar. We know not how this fact of climatic and scenic differences may strike others, but to us it is plain that the same causes which develop different *kinds of men*, physically, mentally, and morally, would powerfully assist in the development of different *kinds of language*. We mourn not the diversities of language; for man had need of them. The radical variousness of human nature and experience, and the same variousness of all developing influence from physical conditions, could not but lead to many languages. We know that a language once formed goes down to many generations by education, as do traditions. We know the immortal toughness of an old language among a settled people, a toughness defying time, as vindicated in the essential sameness of the languages of India and China, which are supposed to be, at least, four thousand years old. We know that the spirit of a nation is embalmed in its language ages after the language is spoken. How may the Hebrew soul fade from the world's memory? How may the Greek or the Roman character be forgotten? Our own English is substantially what it was in the days of Spenser and Shakspeare, the changes belonging mostly to costume. But *before* the establishment of languages, these diversifying causes could freely operate, and even *after* they are established, they operate both in modifying them, and in giving rise, at last, to new languages.

But our ablest languages claim ancestry in the remotest times. Old nations, long since dead, are found sleeping at the roots of our most eloquent words. Nations now living assist each other in the commerce of language. Persia gave us this adjective — *better*, which flows not from *good*, but from the Persian *Beh*, which means good, and *Behter*, better. In present living languages the fossil remains of ancient intellect are imbedded, as remote ages are inscribed on the various strata of the earth.

The comparative study of languages was long kept in the back ground because no masterly hand had put them in a position to be examined in contrast, a purpose finally accomplished by two illustrious Germans, John Christopher Adelung and his able successor, John Severin Vater, who first gave the world a scientific classification of all the known languages, and a correct description of each idiom.

But the competency of language to reach the highest aim, to express perfectly all that exists in Thought, all that is known and felt in human experience, is questioned and denied. It is called a weak and partial instrument. We have hesitated on the all-sufficiency of this medium. When we have read Shakespeare, we have said, there is nothing in us, nothing in the whole circle of consciousness but that may be signified; but when hearing others, or attempting ourselves to speak what is highest, deepest, and holiest in life, we have felt that language is insufficient. But if we are going to test the sufficiency of language for a perfect mental expression, we are to let MASTERS wield

it, otherwise its entire power cannot be known. Let the masters play with its wondrous forces. We have entire faith in the sufficiency of language for a perfect expression when wielded by the best minds, and when it addresses a KINDRED EXPERIENCE, as words are signs, whose interpretation must always lie in the experience of the hearer, — an experience which in all of us is somehow so widely various that we know, for the most part, what is best and worst in saints and sinners, in wise and unwise, ambitious and unambitious, slothful and active, happy and miserable. There are joys and woes that fathom for a time the abyss of being, and though words may never signify these to philologists and grammarians, they depict them clearly enough to him who has been similarly sounded by the same agencies.

We are told truly that man is the grand Mystery, that his nature and experience are exceedingly manifold, that as he is all things, he is only partially signified in language, which is called a narrow instrument. We are induced to reply that *language has the same manifoldness that man and the creation possess*, for it is the offspring of these. The *manifoldness* of God, represented in nature and in humanity, *resides in human language*, which has sprung up as the harvest of seeds anciently and divinely sown. We have the means of expressing all contrarieties and opposites, so that if any one chooses to remain in a narrow corner of faith or science, it is no fault of language that he does so.

The tendency of experience and consciousness to outstrip the skill of expression, we concede ; but whenever it does this to any considerable extent, it forms a

demand for new language, which demand is a promise that the supply is forthcoming. The ability shared by men and children to create language is ample guaranty that every want shall be fulfilled. If you are moved by a truth, a joy, a woe, which your words cannot reveal, your countenance, eyes, and movement will effectually become your word.

In looking after the sources of language, we find that HUMAN EXPERIENCE is one of them. What mankind have thought, enjoyed, suffered, called for utterance, and satisfaction came in utterance. Whatever there is, therefore, of manifoldness in human experience, has passed into human expression, into language. Man has studied his own history, has inquired into himself somewhat, and each triumph of knowledge over himself, as over nature, has multiplied and enriched language, either in its words or its uses. In the *actual* life, man has expressed himself in results as varied as he is. All things supposable of heaven, earth, or hell, have already appeared in human history. This fulness of result is the fulness of language, for language commands it all in the service of expression. What feeling, what form of thought, what passion, has not told itself in deeds? If there is one yet unexpressed, it will create a channel, and we shall yet listen to new accounts of the soul.

We refer to the AMPLITUDE of SYMBOL in the creation as lasting evidence of the perfect sufficiency of language as a medium of thought. Thought cannot very far transcend language, provided we commonly or always think *in* language, or with language always fol-

lowing closely after. The visible Universe is exceedingly manifold, the type of Man, the type of God. We have already seen how prolific it has been in the yielding of language to mankind. The manifoldness of man inwardly has been answered by the outward manifoldness of Nature. Every possible mood and aspiration are pictured there. The mystery of man lies imaged in the mystery of creation. What we know of him, and all we know of him, is imaged also. My words do fail. But when I look into the earth and heaven, I find that I am published in symbol, in a perfect utterance by an Eternal Author. We are aware of the illimitable richness of the material creation, and we shall be unable to deny the sufficiency of language for the entire expression of mind, until we are first shaken in the belief that the material world is a perfect symbol-shadow of the spirit. It is true that we have but partially conquered this wild of nature; we have called what little we know into language. But man and language are to advance together. As the former unfolds into completeness through the ages, he will wield more extensively the vast symbolism of nature. The whole creation is destined to pass gently into human speech; for man will require it all in his future self-expression.

The enchantment dwells in the master's skill, though something is due to the harp. Paganini drew melodious wonders out of a single strand. Shakspeare and Milton, striking the king's English, have sung the many-voiced melody of poem. Under the touch of Robert Burns, the old Scotch brogue grew heartily

musical in Scotia's rural scenes. Goethé, extending his ample utterance to the verge of night in the German, Homer inspiring the myriads on the Hellenic harp, teach that the sufficiency of a language depends on the genius of him who plays.

The narrowness of logicians and of formulists lies in an attachment to certain words and definitions, as if Truth had eternal habitation in these, as if the Universe could easily be cut up into village lots, and settled by mortals. They have yet to learn that Truth is Infinite and disdains narrow walls as her eternal palace. They have yet to learn that man is not measured, that he, and nature, and God, are too vast for his propositions, too great for his *selected* words. Does the creed contain Christ? Does the Life of God operate within the circle of an opinion? Does not nature live but fragmentarily in the Principia? We are fools voluntarily if we have not learned that all human knowledge is vastly outstripped by the depths of nature, humanity, and Divinity; and to suppose that even *all* human words transcend human knowledge, is to forget both the origin and end of language. Therefore, the embodiments of logicians and creed-formers are by necessity meagre and partial. The stars glowing, moving in space, rest not, depend not on astronomy. The flowers, various, many-colored, sweet-scented creations, ask nothing of Linnæus. This body, the ingeniously wrought clothing of the spirit, depends not on books, nor have books told its perpetual mystery. We have Christ in his life, not in creeds. We have God in creation, in history, in the Soul, not in exegesis of belief or scripture. We will therefore dismiss to

the winds all prospect of ever putting the vast fulness of Truth and of Life into definitions, and will learn them in those natural forms in which the Creator gives them embodiment.

One would think that there is speaking enough, and language enough, without taxing much the inventors. Words are as leaves on the trees, as sands in the desert. No lack of words, no lack of tongues. Talking and quilling are overdone. In public life what dashes of oratory, what storming of sentences announce to us that Consequence is on the platform, that the public weal at last has found a lover! And oh! what professions, what apostrophes to renowned exemplars, and what empty echoes of heart and head daily go forth in words! Thou earthly Logos! Divine in the beginning, thou art becoming the basest of sinners. Yet in defiance of all froth and foam of demagogues who can remedy all evil in a day, we hold this power of defining our wants, of sending electric shocks of life, hope and courage to another, of making manifest whatever transpires in this invisible realm of mind, to be the divinest of gifts; and let him be thankful who can, on fit occasions, be mouth for himself and mouth for others. But greatness and goodness never were all Word. The silence which reigns in the blue depths of Heaven, and in the depths of the sea, belongs to these. God himself is not all Word. He is Spirit. He is Power. He is Deed. He performs in holy Stillness. He sounds no trumpet when the victorious sun, with noiseless beams, dissolves the domain of snow and ice. Nothing is said when trees leave, and flowers

blossom. And is not the silent work of honest worth the gem that wins us at last? There may be frequent hollowness in the use of speech, yet in language itself there is nothing meaningless. Could there ever have been a word for sun and moon in different languages, if these orbs had not actually shone in the heavens? Would any person ever have said *green*, or *blue*, if these colors had not appeared in nature? Impossible. And would *hypocrisy* ever have been a human word, provided all voluntary beings had been strictly true? Would the terms *falsehood* and *beauty* ever have glided into general discourse, had truth forever been spoken, and had deformity instead of excellence universally appeared in nature? We are convinced that, without the preceding realities, the words could never have been born.

This view leads to one or two important conclusions. It mirrors to us that the great and many-phased experience, and history of man, are written *in the sum of all human words*. For he, through the ages, has been uttering himself. His good and his evil, his truth and his error, are all expressed. There was a call for each word. In no book, and by no author, is his full history given. It is recorded nowhere, but in the sum total of human words. Would man ever have said *holiness*, or *virtue*, or *honor*, unless the realities had called for the names? Our faith is deepened when we meet in the many languages, the words Goodness, Infinity, Eternity, Love; we feel at once that such words must have root in being; that the soul's wealth of ideas, of experience, of consciousness, is vindicated through the infinitude of

words, and words of such vast significance. Faith, hope and charity, meekness, purity, sweetness, and magnanimity, all the host of terms which denominate the excellences, are faith to us. We know that human life has developed these excellences, or the words had never been born. The word God, in the good sense in which religion uses it, could never have been spoken, had the race been utterly depraved.

In the light of the same view, we discover how perseveringly the human heart has beaten in unison with Eternal Rectitude. Look at the entire vocabulary of words which represent moral qualities, and the evidence glares upon you like sunrise, that the sanction of the human soul has always been given to the good and the true ; that its condemnation has always fallen on the evil and the false. Our terms *fidelity*, *kindness*, *generosity*, *forbearance*, on the one hand, and *meanness*, *treachery*, *falsehood*, *cruelty*, *avarice*, on the other, may be taken as an example of the manner in which the structure of universal language illustrates the moral feelings of mankind, as always clinging to the right, and as opposing every wrong, — an evidence this superior to all theorization on humanity, since it sprang up spontaneously, in the formation of language, without any intention of establishing a philosophy or a creed.

But the high, practical law of language is, that it takes vitality from the mind that speaks it. Out of the abundance of the heart, the Word proceeds. If sweetness and harmony have inward residence, their quality will go forth a living melody in words. It steals upon us like celestial enchantment. The spirit thinks,

the heart muses in words, giving to the messages which reach us, a primary baptism of the light and love they are sent to fulfil. The question, What is said? is not the sole question; rather is it to be asked, Who said it? for, as a late writer has intimated, "it makes some difference in the force of words and sentences, whether a man stands behind them or not." Style is ever the subject of admiration and criticism, which, so far as it is not the result of imitation, originates in and expresses the mind of the author, as a stream reveals its fountain. Nor is imitation unworthy of notice, since each person shows something of himself in what he imitates, in the selection of his model.

In this law of language, we discover the delusion of artificial rhetoric. No man carries others beyond himself. They may go beyond, but it is by their own power, not by his. In the real depths of wisdom, in clearness and in freshness of perception, in purity and energy of moral sentiment, in the power of the passions earnestly directed, all high and mighty eloquence must forever proceed. What avail graces of manner, when a man is listener, provided the truth is not present? We desire that our speaker, first of all, be sincere. If he convinces us that he is true to himself, we will ask no pledge of his trueness to God, to us, and to all others. In the corruption of the world, true eloquence declines. Children are eloquent, because they are unseduced from sincerity and self-faithfulness. The difference in the words of the wise man and the idiot, of the saint and the outlaw, of the lover and the stoic, is forever reminding us, that SOULS, and not TONGUES, speak; that

divine graces originate interiorly ; whence obedient tongue, hand, voice, and form, should render them delightfully visible. What, then, shall render your speech powerful and persuasive ? It is this : First, be sure of an exalted purpose. Then, be strong in a manly will. Possess the knowledge of truth, and rely on it. Earnestly cherish the love of Principle. Be your own man. Bravely utter your real convictions, surrendering yourself freely to the inspiration of the ideas that sway the sceptre of your own spirit. Cherish good, earnest feelings. Allow them free and joyous play. If you would speak with the greatest effect, never speak *for* effect, certainly not for applause, in any form. The bird that charms you in May, never sings to please, but to utter the inborn melody it delights to express. This bird is the teacher of orators. Though men must have eloquent minds before they can have truly eloquent tongues, we shall be unjust to the merit of preceptive teaching, unless we concede that awkwardnesses may be pointed out, and that natural impediments may be frequently overcome. Conversational power grows perfect in much practice. By practice, children gracefully control the personal form. Disciplined energy is more than a match for raw forces. The orator's business, said Socrates, *is to speak the truth*, which undoubtedly is the full idea of his calling, provided he speaks it well. To have the highest eloquence, that which accords with rising suns and rolling seas, one should cherish an entire fellowship with the Creation, and freely drink the influence of the beauty, freedom, and power, its forms express. Like Nature, he may refuse to grow old, and,

like her, may share in an eternal joy and hopefulness. He must know the human heart, and be able to strike, as with angels' fingers, its ten thousand chords. If we said the best of what we really feel and think, declamation could never impoverish by taking the place of eloquence. If we copy and repeat, bow to authority, and apologize for differing with our ancestors and our neighbors, we may omit surprise that no bursting fountains cheer us with music on so dead a level, and that no mountains of independent power, such as awe souls, tower into converse with stars. Let the teacher who has nature in him, assist those who have forsaken her paths, to return ; but let us never delude ourselves into the belief, that what the gods call eloquence, ever came from the gymnastics of the rhetorician.

It might seem Unity-like, to hear one language spoken from pole to pole, but it would not be the true, various unity of mankind. Such a triumph of uniformity over the diverse originalities of races, we are satisfied can never occur. The vegetation of one zone will as soon become the vegetation of all zones, as the language of one country will absorb or displace all other languages. God sets impassable limits to uniformity of every kind. Becher, who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, claimed three hundred crowns of the German prince, for having discovered a universal language, received a dinner, and some royal compliments — all he deserved, certainly.

Since the structure of the Universe aims at the development in man of language, and since the originative ability to produce belongs to mankind, we cannot

doubt, that, in every country, time, and state of culture, man will speak in the form best suited to himself. We think man is destined to improve on this planet ; and that his forms of communication will grow more amply perfect with the progress of his mind, is a result certain and inevitable. We would aspire to a pure mind, and a pure speech. We would *live* our literature to be truly literary. We also cherish the calm faith, that when true men, and fully grown, shall walk the earth, the symbolism of the whole creation will be gracefully wielded in their self-expression. For, in all its manifoldness, it now comes to mirror the higher manifoldness of humanity ; and, in what has already occurred, there is a pledged willingness of all nature, to aid, now and forever, the efforts of man at a more perfect utterance of his consciousness and experiences.

SYMBOLISM.

THE soul in many ways takes help from the senses. We seem to see with our whole vision when the external and the internal senses grasp the same truth, a fact which evidently occurs in the genuine use of symbols. For here the eye traces the image which holds fast the truth the intellect would penetrate and possess. It happens that nothing is so real to mankind as what they see, hear, smell, taste, feel; whence it is that all language referring to these is familiar, and available for use. Hence the service rendered by images to abstract thoughts. If mind is hazy and tends to an ocean-wide diffuseness, there is that in the respective types which sets forth the truth in greater definiteness. Ideas which are invisible of themselves, in this way get body and form, so that we behold their light as radiant in a living countenance. "I will incline mine ear to a parable; I will open my dark saying upon the harp."*

It has been thought that the age of symbol-fondness is the uncivilized and half-barbarous state when the

* Ps. 49 : 4.

senses and the imagination bear sway over intellect, and prevent the refinements of culture. Under this view we suppose it was that the distinguished English essayist expressed the *fear* that mankind would never be able to dispense with symbols. We know that savages are fond of glaring pictures, that simplicity is omitted in the grosser conditions of mind, that to live in pure truth and from inward self-subsistence is characteristic of the spiritual. But we ask what state of mind is there that borrows nothing from the senses? Who would close his eyes to landscapes and to setting suns? Who would turn away, as unworthy of regard, from the pictures of art? Who would turn out of truth's service the imagination which creates and paints, drawing such sudden and vivid maps of outward scenes, of past experience, of future prospect, of present truth? We know of no dishonor as coming upon spiritual things through material agency. For the structure of the universe is such, that the material worlds fulfil moral ends, and every law and agency becomes a teacher. The railways and telegraphs money has built, are moral as well as physical agencies; for by making mankind near neighbors, by transmitting so widely and speedily the thoughts of men, by opening and diversifying enterprise, character and intellect are affected. Nor is there any part of the world, either as island, sea, air, continent or distant star, which does not exist for mind, for truth. To ask mankind to dispense with symbols in the largest sense, is in reality asking them no longer to see the Invisible imaged and reflected by the Seen, which can never be complied

with whilst the body is expressive of the soul, whilst the external creation declares the attributes of its God, and whilst it is the tendency of every cause to grow visible in the effect. It is to ask that the eternal marriage of matter and mind, in the bond of analogy, shall be dissolved. This cannot be, for God has benevolently planted this union from everlasting. Wherever there is light, substance will be reflected in shadow, a truth which must hold in the advanced stages of being as truly as now. Though we outgrow the grosser conditions of matter and mind ever so far, the relative balance of what is signified in each will be retained, for the union of these realities is radical, and being so wisely laid in the germ of life, must be reflected through all the gradations of its future development.

The *kind* of symbol that satisfies for the mental expression of any person, community or age, is the sure test of the degree to which they have arrived in the scale of culture. From the gross pictures and images of pagan idolatry, to the higher representation of idea in the Catholic Church, this truth is apparent. Because we demand symbol, does it follow that we need the *kind* which assisted and satisfied the Egyptian homage? Does it follow that any one age or sect is to have a monopoly in determining *what* it shall be? Not at all. For in no school-boy sense are we to accept the doctrine of symbols, but we are to give it the widest range of meaning, that the infinite diversity of truth may be served. Those who arrive at a faith and a love that are absolute, will use it in this wide significance, seeing the "invisible things" shadowed forth in those "that

are made," thus putting the creation, in all its unity and variety, into a representative service.

The earliest language of men was the picturesque, the language of symbol ; and is it not now the favorite language, the one of which we never tire ? Abstraction soon wearies us. But truth, coming in beautiful and living imagery, is as a divine play, having a certain life and inspiration that awaken and delight us. We lay by the dullest books not till we have noticed the pictures. Catholic countries have continued reverence to particular saints through the centuries, by picture as successfully as by legend. And who can say that his idea of Jesus has borrowed nothing of its radiance from the simple pictures art has consecrated to his memory ? Ideas are never so vividly seen, so joyfully received or so long remembered, as when they visit us in the clear and simple light of their own appropriate symbols. Children easily learn when thus taught. Say what we will of the understanding, it is through the door of imagination that the celestial guests approach us.

There is a double delight, when the material and the spiritual senses are jointly blessed, as by the cataract of the Nile the poet enjoyed the beauty of the scene, as he gazed in such unison with the beauty of thought it awakened, as to be conscious of only one picture before him. Symbol borrows sacredness from the truth it represents ; and its office is to set it forth so objectively that it may be clearly seen ; to give it definiteness, freshness, and force ; to serve as the medium of its radiance, to bring back the hallowed memory, to

recall the truth, as mementoes which friends leave cause them to be present when absent. As ideas always assume forms of expression which are their symbol, as spirit and body are ever wedded, as soul and nature, being of the same family, are forever answering back to each other through resemblance and affinity, the noblest culture will always be assisted by the light which the *visible* reflects of that which pertains to our spiritual being and to God.

Each countenance is the symbol of each soul. Every great man, every good man, and every bad man casts before him the visible shadow of his quality in the work he achieves. No man is so poor but he leaves himself inscribed on something. Art is the symbol of the artist. Nature is the symbol of God. Time is the shadow of Eternity. The institutions of an age are a picture of its accepted ideas, the church and the state being but monuments of these.

That there is law at the source of things which causes agreement between figure and fact, between the powers of the inward and the facts of the outward life, is implied in the manner of remark common to every country, in their eloquence, proverb and poem. Good illustrations from Nature are nothing more than such correspondences between external forms and mental realities as in the nature of things subsist. In poems and in parables it is implied that some eternal law runs through these two hemispheres of nature, matter and spirit uniting them into one. The great truth like the sun has always shone, though its philosophical announcement has seldom appeared. Did Swe-

denborg give the world its first light on the subject of Correspondences? Evidently not; for he who first illustrated any part of his mental experience by facts in nature, stood upon this basis of correspondence. And have not mankind always used their knowledge of the material world, as a means of giving expression to their inward experience? The very history of language proves this, for it was by means of the language first given to outward things, and to outward relations, properties, and events, that the purely mental facts became expressed. It has been shown that language of *physical* origin has largely served to reveal what is real in the mind. On what principle, we ask, was it that language primarily referring to nature, to things, should have rendered this service to the soul and its experiences? Only on the ground of the correspondence forever subsisting between Soul and Nature, from which flow the endless analogies uniting them. Hence the words of the latter readily rise into the representative service of the former. The science of correspondences is founded in the structure of the universe, not in an author or a school. The author, if he have merit, is founded in this eternal science, a consciousness of which has always more or less clearly broken forth in the utterances of men. "All things are *double*, one against another," was the Hebrew aphorism.

The learned seer of Stockholm undoubtedly has given this subject a prominence in sacred literature, which in Europe it never before possessed. But has he announced the highest generalization on which the subject of correspondences rests? Of this we doubt.

His best statement is that every fact in the natural world answers to some truth, to some kindred fact in the spiritual world, that the visible world is the type and shadow of what the spiritual world contains. But this view merely states the fact of such connection ; it announces nothing of the law which stands behind it. Nor are we sure that this contrast of " Natural world " and " Spiritual world " will prove as intelligible as would one or two other statements that might be made, which shall find in God and the creation, the soul and the world surrounding it, the chief points of contrast, the one standing as the mirror of the other and the higher. These terms, *the soul*, and *God*, contain all that may ever be meant by the phrase " spiritual world ; " and that such a correspondence exists between the soul and the creation is evidenced by all the satisfactions and delights the former derives from the latter. Every beauty and grandeur man ever saw in the visible creation, was but the outward symbol of his inward sense, else the fact of delight and of admiration had been impossible to him ; as much so indeed as to the animal races.

The first idea that helps us to the grand generalization on which the science of correspondences is bottomed, is evolved from the simple relation which *Matter sustains to God*. The material world is from Him, is His creation. He is One. Hence the whole creation is one, is linked together by harmony of parts ; there being no discord in the author, fundamentally there can be none in his work. Now it is a law eternal and unchangeable that every being shall be repre-

sented in his effects, in that which he *does*; and when we think that creation is the putting forth of the Infinite mind in *form*, it is clear that the material world in its manifold relations must yield His likeness, must contain endless means of illustrating Him. From the necessary expression of a Creator *in* his work, we readily and easily see why it is that Nature should be rich in the symbols of His thought, His justice, His love. His mirror, then, is Nature.

The second idea entering into the grand generalization, is evolved from the relation which the *material world sustains to man*. Man is the image of God, the son of God, having in the germ His entire order of faculties. This unity of his nature with the divine, does not rest on hypothesis. It is a strongly demonstrated truth, inasmuch as the ability to know, love, and worship the Creator, implies the kindred elements of being in man, or there could be no such knowledge and worship. Man, therefore, being the image of God, finds an expression of himself in nature. His mind and his heart, in all their diversity of faculty and feeling, are here symbolized; so that the various history of matter is full of analogy with the human mind. These two ideas give us the highest generalization belonging to the subject of correspondences. They show us, that every spiritual excellence is mirrored in the visible world. This too is our experience. We find in the outward creation, God and ourselves.

The same conclusion is ours when man alone is our starting point. For the body, in its every function, limb, and law, answers to some higher faculty and

fact in the soul. Nutrition, digestion, and the incorporation into life, are as true of the mental as of the bodily processes. Man's material form and his work on earth are a symbol-representation of himself. His likeness is upon them. The spiritual world, therefore, cannot fail to find a representation in the Natural, since it has nothing which the two ideas of God and the Soul, in their various developments, do not contain. But the confession becomes us that much is due the Swedish seer for stating the fact of this correspondence so clearly, and for his numerous labors in evolving a system of correspondences. Whatever may be said about the excessive theological use of his theorization, it is certain that under his views the external world, which so many value chiefly for its corn and its cotton, every where grows eloquent with thought, and becomes identified with high moral meanings.

But no man can strike out a *system* of correspondences in the symbols of Nature or Scripture, for others, no more than one person may give a creed which shall deserve always to stand as the permanent statement of faith. The same truth and the same scene strike different minds under different aspects; and whilst this is so, the free action of individual intellect will not abide a dictionary of terms, nor express the same truths by the same symbols. The same mind will vary these at different times; for what prophet, poet, or sage, ever rigidly adhered to the same terms, or figures, in setting forth his emotions and ideas? Before any fact or object in nature is used as a symbol, the speaker must discover the analogy, the resemblance uniting it to his truth. He has the truth in his

mind; and from his knowledge of this he lights upon its kindred image and images. A truth burning for utterance calls to its aid its kindred, its own. No one symbol is the servant of the same truth always; truth frequently dismisses old symbols, and finds expression in new, as certain rivers have forsaken their old courses to flow in new channels. Nothing is rightfully enslaved. Truth has no bondsmen for life. One symbol borrowed from nature may serve many truths, as its rays of analogy may shine upon many; and one truth may be served by many symbols, as its rays of similitude may fall upon many. Moon, says the distinguished author, stands for faith; and water, for truth. But why does not this orb as properly signify all feminine grace, from the modesty and purity it represents? It stands for chastity, in the discourse of any who so wish to use it, as truly as it can for faith. It is chastity, empress, love, change, and untiring service. Faith sheds light upon the dark world, like the moon, and why not also like the sun, which, relatively, it is true, symbolizes to stronger advantage the Love, which, with truth, illuminates the world. Many ideas and characters may and have been served by this symbol. The sun is God in figure; is monarch, fidelity, friendship, immortality, truth. Water, like truth, refreshes and purifies. But its occasional treachery and violence make it the emblem of other attributes, of instability and rage. "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,*" said Jacob to his unfaithful son.* Why should

* Gen. 49: 4.

*horse** always mean understanding, as a symbol of the Scripture? He is a noble animal; and in right perceptions of analogy, there are several other qualities of which this creature would sooner remind us. The intimate manner in which one thing is united to another in nature, and the shades of resemblance and contrast forever playing between the skies of spiritual truth and the earth of natural symbol, are so infinitely delicate and various, that symbols are necessarily fluxional in their meaning and use; and when we add to these important considerations, the fact that our mental states are always changing, being never twice exactly alike, and when we remember the *constitutional difference* in men's minds, leading them to diversity in their perceptions of analogy, we cannot but discover the necessary failure of every attempt to get up a system of correspondences, in which each symbol shall be wedded to a definite truth, and each truth wedded for life to a definite symbol. We are, then, properly left to employ these correspondences freely, and not after the manner of monotony and enslavement.

Perhaps a better, or a similar system of correspondences to that which the Sweedish seer has applied* to the sacred literature of Palestine, might be more

* We understand that, to a certain extent, the seer of Stockholm allows a transition in the use of symbols; for instance, the word *heat* may signify love or anger, as the relation requires. A symbol which stands for a good, or a truth, in one relation, may also be used to express the opposite evil or falsity, in another. This gives some flexibility to their service, though it falls far short of the freedom and manifoldness, which to us the law of symbols demands.

triumphantly carried through the Vedas of India, their oldest monuments of the religious sentiment ; and, I would say, equally well through Homer, Virgil and Horace. I have three reasons for saying this ; the first of which appears in the fact that the ready perception of analogy between facts of the outward and of the inward life, which is the power through which success in all efforts of the kind is possible, is a power limited to no one field. Rather there is no field where it may not ingeniously play. From an ancient, eternal marriage between mind and matter, parallel lines may be drawn through each of these hemispheres, so that it is impossible that any region of imagery and outward fact should do otherwise than picture what is analogous to itself in the world of mind, idea, and truth. The second is this, that in rising from the external events and images to higher meanings, ancient poetry and mythological history must always be propitious ground. The third is, that the Vedas, in which the sentiment of nature so richly abounds, and whose pages are profusely adorned with natural images that are brought into the most intimate relations with the internal and the external life of man, do not impose the embarrassments of so much rigidly historical narrative, which, in both Testaments, cannot be so easily regarded in any other than the ordinary sense. He who speaks well from imagination, feeling, or tradition, as in mythological history, says what is necessarily true when carried beyond the literal statements. These readily point to what is beyond themselves ; and if, in looking at the olden statements, I see in the Promethean effort that drew down fire from heaven, the truth that man derives all genuine

inspiration from lofty moral sources, or if, in the obedience of sun and moon to Joshua, I read the truth that man is greater than nature and has an intended supremacy in it, the myths have kindled a light and a pleasure beyond the design of the original incidents. When, however, we derive sublimer thoughts from the ancient utterances than the letter expresses, it is usually unfair to ascribe them to the ancient writers in any other way than we would ascribe to nature the paternity of superior thoughts in our own minds, when originating in the observation of its scenes. The free analogical power is in the mind itself; and there is nothing arbitrary in the facts and images that determines the exact ideas which we are to find in the symbol.

The rough places are smoothed and beautified when analogy draws down upon them the light of higher truths. Thus certain vindictive prayers of David, and the warlike ferocities of the Hebrews, grow mild under the view that the former signified his spiritual foes, that the latter indicate the triumphant contest of good over evil thoughts and passions. The admirers of Hafiz say that by *wine* he means devotion, that *sleep* signifies *meditation* on divine attributes, that *beauty*, *perfume*, *kisses* and *lips* signify divine perfection, hope of heavenly favor, raptures of piety, and the hidden mysteries of His essence. Thus the gay Persian bard ministers to thoughts that were quite foreign to his own inspiration when penning his lines. In the process of death, says an Indian scripture, "the heart," into which the soul with all its faculties has withdrawn, "the summit

of that viscus *flashes* and lightens the passage by which the soul is to depart." "The dwelling of Brahme," say they, "is the *heart*." What clear symbols these of the power of love to brighten every intense darkness of life and being, and to retain the divine presence ! The supremacy of truth is seldom so grandly pictured as in the Brahminical arrangement of the seven worlds, in which truth is the summit world, the residence of Brahme, and entitled the Sublime Abode. But the absence of sufficient motive will, of course, prevent such patient and systematic effort to subject the best writings of antiquity to the principle of correspondences, as is applied by the Sweedish seer to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures ; though without such effort one sees that it has often been beautifully wielded by the mystics of Persia and India. We care not how high the idealizing power may exalt the primary fact, provided two things are observed, namely, that we retain our grasp of solid fact, where it exists, as a *terra firma* to stand on when the wings of idealization shall weary, and that we respect the perfect freedom of the law of symbols. If a symbol to-day shall come to serve a truth, let us not, in our admiration of the service, seize the beautiful visitant and force it into a changeless dictionary, thereby compelling it to mean always the same thing. Freely it came, freely let it depart when called for by another service. We stand upon this, that the character of symbols is eternally free and infinitely fluxional, and that violence is done to the law whenever we enslave the symbol for life ; that it is wrong to treat it as the Hebrews did the stupid slave who

neglected to improve his chance for liberty on hearing the blast of the grand Jubile trump.

Perhaps the great merit residing in symbol-service, when applied to writings in which the popular reverence concentrates, is the introduction it gives the best minds into regions of truth overlaying the common belief; especially is this service great to those minds, which, to be true to themselves, must transcend the popular level of accepted ideas, minds that would suffer intense spiritual death under the opinional thralldom weighing upon the mass. By this method they easily ascend into the sublimer contemplations where they are free and at home; whilst the absence of this analogical elevation has caused many to openly revolt against the sacredness of venerated pages, thereby doing some violence to the reverence of mankind. In all great faiths the happy benefits of this method are realized; even in the faith of Islam, the best minds have accepted the strong statements of Mohammed as symbols, by which they enjoy an ideal paradise far above the range of the prophet's intellect. But you may say, did these writers *intend* the meanings derived? This question is really of no account, since all men who speak well speak wiser than they know, and since he who acts or speaks cannot say to what his *word* or his *deed* shall ultimately come. The smallest direct motion of your arm, if infinitely extended, would cross the paths of many stars in the sublime distance; so each of your short truth-utterances, when extended on, leads always into the sublime grandeurs of truth.

The symbolism of the world is of two kinds, the first

and best being *unconscious* symbolism ; and the second, the *conscious*, or that which is *made* by men *on purpose* to have a visible embodiment. The unconscious symbolism includes the natural world, with all its order and its beauty. Man there applies no art to picture divine ideas. His symbols are set before him in living and eternal beauty by Him who in joy and benevolence created the world for man. The noblest symbolism in human life, also, is that in which human hands have not designedly engraved. A man who goes straight forward in his duty and works out his inmost faith, leaves in the deeds of his faithfulness the best possible symbol of his faith. It is so with a community. Let them have the simple aim to do God's will, to fulfil their mission, and the works that will naturally follow this purpose, will prove a greater and holier monument to their genius, spirit, and character, than ever could be found in statuary, or in pictured emblem, or in written formula. No people have a perfect representation except in that which they do in faithfulness to the aspiration which inwardly impels them ; and this for other and for better *purposes* than mere self-remembrance and self-expression. A creed created *for the sake* of making a people known to *others* can never represent them perfectly, because it has not flown from their real faith alone, but has an eye upon future success and present effect, whilst every part of their earnest utterance is full of their life and genius. The Greeks, smitten with the divine beauty of the gods, did leave a glorious symbol of their faith in the elegant statuary formed to their memory ; but this belongs

rather to the division of unconscious symbolism, for it was a work to which they were impelled by a deep thirst, by an inspiration of the beautiful within them, kindled by the perception of the sacred.

Judaism was rich in symbols,—shadows of good things already possessed, and of better things to come. Pagan worship, ethnical faith generally, luxuriates in the visible emblem, as the word *Idolatry* (*Εἰδωλον*—shape, figure, image) imports. But over the symbolism of Jewish worship bowed the clear sky of Reverence and spirituality, for this people held the One God in so pure a reverence that they shrunk from the idea of vulgarizing the glorious perception by attempts of human art. They also cherished and uttered the glorious idea of a Divine Man who should come to the world as its redeemer, but in this, as in the former idea by which this race was distinguished, no graven image sought to impress an idea of his form. The two great ideas of Judaism were too divine, too spiritual, and withal too great in their minds to admit of the profanation of sculptured wood or marble. A profound reverence declines to commonize and materialize the highest idea by public images; and when we reflect on the wonderful creativeness of the imagination, when working in union with the moral feeling and the earnest love, in creating a beautiful ideal in the personal absence of the one to whom the heart inclines, we are obliged to own the impotency of brazen artifice, compared to the delightful and free influence of story which offers the precious materials of character, from which the hallowed ideal may arise. In this way, each

follows, not an arbitrary beauty determined by a solitary artist, but the free beauty which easily and naturally rises in his own mind, so that the Messiah of his love is more truly, and therefore more dearly *his*. As no personal image embodied the idea of Jesus in prophecy, we doubt whether the multiplication of images, *made* to represent the idea of him in history, has actually aided the true reverence. The glory has been dimmed by this immense number of images ; and Jesus, it seems to us, has been vulgarized by the abundance of that which undoubtedly was meant to honor him. He is peculiar. He was in the bosom of the Father. And when we think of his likeness, and nearness to the Perfect, Incorporeal Spirit, when we think of his vast participation of the Divinity, we are tempted to enter protest against all engraving, against all lifeless statue, as we would against the endeavors of the artisan to inscribe the Deity on canvass or stone. But we are reminded that he had a personal history, that in all points he was tempted "like as we," that suffering, sorrow, persecution, and death were his ; and in these reflections we are reconciled to a sparing use of picture and cunning artifice in portraying his imagined form and expression, believing, however, that the engraving which chiefly honors him, is the impress of his character in the Christian heart, in which the lofty ideal of his purity and Godlikeness ever sheds its radiance.

The Hebrew symbolism was not *designed* to image the higher meanings of the future, by the early worshippers, so much as to express their own aspirations

and feelings. But as every condition predicts succeeding stages, it came to be a symbolic utterance of a future and better age. This, therefore, belongs to the first division of symbols, and was not in its day an arbitrary making.

Christianity, above Judaism and all Ethnical worships, is marked by its spirituality, and freedom from outward symbols. The primitive church looked at the heart of things, worshipped "in Spirit and in Truth;" and the Christ they loved was so deep in their hearts, and so real, that they had little inclination to gaze upon material images as a means of bringing him near. During the age of the Apostles, we affirm this as true, and, when visible representation was resorted to, it is not difficult to discover in its origin, the same love of the external which accompanies the worship of the nations. The Christian faith, however, values symbol as much as any other, the difference resting altogether in the *kind*. It dismisses forever the whole Jewish pomp of ritual; has only baptism and the supper; the one a confession, the other a memorial; and, whilst it puts faith in its absolute form, the love of man and the love of God, it assigns preëminence to Christ, who is himself God's highest living symbol, "the express image of his person, and the brightness of his glory." The primitive statement of Christianity, its impression on society, the historical development of its ideas among men, constitute the chief historical symbol of this religion. But, whilst Christianity gives the most enlarged faith, it uses the widest symbolism; not finding its representatives in any definite creations of art, it dis-

covers in the earth and the heavens, in the beauty, power, and loveliness of these, the deathless images of its great ideas. Divine Paternity is clearly written in nature. The whole of God is Paternal; and, as nature is one of his perpetual methods, it must be representative of his Paternity. It does so, always, by satisfying so many wants of soul and body, through all generations. The Love of which Christianity is the revelation, is there imaged in its universality, whilst the Purity, the Hope and the Joy, which so brightly characterize this religion, are sweetly and ceaselessly sung in the spirit and forms of the great creation, in which all the worlds are radiant, in which the flowers bloom, and the glory of day comes forth, and the harmonious march of worlds occurs, each bearing the expression of Purity, Hope, and Joy.

Jesus was in love with symbols. They came at his bidding, to enforce his thoughts. All things paid this willing tribute to assist his moral utterance. "I am the true vine," said he, when surrounded by the vine-clad hills of Palestine. The manna that fell in the desert, the rock that mocked the power of centuries, the temple that arrested the gaze of the stranger by its magnificence, the sun as it rose on Olivet, each, in its way, spoke of the Christ. When near the sacred temple, he said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up;"* making a sudden transition from the building before him to the temple of his body. "Beware," said he, "of the *leaven* of the Scribes and

* John, 2 : 19.

Pharisees," when the disciples murmured about having no bread. When the flocks ascended the hill of sacrifice, he took occasion to say, "I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."* In conversation with the woman of Samaria, who had come to draw water from the well that was deep, he answered, "Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again : But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."† He had seen the sun rising upon the nations, during his early and accustomed visit to the Mount of Olives, and, with this glorious image in his view, he said, "I am the light of the world : he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.‡ The chief peculiarity of his intellect, as a teacher, was this ready, perfect perception of analogy, by which all things led his mind to truths above themselves. His ministry is a sublime monument to the service of symbols, which he used most freely, and which so happily commended religion to the *sentiments* of men. These clear perceptions beautify his discourse, and send the reader to depths of wisdom reposing beneath the mere letter of his word. His example, therefore, is the justification of symbol in its best and widest sense, not a dead symbolism of rites and forms, but the living, inspiring symbolism of the creation, and of human life.

Indeed, the Oriental mind, generally, was a stranger

* John, 10 : 11.

† John, 4 : 13, 14.

‡ John, 8 : 12.

to our occidental habits of analysis, and poured itself out in the full luxury of symbol. This is its marked distinction. We do well, therefore, to remember that the order of intellect through which the mightiest moral and religious inspirations have ever come, is one preëminently given to a bold symbol-utterance ; and one of the practical uses we are to make of this truth, is to warn ourselves against a technical, literal, and exacting criticism, in the interpretation of the Scriptures. The tropical clime develops a tropical man, whose speech necessarily partakes of the large and gorgeous forms of life peculiar to his natural scenery. All parabolic instruction required the hearer to perceive analogy, to pass from the sensuous imagery to the meanings intended.

To this reflection of spiritual, in material history, there is, indeed, no end. In the history of our planet human nature is imaged. This globe was once, it is thought, when new and young, a kind of liquid ball, made so by its vast amount of internal heat. No trees, flowers, ice, or snow, were borne upon its bosom. But an immensity of time cooled this violent heat, so that we rest in the cooling shades, whilst the herds roam, and the harvests wave. Time cooled and fertilized its surface. Is not this our own symbolic history ? The first ages were ages of passion, not of thought. Physical heroes were the world's early great men. The child now, as if repeating the history of the race, pours out passion vehemently, not being able to state definitely its griefs, nor to reason on its wants. Ages had passed away before a philosopher was possible. A

cool thinker, a Pythagoras, a Plato, was a late fruit on the tree of humanity. Religion has slowly arisen into the intellect, to shine with all the lights of science and knowledge, and it remains for the future to show the actual harmony of sanctity and intellect, of the profoundest faith and the widest knowledge. The ardent youth, whose hopes the world cannot contain, grows cool in his plans under much experience, calculates on defeat, merges fancy into prudence. Thus are we symbolized in our planet's history.

Still further. Science has told us, that, to every fifty-four feet, or nearly so, downward, there is an increase of one degree of heat* until not far from thirty miles below the terrestrial surface granite probably exists in a state of fusion.

This idea of the fire-heart of the earth, soft and liquid, whose inestimable forces never go out, and which has heaved up mountains of grandeur, and in them vast resources of mineral wealth, strikes us as a fresh truth, as a beautiful fact, especially when viewed in contrast with the surface of polar ice and Siberian snows. We know the soul of nature is love. The heart *of the earth* holds the hardest substances liquid, whatever may be the chills of the surface. But with human nature, as with the earth's mystery, we do not arrive at the centre, being only able to break through the formalism and indifference of life, a limited distance, seldom getting a near access to the divinity of the heart. We allege that man is superficially known in his phenomenal life,

* Cosmos, Vol. I, pp. 173-4.

though a close analysis of his entire history convinces us of his deep internal forces, as the unstratified rocks, in our hills and mountains, bear indubitable proofs of their igneous origin. We usually analyze man, as we do the earth, from the surface ; and from the aims and the loves there thrown up into personal history, we gather proofs of the great central powers, which are so constantly veiled from notice. The temperature of love increases from the surface, nor do we complain that this vital energy has a somewhat conservative exterior, nor that we have some moral volcanoes pouring out the central lava unmingled, though, in the world's moral, as in its natural scenery, we wish the instances few. In both man and earth, the cooled exterior is the guaranty from danger, and is the fruitful source of beauty and benefit. Why am I to burst into flames because Hindostan has its own religion, and the improved African serves a master? I must be cool enough to comprehend what is best and what is worst, or the Hindoo and the black man are unassisted. Brilliant fire-works last but a night, whilst the Sun and Sirius shine forever. The kindness of nature is somewhat taciturn. Timbers, soils, and quarries are always ready for use, and always indifferent to notice.

Nature, we are accustomed to think, is better than our actual selves, and lives to reveal the true man. But what signify the venomous serpents, the deadly poisons, and the fighting animals? A world of beings having thoroughly attained the three rectitudes, physical, moral and mental, would scarcely be met by such revolting facts. Nature in the *distance*,

as when we gaze at starry fields of space, and in the main, is all a high and beautiful expression ; likewise is nature in the near, in terrestrial forms beautiful also ; but under man's *immediate* notice and within the circle of his *personal contact* with the creation, it is arranged that he shall meet the types of his actual vices as well as those of his diviner aspiration.* Hence serpents lie in his way, tigers prowl in his forests, and eagles soar in his heaven.

When John Milton and Robert Burns die neglected and some little noisy creatures are carrying the whole world along with them, the wise observer is often disgusted for the moment with what we call the world. How this great influence from these little men ? He looks into space and sees comets whose solid mass is not one five-hundredth part that of the earth, followed by tails extending over space many millions of miles. Surely, he exclaims, there is a purpose for both these orders of disproportion.

The ascending method of symbolism rises from things to thoughts, beginning in the *senses*. The descending method begins in independent thought, in the high truths, and comes spontaneously down into the natural images. Either way acknowledges the free reciprocity of spirit and matter, and admonishes us to reject one sided theories that build on either exclusively. We can start with no great truth, without at once finding a response in the material world. Rectitude, for instance, which is the chief reliance in character, is carried out into the visible creation, in which the revolution of every world in space, and the action of every law, be-

come the willing type of this idea. Within the limits of her chosen order the earth never fails. No second is lost from noon to noon. No law is treacherous. Rectitude, without a shadow of turning, is Nature's eternally repeated lesson.

We must yet learn to assail evil after the example of the sun. His golden victory over millions of miles of darkness is noiseless and perfect. His assault is calm on snow and ice, and on every death-form beneath his eye; whilst his developing power over all germinal life in the earth, is the type of the highest mental action, of the highest *quality* of influence against evil, and for good. We need reformers, whose example is the sun. The world is most largely blessed by those who can pour down upon it the golden flood in the form of light and love, men whose battles are bloodless, being the antagonism of truth with error, of love with selfishness. Sin should be approached from a higher position. The earth has no noon till the sun beholds it from his loftiest point in heaven; yet good proceeds from the coarser conflicts.

The war-policies of the ocean by sword-fish and shark, the biting contests of even the animalcula in vinegar, the fighting of land animals, all correspond to the passions that now live in us. And as the principle of progress shows itself as clearly in matter as in mind, we may suppose that the developments of each will keep pace together, so that the ages which shall witness man as a harmonized being will also find terrestrial nature throughout the symbol of his divinely conditioned spirit, which indeed is but the fulfilment of some

eloquent ancient prophecies touching the golden future,* language as true in the figure as in the fact. Nature in this July bloom, with its lavish fulness of life and beauty, is the emblem not only of the inexhaustible richness of the Eternal Spirit, but of the luxury of the human faculties, its resource of Thought and Affection. There is no end to this elegant service which the visible creation is always ready to render the mind; and the very freedom and versatility of the service exclude all idea of ever reducing it to a standing definite system.

The suicide which has attended the symbolism of the world consists in the bigoted adherence of a people to the symbol, after the idea for which it stands has had its day, and no longer satisfies. The Jews exalted their symbol above the ideas that gave them sacredness; and in their pious tenacity for form, forgot the spirit of the Law and the Prophets. This worship of the symbol narrowed their souls even to the rejection of Christianity. Socrates could not bow to the Pagan symbolism surrounding him; and the persecution and death of this sweet saint of Athens arose from the bigoted adherence of his countrymen to the mere symbol, for it is evident that Socrates had profound reverence and worship. To liberate men from the bondage of olden form is to bring them where Truth can once more freely play with their faculties. We should remember that the truths are masters and the symbols are servants. The former are eternal; the latter are mostly temporary and changing.

* Isaiah, 11: 6, 7, 8.

Books, men, institutions, creeds, finally get out of date. But are oceans and continents ever behind the age? The sun and moon and stars—these are never out of date. Neither are the seasons, the sweet flowers, and the songs of birds. Thus in all the mutations of the world we find that Reason and Conscience, Hope and Trust, man's nature and woman's nature, with the divine heart in each, never are out of date. These vitalities are our permanent indemnification. As Nature is primarily the symbol of God, we will rise above the symbol to Him as greater than all. We see beauty. But God, the *Cause*, is far more beautiful. We witness loveliness. But He is far more lovely. We see terror. But He is far more terrific and awe-inspiring! We meet rectitude. But He is far more just. We expand in the view of natural grandeur and infinitude. He is far more grand and infinite. Art is great. The soul is greater. Philosophies have light, but the reason has more. Creeds and sacred institutions have worth, but the eternal sacred element in man is to these results as the ocean to its own magnificent showers.

As the world of nature is an *entire* and not a partial symbol of soul and consciousness, as it would be unadapted to a symmetrical development, which is the end of culture and the glory of man, without having this entirety as a symbol; also as human life, objectively viewed, contains the signs of all that has befallen mankind inwardly, we are obliged to say that language is all-sufficient, to signify what *now* belongs to human idea and consciousness. The soul has cast its full-sized

shadow in the visible realm. Nature and the great Providence, both of which are many-voiced, are the everlasting Parable of God, the myriad-strung harp on which He musically opens His dark saying forever.

As Spirit and Matter are eternally wedded, we ask no longer for spiritualists, nor materialists, but *men*! — men in whom body and soul, idea and action, know how to harmonize. When the colossal ones shall appear, they will rest in neither of these extremes; their feet shall walk the solid earth, their breathing lips disperse the clouds, and their right arms extending upwards shall pluck the stars. Development is called the end. But in practice it is not well, perhaps, to be aware of this. When one sits down to his meals or goes to his work, why need he say, This I do that my body may be replenished? He may eat from relish, and work from preference, if so he choose, and growth and vigor will follow as results. So no one need to say, This truth I receive, this duty I do, that I may spiritually unfold. It is enough that he receive truth from reverence; and culture will duly exhibit itself among the fruits. Let no man despise the humble clod, since it is one with rose and skylight; and since a deeper harmony settles at the bottom of hearts who accept of the Universe as a unit including ants and angels, we may look for the same divine current flowing through the infinite range, so that dig where we will, the well of water clear as crystal gurgles up. Physically, man is made to dine upon all kingdoms of nature; so indeed mentally, for all yield him repasts of beauty and truth. We cannot interpret the Universe as yet, each having

conquered scarcely his acre of mystery ; yet we will relieve ourselves of the poverty of man, through faith that *in him* the Universe is summed up even to its last fraction, so that if we knew man perfectly, there would be nothing else to learn ; or if we comprehended nature well, every cloud could be resolved into light that now invests the inward life. But from these infinitely diversified analogies, through which man and nature are forever answering back to each, we would, in conclusion, only allude to *motion* as the *supreme* Law, supreme in the Universe, and supreme in all the right and healthy conditions of mind ; and it shall be the practical reproof of our inertia whenever we think of the unceasing flow of all the starry worlds, of the perpetual activity of the life-currents in every plant, and of the tireless motion of the heart, that rolls, through thousands of delicate channels, the crimson globule of renovating blood.

INSPIRATION.

“ A fountain broke the silent turf;
All clear it flowed along;
A golden joy was on its breast,
The heart was in its song.” — NATURAL VOICES.

THAT the inspired man is dearly remembered when logicians and disciplinarians are forgotten, all antiquity teaches, since among its gifted thousands, the inspired alone now interest and instruct us. Their words come across immense distances of time, as the light of the great stars traverses the vast intervals of space. So strong was their hold upon nature, that, after the flow of centuries and millenniums, we now draw from olden prophets as from wells of living water. Pages that were once truly inspired, like each returning spring and summer, are always new. Deity cannot be old. Truth wears “no wrinkle on her azure brow.” Nature is eternal youth, showing herself forever in a glorious prime. The soul, true to itself, is a life, and shares preëminently in this everlasting verdure; whilst its creations, whether in deed, conversational utterance or written expressions, possess a vital energy, which like the

roots of changing flowers, sends up yearly new blades and blossoms. Inspiration is doubtless our dearest reality; and all nature comes forth as its constant symbol.

If we regard the growth, movement, and silent changes that occur upon this planet, or the active life-aspects of the celestial regions, we are necessarily convinced that an Original Life omnipresently operates as creatively now as ever. In all material phenomena does not the God come forth? Does He not fill all space, and enliven all matter? We behold motion as the supreme empress of the heavens, as the amazing whirl and flow of starry systems through space clearly indicate, whilst it is evident that each kingdom of matter is alive, if not with animal and vegetative vitality, then with diverse chemical affinities and active forces. Clouds glow in the solar crimson. The forest is fragrant with flowers. Waters joyously roll, and the brightness of heaven rejoices upon their happy waves. In all this a symbolic inspiration of thought and love is arrayed before us, forcing the inquiry, whether we have any thing in society that answers to this outward type. Awakened by this symbol we inquire, What is inspiration? Is it a fact obsolete, like certain plants and animals, which in the counsels of creation have ceased to exist? Or shall inspiration rank with sun and moon, and be a present reality for the illumination of every day, and every clime? Is it now possible? And what are its sources, helps, aims, and hindrances? These questions are indeed very far from

being unconnected with the emancipation and growth of the human mind.

If the complete development of man or his noblest action is the end of being, it follows that things are to be esteemed as good or evil, beneficial or injurious, from their ability to retard or to promote this purpose. From this, let us measure the worth of every creed and the damage of every thralldom. Every growth demands freedom. Man especially must have it to unfold his various nature. It would seem that in the general opinion the Holy Spirit has lost its ancient abilities, that it has somehow become superannuated, so that we are only to sing of its ancient might, not believing its sublime oracles may now be uttered in the human breast, nor that Gentile Americans as well as ancient Hebrews may be mediums of its original teachings. Why is Palestine the only spot on which the original, celestial radiance should deign to fall? Must we eternally subsist upon memory? Is there no fresh and original future? Have we no independent hope? Are we not made to sustain an original relation to nature and to God? The great avenues of light never were closed by the Divine Being. But by neglecting these, by narrowing the spirit in theories, we fail of reaching the higher forms of faith and of hope. The soul cannot wield its rightful power. But this is a large confinement compared to that observable in practice; for most persons not allowing to themselves the free and bold range of the sacred literature of Palestine, but pledging themselves for life to particular creeds, approach those writings under a bias, and seek

support for the theories they avow. At least the sacred pages must be read and understood in unison with cherished theories. These restraints on the mental action are evident hindrances to its free and beautiful growth; and if the law of inspiration, which unnoticedly lies behind its own phenomena, may, by its generality and eternity, relieve us from a bigoted though well-meaning adherence to partial forms, the setting of it forth is the spreading of a new horizon over us. In these remarks I have only intimated the practical importance of the present theme. It is not in the rejection of any one form of inspiration that good can come, but rather in the right *reverence of all its forms*. Inspiration is a unit; a unit which for human welfare has assumed and must assume great diversity of forms.

The question which sums up the chief *controversial* difference on this subject, is the one that asks whether the most reliable inspiration is *within* or *above* the natural law of spiritual development; whether inspiration falls within any natural relation between the Creator and the soul; whether it violates, breaks or suspends any of the spirit's laws. I am not anxious to dwell tenaciously on either side of this question, since inspiration, whether in a supernatural order or within the natural relation which the soul sustains to Him, must rest upon what is *permanent*, and unchanged by time. God's order, whatever it be, is fruitful and life-giving. The good sense of supernaturalism disdains to regard the inspired minds of the past as mere conductors of foreign wisdom, for the particular culture, temperament, and genius of the men who wrote and spake,

were exhibited in the strongest marks of their respective individualities. No issue has ever been taken in reference to the inspiration of which the arts and sciences are witnesses. Whatever of this quality belongs to the general truths of the intellect, to the birth of high purpose and heroic deed, to the expression of beauty in poetry and in art, however perfect, is confessedly within the natural law. It is, therefore, to the giving of moral ideas, or to the one branch of human interest, Religion, that admits of any difference of opinion in this respect. I say that all difference is confined exclusively to the religious department, because religion includes all necessary ethics.

That inspiration here should have been lifted out of the natural law is by no means surprising, as the idea of the Sacred overtowers all other ideas. The Deity is great beyond utterance. Mystery pervades the Infinite. From the very depth of reverence in the human heart, it rightfully happens in all history that religion stands the highest of all themes. And is it strange that the millions, feeling the towering supremacy of the theme, should have isolated it very largely from all other phenomena allowedly within the range of human capacity and of human development? This to me is not strange, but is the most natural thing possible to the past conditions of human culture. The fact grew out of the colossal greatness of the religious phase of man's nature. There were times indeed when poets invoked miraculous aid, when gods and goddesses invented arts, when they both *supernaturally* and *contra-naturally* assisted and opposed terrestrial heroes; but in the triumphs of

intelligence, war, poetry, and the arts, have found a permanent place within the natural law; whilst religion alone, like a Dhawalagiri, or a Mont Blanc, towers in human belief sublimely above it. I glory in this fact of man's moral history, for it attests the sovereignty of that part of his nature which aspires to the Divinity, and which looks above the realm of visible things. I rejoice in this sublimity. God forbid that I should seek to lessen in the faith of one human creature the wonderful grandeur of this sentiment. It is only proposed to enlarge somewhat the common idea of what is *possible* to the soul, of what the High Spirit is still able to radiate upon it; and to intimate, that, as the giant mountains which seem to go up on embassies "from earth to heaven," are, truly as the quiet vales and the flowing brooks, included in the one globe, and are held under the same law of common gravity, so the sentiment of religion is a part of humanity, and its inspirations, though of more cloud-piercing grandeur, are still but the highest form of the One Inspiration, whose unity is unbroken by its diversity of operations and of forms. Thus, reverence unbroken, in its powerful and solemn enchantments, still possesses us.

The cutting edges of bigotry are somewhat softened by the view that the highest inspiration is *a mode* of truth simply, not the *truth itself*. It is the sure and ready vision. It is also a blooming *life*, nor ceases it to be such under whatever names may be given it. If we accept the Gospels, the beams of the eternal sun reach us, nor ought we to quarrel with ourselves or our neighbors about the modes through which the enlivening

rays have advanced. The grandest of all essentials, and the one without which the kingdom of heaven is infinitely distanced from all persons, is REVERENCE. I conceive this to be the soul of religion, the groundwork of philosophy, and the inspirer and upholder of all good works, that private citizens, public philanthropists, or secluded worshippers are able either to conceive or to execute. The very thought of God is itself reverence ; and all worship is its utterance. Wherever there is faith, virtue, or love, there is reverence. No depths of character, no approaches to divinity on earth, are possible but by its presence and aid. If I worship, it is because there is a Being above me whose character challenges my utmost reverence ; if I disdain the vicious act, or repel an indignity, it is because I revere my moral being and the law pervading it. If I bow to superior worth and to superior gifts ; if nature, full of untold greatness and mystery, awes or inspires me ; if I bow to the friendless and lowly in acts of charity, and assert self-government for each human being on earth in opposition to the despotisms, reverence is found to bottom it all. It is the life of every holy aspiration, and the power of every moral self-denial. Therefore religion is reverence, and reverence is religion. Sooner believe in all the miracles ever confided in, sooner embrace the supernaturalisms of every creed on earth, should this be demanded by your revering nature, than dismiss, through coldness of sceptical speculation, or the satirical triumphs of gross denial, the instinctive feeling of reverence, by which God,

man, truth, nature, are invested with the halo of sacredness.

We know that with progressive minds reverence has *transitions* from less to greater, and from good to better. Once it concentrated in kings, in despots. Now it is gradually passing over to the many. Once it said, "Revere the *Throne*." Now it is saying, "Reverence *Man*." Once it was a book-reverence. Now its voice is not of creeds or chapters ; but low and majestically it whispers, "Reverence God. Worship truth. Bow to principle. Behold creation as the obverse and beautiful declaration of thee !" But in the name of holiness, never, never so treat a human being as to crush and spoil this "holy of holies" in the human breast ; for when this is done all sanctity and beauty have fled the inner temple, and unbelieving sensualism is crowned. The East had reverence to excess ; but our occidental culture is somewhat barren from its absence. How men speculate on natural and supernatural, we care but little to know, having barely one question to ask of each and all, namely, has he reverence ? If so, is he not true and sound ? If not, does the cipher fail to announce his utmost value ?

If forced into the use of logic on a life-theme so sacred as this, we should say there is no *supernatural* that can be *contra-natural*, since God in his modes of action cannot, from the eternal harmony of his nature, be to himself adverse ; and that *the verdict deciding a thing to be supernatural, rests always on the limit which is implied or expressed as the boundary of the natural*. The terms are found to be flexible and rela-

tive. If we agree on a limit to human physical energy, as its utmost possibility, then whatever strikingly transcends it, is miraculous in the ordinary sense ; if not in *kind* of power, certainly it would appear so in *degree*. Likewise in the realm of moral and intellectual perfection, no one calls a character or a given manifestation of ideas supernatural, until the limit set to the mental and moral possibilities of man is transcended ; whilst it is positively clear that the soundness of the verdict must rest wholly on the *accuracy* of the limit on which men have agreed, concerning which, it may not be unworthy of a thought to all parties, that it is easier to under-estimate the *moral* possibilities of gifted and faithful minds, who, unlike the mass of men, have the heroism to be true to their high and holy aspirations, than it is to misjudge the limits of mere physical forces, since the spiritual resources of humanity are much greater than the physical, and ordinarily but partially developed in actual life. But the limits heretofore set to physical power have been gloriously and astonishingly transcended. We love to read the miraculous pages of history. They teach. They are at least grand ideal triumphs of soul over matter, attesting the supremacy of spirit in nature. They are *startling* attestations to the drowsing and stupid *senses* of Divine Presence ; whilst their inwoven extension through all the religions of the earth, and the dearly cherished character of miracle as the darling of faith, must silence the scoff and the jeer, for in a fact which has taken so deep a hold on the moral and religious feelings of mankind, there must be a profound significance, whatever

may be the incredibility we ought to attach to the particular events glorified in traditional belief. Marvelousness, among the nations, has strongly ruled the intellect in religion ; yet through the clouds of exaggeration shines the truth of man's affinity with the Being who sways the realm of nature, and of his heir-claim somehow to a throne in the universe. Man shows himself quite near to God when hills, storms, and raging seas obey him ; and still nearer in the eyes of saints and angels when his whole life is profoundly swayed by rectitude and purity. The miracles that are eternally fresh with divinity, and of which we never tire, are the seasons and their offerings, the rivers, trees, troops of flowers, and the far-off worlds that glow in the language of hope to mortals. These are constantly sent, and from their newness of life, we might say they are each day turned off afresh from the hands of the Maker.

What is Inspiration ? This we ask knowing beforehand the necessary incompetency of verbal definitions, in which we care not to be very minute. We know that the lesson of history is that a few individuals, in the excellence of their gifts, transcend the mass, and that the great teachers of the world, through whom the multitudes have been taught and elevated, are comparatively few, and that among these the prophet of moral sanctity has a rightful claim to precedence. The order of Providence is, *one* Moses, *one* Socrates, *one* Confucius, *one* Jesus ; the millions learn and follow. Without dispensing in any case with discipline, we distinguish at once between inspired minds, and those of

mere students and disciplinarians. In space there is a difference of stars in glory; some being radiant chiefly by reflection, whilst others are self-luminous. This last fact is our highest idea of the prophet. He is a self-luminous star. It is his nature to emit light. Through the inspiring God, present in spirit, he is a sun, and not an echoing valley through which a foreign voice is resounded, nor a speaking trumpet of passive instrumentality. As money never bought the divine gift, neither has the college ever caused an inspired soul; though culture is always implied in the existence of every superlative excellence. Shakspeare, comparatively unclassical, had, we think, from self-elected methods, a higher culture than the profound scholar Johnson; and it may be pretty generally relied on, that an active impulse will accompany the great gift in the same line to which the superior capacity belongs. As life is not foreign to that which it animates; as vision is a fact of the eye and the mind, although the helping light may have journeyed from afar; as the flowering of a plant is a fact of its own life, though the genial drop and ray assist it from abroad, so inspiration is purely a fact of the soul, though "the mighty rushing wind" that supplies it may blow from afar. Inspiration as a *physical* fact is an involuntary original process, subject to a certain control of the will; and when this noblest of words is carried from its physical basis up to its higher subserviency in cause of spirit, it there holds the same characteristics. The natural color of the eye, and the ordained stature of man, were never changed by foreign gifts. We shall judge that to be the high-

est form of inspiration in which great truths unfold in a human mind as a magnolia blossom unfolds from its stem; and that utterance will we regard as most inspired, which flows from the clean fountain of the heart, as streams gush from the mountain sides.

Inspiration being the name given to the highest action of mind, we will conserve its nobility by applying it chiefly to the highest themes. Mathematics, which reveal God as the exact order, doubtless came out of the eternal Unity; and from everlasting was it foreseen that the intellect needs be sharpened by the constantly recurring questions of *How much? What is equal? What is unequal?* as likewise it needs be sublimed by a secondary service in enabling man to extend his celestial campaigns far into the infinite space. Though mathematical sciences did not spring up chiefly from mere observation of nature and experience, but were grasped by a few great minds who intuitively reached and combined their fundamental principles; though the common fact that "two and two make four" is as truly a law of God as the precept, "Thou shalt not steal," and as indispensable to the well-being of the Universe, we still do not usually bestow the word on the highest mathematical gifts, for it is only when the power of inspiration rises into the region of moral sentiment, of beauty, and of worship, that we instinctively and deeply feel its sacredness. The instincts of mankind, which are called wiser than their arguments, will never admit Euclid and Fulton to the rank of prophets. On the plane of utility, creativeness may do wonders, and win renown; but steel and iron will sooner lose

their distinctive names than will the benefactor of mechanical discovery pass for the man inspired. He has genius; and though the same distinctive marks belonging to inspiring energy when acting on its highest plane characterize his power, it is only he who speaks to the heart, and who sheds light like a God on the paths of men, whom ages will agree to call inspired. Ready beholding and deep intuition of moral truth is the mark of the prophet; and this sure, quick, unarguing insight is found in other departments also, solving sometimes the problem in numbers so rapidly that processes may not be given.

That man has found the satisfaction of his physical wants, that he has learned agriculture, architecture, and manufacture, under such assistance from God as excludes the idea of the supernatural, will probably be conceded. The existence of the wants to be met, the means of satisfaction, and the various faculties of man, have, under the kind providence of the All-Wise, been efficient in the redress of every physical want. Neither ought we to lose sight of the analogy which this truth suggests when we inquire after the ways in which man finds the needed satisfactions of his superior nature. Here indeed are the great wants. The satisfying objects also exist; the manifold powers are forever inherent, whilst the fertilizing rain-cloud and the heaven of life-aiding light bend with equal kindness over both these orders of human need.

There are indeed but two great statements into which the truth of inspiration will ever be likely to fall, each one of which has its own peculiar advantages and

merits. The one is the common objective statement that God comes down, that he bows the heavens, that earth trembles beneath his feet, that He directly gives the word ; as in nature we like to say *the sun* rises and sets. The other is the subjective statement, that there is a spirit in man, which, under the best conditions, is adequate to the original perception of every great moral idea the world possesses ; as in nature we say *the earth* revolves, whenever the scientific truth is called for. *The earth revolves* — therefore the day — and in strict truth *the spirit revolves*, and therefore the day,— as this puts us into the divine beams which eternally flow. Yet we cannot well dispense with the language of appearance and emotion ; nor can it stand otherwise than the first truth, that God in his independency, like the central sun, is forever the radiating source. Yet it should not be forgotten that His favorite home is the purified soul, through whose elements he may shine upon the world as stars glow through the ether of an unmeasured space. These two statements, the one ever wearing the hues of the miraculous, the other the mark of the rational, will continue, and harmoniously enough to each other when theological science shall have approximated to its liberal unity of perfection. It is the latter statement, the one of strict truth, to which our thoughts are now devoted.

The Holy Spirit is indeed the spirit of Truth ; and Truth is omnipresent. Though all truth is God's voice, heard in whatever kingdom, as already intimated, it will happen that the spirit of truth shall begin to seem holy, as by preëminence, when it rises into the moral and

religious feelings, when in the realm of conscience and of sacred homage it grows oracular and makes us acquainted with the sweeter and sublimer tones of the eternal voice. Yet God's word is in the mineral, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral soul, somewhat as the same mysterious life of the body which animates the sparkling eye and the wisdom-speaking brow, also circulates in the subservient arms and feet.

1. We cannot but feel that when the high creative spirit unfolds itself in the Beautiful, it is worthy of the name inspired; for these revelations speak to a primitive sense, and address the heart through a refined, ennobling influence. The phenomena of beauty are indeed a great part of the diversified aspects of the natural world; and in proportion as man improves, the æsthetic element ascends and becomes a power in the sway of his life. In nature and in humanity, the beautiful is equally balanced; and in art it is the highest aim. As we trace the beauty of nature to the heart of God, so its most captivating phenomena in human art we trace, through discipline, to the primitive sense of beauty in man, which is older than culture, and which owes nothing to external forms except as they may serve as developing symbols. The artist, inspired by his divine idea, labors to give it expression, Phydias in statue, Homer in song, Raphael in picture. Though all of us are sharers in this primitive sense, there are certain creative minds in whom its fountain is deeper, and who successfully imbody all that we admire under the name of æsthetic art. It is plain, therefore, that *in* humanity lies the element from which the beautiful in

human achievement has always descended. God having put this element of his own being into the human mind, has also sought to educate it through surrounding revelations of beauty, and by offering to its service the inventive faculty.

2. We also agree to refer what philosophical phenomena we meet in the world, in every stage of their manifestation, to the Rational power in man. Other forces may have commingled, such as imagination and the igneous action of passion in some of the systems struck out; still it is the rational faculty that has rendered a philosophy possible, this, from which every system from Pythagoras down has flown. By these phenomena the wealth of the intellect has been largely revealed, though the rational nature is neither exhausted nor measured by such expressions, which are only its products yielded under many disadvantages; the rational nature bearing the philosophies on its breast, as the Mississippi its rafts, which, though the timbers may perish, itself flows on forever. God is the fountain and the inspirer of reason. He gave the native power to grasp the universal, to seek a *cause*, to find an *effect*; and through a universe of causes and consequences, as likewise through a life, which, in every country is a series of causes and results, He gives also the developing impulse.

3. Whilst the world's philosophical phenomena bear witness to their corresponding source in humanity, its ethics should be accepted as the revelation of the depth and richness of the Moral Nature, for it is on the moral sense native to man that the possibility of ethics

depends. All share this moral nature, though its great prophets, like those of the intellect, are few. Convincing proofs are always being evolved, which show the greatness of the moral sentiment ; if they come not in the radiance of noble characters, they multiply in our miseries and remorse.

In the world, there are not now, and, indeed, never have been, more than a few great moral ideas ; and when we consider the simplicity that belongs to these, and how naturally they spring out of the relations of life, and out of the unalterable conditions of human welfare, it is apparent that we fail of the highest reverence, when we deny that the moral nature, from its own intuitions, from its advantages of experience, is adequate to their discovery. Ethics are eternal. Moral laws, no more than physical, are caused by man, or by celestial messenger. They are inlaid in our being ; and, aside from direct consciousness, the circumstances and relations of life are such, that their outward development more or less becomes inevitable. Shall we sink so low in unbelief as to deny the *productiveness* of our moral nature, whilst we are obliged to own the fruitfulness of the intellect, and to see in the demonstrations of fact, that the moral nature always claims a sovereign precedence, and asserts its power unconquerably, both in the bright and gloomy destinies of mankind ? Is our mightiest faculty unproductive, and always unoriginal ?

The relations of life have always been moral. Man is forever neighbor to man. Each having similar wants to be satisfied, the same desire for good, and substan-

tially the same liability to evil ; and each holding property, life, and name, as sacred possessions, amidst the clashing of individual interest and action, the practical question has always arisen, and often, under circumstances, tasking the noblest powers of man, — What is Justice ? What is Right ? And under the unceasing stimulus of these conditions, which demand that moral ideas be applied to life, it would, indeed, be strange, if humanity, through the long ages of its experience, had not arrived at several great moral discoveries, and this under the general causes by which man is educated on earth. The perception of number and of physical relation, laid the groundwork of mathematics ; and the origin of ethics is equally simple.

There are two reverences that lie at the bottom of morals, the first being a reverence for Man, whose native dignity becomes a shield against insult and injury, a dignity so inherent as not by degradation to be utterly effaced. Human rights can never be regarded, and human beings can never be approached, with true courtesy, until this reverence is attained.* The second is a reverence for Truth and Goodness, in which every moral precept is rooted ; and it is well to remember that these reverences are not inductions of logic, nor fruits of experience, but inborn sentiments, native instincts. It is the same of the third reverence, on which

* Though the recognition of the dignity of man is natural to a certain extent, the full enlightened reverence is formed in the contemplation of the truths through which man is spiritually known.

Religion rests, from which worship proceeds ; as the feeling of reverence for God is involuntary and instinctive, and, in its purest state, refuses to adore the Infinite under the aid of graven symbol. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," are truths that live and have their being in the moral instincts of men.

The golden rule, which is justly regarded as the colossal truth of ethics, a truth found in Confucius, Plato, and the moral teachings of Jesus, is suggested by the lasting conditions of human life, and is implied substantially by the frequent complaint that another has done that which the doer would not be willing to receive, and by the simple transfer of one's-self to another in settling a question of right and wrong. What deceiver wishes himself to be deceived ? Who esteems his name so poorly as to relish a calumny ? Who in want disdains the kindly act ? In the absence, therefore, of the intuitive power, logic itself would have won the sentiment expressed in this cardinal precept. The immensity and boundlessness of the universe is well adapted to awaken in man universal feeling ; and in hearts of great richness, and in minds of magnanimity, love takes the form of universality, and is capable of extension to enemies. No miracle was ever needed to prove or sustain a moral truth ; and in those which so benevolently cluster about the personal history of Jesus, it is remarkable that they are never appealed to as such evidence but solely as visible credentials of a divine mission.* Moral truths lose nothing by not

* John 20 : 30, 31 ; 10 : 25.

requiring a prodigy for their sanction. Throw a stone into the air, and you shall see the proof of attraction. Do a moral act, and the moral law shall be demonstrated.

In the inspirations of the moral sentiment Palestine would seem to be preëminent, having held up to mankind the divinest model of character, and sent forth a literature baptized in the mind of its central personage, that has vindicated its enduring excellence in the wants it has met and in the revolutions it has made. In the fact that intellect in the Christian nations, has, all things considered, unfolded itself in forms of thought, language and action, which prove it superior to the other divisions of the globe, we have the most certain evidence of the vital merit of the literature of Judea ; for these advanced nations would not so long have retained it as their standard without good reason in the literature itself. As one man sometimes eclipses all others in some one form of art to which his genius inclines, so it happens that one race anticipates centuries in the excellence of its attainments, as Greece in æsthetic art, Rome in jurisprudence, and Palestine in religious intuition. The same law which so justly places Greece at the head of æsthetic sentiment, makes Palestine the summit of religious truth among the nations of the past. The idea of one God, impelling the exclusion of all idolatries, is its original, sublime distinction ; whilst the freedom of the idea from all visible image exhibits the great purity of the Hebrew reverence. His immediateness in all events and natural agency, the large hope that turned the eyes of the prophets upon the brighter

future, and the fact that the religious element whose early development was stern and bleak in the homage of power, became finally soft and verdant under the golden beams of the Christ, whose love-radiance was the last and crowning glory of Palestine, are the three most distinguishing marks of the sacred development of the Hebrews; a race whose adamantine toughness indicates its preëminent capacity to endure.

But we are unjust to the world, to the world's Maker, and to the elements of human nature, in isolating Palestine from the general system of light to the nations, in making that narrow spot the only ground on which the eternal sun deigned to pour original beams, thereby subjecting the great majority of mankind to such illumination as may be derived from the mere reflex and rebound of its rays. God is a sun. He pours upon the nations; and though one region, owing to its peculiar character and position, may unfold in different phenomena from another, all may greet the original beams. The true type of divine inspiration is the sun in heaven, through whose glances all paths and regions are visited with light. "There are *diversities of operations*, but the *same spirit*."* In no other way can we see the wide Paternity of Him on whom mankind depend, and in no other way can we philosophically view the moral phenomena offered in the history of the nations. Nor ought we to think that God is one who may confine himself to a book, or a race, or even to a single world

* 1 Cor. 12: 4.

or a single system of worlds ; for He is the Being of the Universe, and makes numerous ways for revealing Himself through all parts of his infinitely extending empire. The "true Light," as St. John has testified, is that "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,"* and is, therefore, like the sun's radiance, a visitant of all persons. When in the calm night we raise our eyes toward heaven, we joyfully see that each region of space is illuminated, and that our chief star which extinguishes our vision of other stars from the nearness of his position to us, is but a single fact among the countless millions of equally luminous facts ; and the universality of original light impresses the imagination. We then in the universality of the beautiful symbol read the true character of the Creator's moral radiance, of his all-diffusive light of truth.

South of the Himalaya chain of mountains, within and near the tropics, where constantly verdant and blooming forests excite the imagination and arouse an animated love of nature, the mind of the East Arian nations, rich in native endowment, has unfolded, in many beauties of thought, in a profound contemplativeness, in deep meditations on human life, the soul, the forces of nature, the condition of man after death, and the Divine Essence ; and nowhere can be found in greater richness these two exalted traits, an earnest love of nature and the constant recognition of the Divine in all its forms and agencies, than appear in the literature of Brahminical India. A large share of the moral

* John 1 : 9.

radiance, it would seem, once fell upon India. The grand aim of its many philosophies is to teach the means of eternal beatitude, to reunite the soul with the supreme Brahma in absolute perfection and bliss; whilst the many ideas which attest a masterly movement of the moral sentiment and of imagination even in very remote times, as well as in later periods, are unfolded in a life-like symbolism of nature, that now often cause the reader to feel that he is walking through fragrant groves, amidst the rich colorings of a world that is perpetually renewed in the baptism of tropical light. In an inspiring love for nature India eclipses all we celebrate under the name of antiquity. In no other part of the world perhaps is *knowledge* and *abstract contemplation* so much insisted on as conditions of the soul's elevation, of its purity, and liberation from the objects of sense; and perhaps in none other is there a greater amplitude of exact religious forms. Buddhism celebrates the spiritual nature of man, and announces its identity with the Divine. We cannot, of course, get at all the wealth of thought existing in this ancient culture; but enough is easily attained to teach the lesson, that though truth in India, as elsewhere, is a metal mixed with ore and dross, there is a sufficiency of it to vindicate God's paternity over these worshipful millions. The seeds of true moral greatness repose in the faith of Brahma and Buddha.

Persia,* a country of great beauty, situated beyond the tropics, and therefore without the same luxu-

* A country called by its inhabitants the Empire of Iran, the name Persia being given by them to a single province only.

riant forms and colors of nature by which the better soil of Hindostan is embellished, has a literature less masterly and ancient than the latter, yet one in which some of the greatest moral ideas are reflected. Its primeval religion clearly revealed One Supreme Being, who made the world and governs it by his Providence. It inculcates the chief moral duties, among which is fraternal affection for the whole human species, and a comparative tenderness even to the brute creation. It is unfair to accuse one country of stealing or borrowing its light from another, on the mere supposition that all light belongs to one nation; and, instead of thinking that the scattered gleams of sacred knowledge on earth are the traditions that one race has by intercourse, or other means, spread over the world, would it not be well to pause awhile in the reflection that God is *present* in all nations, that the religious element which leads to divine seeking is a general power of humanity, that moral as well as rational intuition is the gift of at least some superior minds in every nation having a development, and that nature, the manifold teacher, is in her originalities and freshness forever around them all? It cannot be unsafe to say that there are and have been brave people on the earth who did not borrow the skilful use of their eyes, feet and hands from the Jews; and we judge that as much may be safely affirmed of each and all of the *spiritual* faculties of which other races of men are possessed.

On a high plane of thought and enthusiasm are found the mental treasures of the Sufis, whose mystical range of contemplation not only represents the most learned

and intellectual sect of Persia, but also the highest minds of India and of the Mussulman profession. The idea that God is the only absolute existence, that the human soul is an emanation from his essence, separated for a time from its heavenly source to be at last reunited with the Infinite, that the highest happiness is born of such a oneness, that the supreme good on earth resides in the most perfect union possible with the Eternal Spirit, for which purpose the heart should release itself from the grasp of sensuous objects, are abstract contemplations to which no very ordinary class of mind could ever be warmly and constantly attached. The saint of the Sufis shall "be straight and free as the cypress, whose fruit is hardly perceptible," and shall not bow under burdens like the fruit tree attached to a trellis. He shall disrobe himself of worldly attachments in the seeking of Beatitude, as "the swimmer" strikes the element most efficiently when "unencumbered with clothes." The soul is to be "overwhelmed with the idea of celestial beauty;" and since the divine perfections and the ardors of devotion so much surpass the adequacy of words, say they, the great beauty and love are to be spoken of in terms of the nearest approach, having always a transcendent and mystical sense over and beyond their ordinary use. Like a reed torn from its native bank, which,

"in sadly pleasing tales
Departed bliss and present wo bewails,"

man laments his absence from the Divine in melancholy music, and looks forward to his disengagement from

earthly trammels as the arrival of the supreme and ultimate good. These views flow in the strains of Hafiz and Maulovi, as well as in the best lyrics of India ; and the tendency of a people to view their superior nature in such close relations to the Divinity, and to realize such powerful aspirations toward the Heavenly, is not only the proof of a universal longing after the conscious but unfound Perfection, of which human history so widely testifies, but it implies the actual enjoyment of the great light, which from age to age is saying, "Set your affection on things above."*

We cannot within common limits pursue the many traces of the inspiration of the moral sentiment in different countries, in which we may gather proofs that God is nigh to mankind. On the masses of China the same illumination has taught the perfection of Virtue, the supremacy of Duty in human relations. The rude savages of America held to the Divine Unity in a spiritual form. The same eternal causes that have illuminated the past, now exist to encourage the future ; and, since Soul, Nature, and Holy Spirit, are neither shorn of their perpetual energies, we shall plead the *possibility* of present and future inspiration, testing, however, with great caution and severity, all actual pretension.

But the conditions of Inspiration are high. Knowledge alone never attains it ; it must be married to Love. Purify thyself. Let no irreverence obstruct the ingress of Divinity. Be disinterested, and turn somewhat into solitude. Be able to sacrifice ; accept

* Col. 3 : 2.

of no master and no final authority in the Past. The animal passions must not be allowed to rile the waters of life. Gold and public opinion must cease to be gods. Motive must be high, large faith and hope must dilate the heart, ere the flashing streams of heavenly truth will pour down the mount of God. In the glow of the heart's love nature shall become a prophet, and in its enlivening force shall dry fact kindle into flame.

Man, to be inspired of God, first of all, is to have His order of faculties. These are ours inherently. "From the moment when I heard the divine sentence, 'I have breathed into man a portion of my Spirit,' " says Hafiz, "I was assured that we were His, and He ours." Next to this comes kindred character, since our sins cloud the bright canopy, and only inward Truth and Pureness make the character a transparent medium; as glass and white cloud admit the sun, whilst the granite wall prevents him. There are also certain fine organisms, susceptible, men angel-born, who are naturally sweeter harps through which the Eternal Spirit may sing to us, though the organs of heavenly inspiration are not fashioned after one casting, but vary from the rough hewer of a John in the wilderness, to the John reclining on the Master's bosom. In measuring out the *Quality* and *Quantity* of a human soul, nature determines the limits of inherent capacity.

The *subject* beheld is inspiring also, if it yields great and universal truths, as every subject from the mirthful to the sublime leaves impressions of *its own kind*. The local affair never elevates us until it yields a Universal principle; then our spirits dilate as in the presence

of seas and mountains. Original characters, striking events, grand, and even delicate scenery of the outward world, all help to tune the heart for its holiest melody. The Holy Spirit of which the creation is born, gleams through it still ; and here is one point of union where we may forever meet the Divine. Yet there is an action of the Holy Ghost without mediums, which is its highest, so that without external occasion, without the aid of a fellow apostle, and without the call of visible nature, the mind shall be inspired, the world-senses closed, and the soul-senses open to the coming light.

The Divine Spirit never theologized since the world began. The Being that built the world uttered no opinions. He silently enveloped truth in all things, poured life into all worlds, but never made an "*abstract*" of truth, never theorized on anything. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost ;" but they were never moved to bind themselves or others in dogmatic forms of belief. Since God is the same, likewise the soul and nature, as when acknowledged prophets sang his praise, we may ask, What door of entrance has been closed ? What key of divine access has been lost ? What once-known secret has disappeared since John saw the angel standing in the sun ? Is truth less great ? Is the Eternal Spirit, aged and obliged to look in retrospect at its ancient abilities, no longer possessed ? Is the last inspired man whom the ages of history shall ever know on this planet, necessarily a Jew ? We hope not. For there is a divine eternal power working in man as well as in nature, and we cannot but hope in its fruits.

We stand for Unity. Wisdom, though million-formed, is One. Goodness, though uttered in granite, lightning and day-dawn, is essentially One. Inspiration, though many-phased, is also One. Palestine, in some great points, may crown the summit of the pyramid, but it is one with the sides and the base. The soul is receptive as the flower is, of dew and light ; and its relations to Divinity are equally simple. We take this general view of divine inspiration on earth as of a sun pouring upon nations, because the highest Reverence demands it ; and we hail the goodness of Providence that has assigned to great divisions of the world, forms of the religious sentiment suited to their respective wants, — a distribution seemingly partaking of the same wisdom that has arranged their various plants and animals. The Christianity of the New Testament has this peculiarity ; it is a missionary religion. Its eye is upon the world. No other faith has the “Go forth into all nations,” attached to it ; a feature this which equally attests its catholicity and superiority ; and when the world is subdued to the Harmony that is its final end, the great principles of Christianity will be found to sustain it.

Why should the statement of one age, however perfect, remain the statement for all ages ? The religious sentiment, like palms and cedars, will attire itself in new foliage.

We cannot say that religion is based on a book. For religion is older than books ; and the marvellous merit of the Bible lies chiefly in this, that it is an expression of its great and everlasting principles. And we can-

not forget that *expression* implies both the *independency* and the *antecedency* of that which is expressed. Neither is it based upon the church, for there must be faith and individual worship prior to the possible construction of a church. What then is its rock? It has a rock of ages in the soul itself, in its radical eternal instincts and in the ever ceaseless revelation of the Divinity to man. Suns and stars may perish, but religion can never perish.

Let the world retain what inspiration it already possesses, and hope serenely for more. We will *keep* and *find*. Because the New World was discovered, ought Europe, Asia, and Africa to have been thrown away? We will keep and find. Often would the celestial current have refreshed us with living water but for its commingling with the darker current of our lives, so that, like the union of the pure blue waters of the Rhone with the turbid flow of the Arve, it ceases to be the "river of life, clear as crystal." The Holy Spirit asks a temperate body and a chaste life.

The permanent religions of the past, and the fulness of certain instincts of human nature, such as marvellousness, unite to teach the necessity of the miraculous element that has given wings to every great and triumphant faith since the world begun. The imagination is always the golden door of entrance to the human heart. The soul, which shares in a degree the Omnipotent energy, has a luxury of bliss in soaring above the present limits of the possible. It would at times, in idea, at least, sport and play with fixedness. Miracle also exalts the hero into the splendrous region of Power;

and *power*, in all its forms, involuntarily commands regard and homage. There is no sacred colossus in history uninvested with the halo of miracle ; and it may be long before the masses surrender the full heart to any prophet who does not bear this popular seal and sanction of divinity. Yet the purest Reverence will at last demand but one miracle, that which eclipses all others, the miracle of stupendous character, in which the whole typical creation of power and beauty shall be reflected. Whoever brings this miracle into the world offers that which shall, of necessity, survive all changes. "In how many miracles do *you* believe?" said the young student to his senior, the solitary sage. "In more surely than you can count," responded he, "in twenty ages. For the worlds you cannot number, their laws and forces you cannot reckon, and the organized wonders of the earth beneath your feet, are infinitely beyond your estimates. I revel in miracles ; and they all have one great meaning whether wrought in matter or found in history, which is, that man is king in nature ; so that when the true King shall come, *he* will be the sovereign wonder, in whom all miracles are jointly merged."

THE HIGHLAND TREASON.

REMARKS.

I wish it distinctly understood that the following Drama, in the form I have given it is not at all designed for the stage, but solely for perusal; a conviction which the most hasty reading would create in the minds of those at all acquainted with stage arrangement and effect. Its length, multiplicity of speakers, abundance of historical narrative, combined with the abstract expression of the philosophical and moral significance of the revolution, with other features of the work, at once confine it to the category of reading drama. In the determination to preserve for it this character, I have secured two methods of self-protection against a merely possible contingency; the one is plainly in the structure of the play itself; the other is reserved.

The American Revolution, which was so much wiser than either its actors or its spectators knew, is replete with dramatic interest; and there can be no doubt that the development of the Highland Treason which presents the ablest warrior of the Revolution in the deep plotting of his intellect and the revengeful treachery of his aims, borders more strongly than the associations of any other local event, on the purely tragical element. Its passions and its incidents are appalling. Without deeming it necessary to advocate either of the conflicting views in relation

to the hero of Saratoga, which have been offered within the last few years by able American writers, I suppose that, without essential difference, the great majority of impartial readers will always concede to Benedict Arnold the most brilliant military achievements on the one hand ; and whilst they admit the existence of powerful causes that operated to ripen so great a result in a highly ambitious and sensitive nature, they will believe, on the other, that it was the absence of moral principle alone that rendered him unqualified to bear the temporary trials of his position with a sustaining trust in the future ; and that whatever may be justly said of provocations, abuses, and discouragements, of which he had good reason to complain, justice, in the hearts, mouths, and pens of nations, will continue to regard him as profoundly guilty of treason to a noble and struggling cause. But that he undertook the defence of his country with good motives, that he was the truest warrior of Revolutionary history, that he had, until the last, the utmost confidence of Washington, that he encountered violent prejudices, and through them was not always treated according to his military deserts, and that he had always some good and brilliant qualities, are facts over which it is needless to exercise equivocation or denial.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, Major-General in the American Army.

JOHN ANDRÉ, Adjutant-General to the British Army.

ORIANA, Wife to General Arnold.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Commander-in-Chief of the American
Army.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, General in the American Army.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY, Major-General in the American
Army.

SORCERESS.

RUSTIC.

SIR HENRY CLINTON, Chief Commander of the King's forces.

PAULDING, WILLIAMS, and VAN WERT, Captors of André.

Two Sons of Arnold.

ORESTA, Daughter of Arnold.

Officers, Statesmen, Oarsmen, Citizens, Soldiers, Noblemen and
others.

THE HIGHLAND TREASON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Boston. A Street.*

Three Citizens.

1st Cit. The war's begun. Nor ends it in the smoke
And blood of Lexington. Such passions are
Inflamed as never cool by fear. England's
Aim is spoken! These ships of war, with mighty
Ordnance, whose white wings are in our harbors
Folded, her darker meanings tell; to which
I add the leagued and biassed judges, the swarms
Of soldiers, and the general tone of
Parliament.

2d Cit. And BLOOD speaks it! When in such oration
Proud England speaks, know that much is in it.
No fickle humor plays upon her will;
Her purposes are iron; and nothing
But such effort as decides the prize as
Lost or won, will ever end this new-born war.

3d Cit. Not so. One shower of justice from the sky
Of Royalty shall quench these angry flames;
For these colonial hearts are from custom

Loyal. No doubt, misguided by her King
And ministers, England errs. Yet it is
Paternal feeling blindly aiming at
Our correction.

2d Cit. Most charitable belief! A little
More would add you to the saints.

3d Cit. And charity hopeth *all* things —

1st Cit. Reasonable. A Jew, in those days when
Elias made that mighty prayer which took
From heaven its rain, as well a shower
Might find to bless his fields, as we those drops
Of justice which bid the nation thrive. Believe
It, the Bull is mad — the earth has entered
Taurus! What mean this threat, and show of cannon?

2d Cit. I had hoped for calmer skies. But when I
View the gulf of difference between these
Two contending countries;
When I see that the royal treasure to
Enrich, is made the burden of our lives,
Whilst no voice of ours in Parliament resounds,
A thing opposed to that Constitution
Which our common rights defend, my hope is
Lost in fear. The dog that asks his master's
Favor wins the mild notice of his eye,
Whilst our earnest prayers with scorn are met,
Till patience is out of heart, and every
Element that wakes the hell of war is
Into revolution bursting. *It will not cease.*

3d Cit. Noble England is our mother still. This
Mood of violence precedes her wiser
Love, else the darkest problem here remains

Unsolved, — why a lasting war should England wage
On her own flesh and blood?

2d. Cit. Remember age is politic, and gray
Hairs are with caution silvered. Cæsar his
Tribute loves. Man seeks power, which, fed on
Long success, into omnipresence widens,
Covering oceans, isles, and continents.
Power is also jealous, and in its
Jealousy prophetic; seeing in this
Giant offspring a people full of strength.
Lest his manhood should despise control, deep
Lessons of obedience needs into
His early growth be woven, that this being
Part of his future bone and muscle, his
Glory shall never be an independent
Star, but glitter always in his royal
Crown, a jewel wholly his. Then masters,
Even noble masters love to rule, and
To sustain a high prerogative of
Will, great sacrifices offer. And what

[*Enter a Citizen.*

The recent news?

4th Cit. Each brow is type, so plainly set, that they
Who never knew a letter may quickly
Read the word it spells.

3d Cit. What word?

4th Cit. That word of all most dreadful! It denies
That men are brothers, that God is Father
To us all.

Jurors refuse their oaths to take; judges,

Their Justice-Halls forsake to scorn the crown's
Dark will ; whilst from the Heaven's four quarters
Blow the eager winds of strife.

1st Cit. Then everything a war portends. Death
And fear are trifles growing, amidst this
Clash of greater things. Let it come !

2d Cit. Ay, let it come !

4th Cit. *I say, let it come !* Peaceful men do now
The harness of the war put on ; like clouds
That once on balmy winds were borne, now charged
With fire electric, let fly their dazzling
Spite, so they the crown oppose. Sprouts of th' old
Saxon tree, no perils daunt them.

[*Exeunt 3d and 4th citizens.*]

SCENE II. — *Cambridge. An Open Place.*

Two Tories.

1st Cit. Soldiers and patriotism gather here
As if this Cambridge ground were some enchanted
Place, some central gravity of souls.

1st Tory. Upon my life, you lie ! None gather here
But *rebels*. George is a king, a holy
King, the best of kings. In heaven would *you*
Rebel, though angelic princes held the reins.
I have a prayer deeper than the heart
Of common love, which says, God save the king.

1st Cit. "God save the king !" For what ? His
people's sake.

When he whose glory it should be to help
And bless, his faithful care takes off, bleeding
His subjects by cursed edicts till their face
Of life grows pale, then perish he who makes

The cry "God save the king," be he Swede or
Dane or English blood. [*Draws his sword.*]

1st Tory. A miser's heart! For this you now
unsheathe the sword.

1st Whig. Tory, 't is not the money's worth which
now

The furnace of our passion fires. The wrongs
Awake the lion of our hearts. England
Taxes without consent; averts the course
Of justice; takes jurors from their sacred
Office; gives to admiral courts, whom she
Sways as winds the slender reed, a dang'rous
Sum of power; she breaks the bars our good
Forefathers made against the powers tyrannic;
By fleets and armies now enforces all
Her edicts. Her sword now drinks our precious
Blood. These, Tory, in our humanity,
Light up the primal fires which burn for war
And liberty.

Two Tories. God save the king!

2d Whig. God save the wrecking mariner! God
save

The idiot from the fire. Save ye the penny!
Save the king!

1st Whig. With pilots blind, England is a noble
Ship, now by conjecture guided, and the stars.
The ocean between us such vast distance
Makes, that the wildest folly into his
Princely ears becomes distilled.

I will teach thee now a better prayer:

God save our country! Pray aloud! The hills

And valleys echo its music back to heaven !
Our homes are here. And here the loving wife
And laughing child our good protection have ;
And here our prospects find a bound, until
The great eternity, all beauteous,
Its gates unclose. We fly to arms ! To arms
We fly, not to annul the royal sceptre,
But to win our due redress.

1st Tory. Your cause shall end in ruin.
Satan works in this revolt. God, order,
Law, each is offended. Lay down these rebel
Weapons ; stay these sad complaints.

1st Cit. Forbear this long debate. If a city
Burns, we rush to quench the flames, not asking
How it came. Fools are they to waste their time
In proving that by burning straws, or yet
By swelling casks of oil, the fierce disaster
Came. Wise men rush to quench the fire. You see
This great resistance speaks a cause ; you see
The land and waters flame with war ; you see
That in our hearts there is a king older
Far than George. His brave words obey. Under
Him shall we our history indite.

Two Tories. Never ! never !
Loyalty is the highest virtue.

SCENE III. — *The same.*

Six men, the Committee of Safety for Massachusetts.

1st Com. To us great charge pertains ;
For we, the Committee of Safety for
This, the eldest daughter in the family

Of states, to whose advice the younger sisters
Look confidently, have much to do, that
Our humble means, through vigilance and skill
May Boston rid of crimson-coated hosts.

2d Com. One cause is ours, one living cause. If
struck

In distant parts, it bleeds the same, and weakens

All. The northern border lies exposed, whilst
England holds Ticonderoga, aiming

At the mastery of all the lakes, which

If once obtained, our cause endangers. What

Plan do we approve?

3d Com. Plans for this must be delayed. There is
to us

A scarcity of means. Who comes?

Enter ARNOLD.

Good morning. Will you forgive us if we

Here misjudge, for to us and to our wish

You seem to come for our assistance.

Arn. My course is self-elected.

3d Com. To aid us?

Arn. I espouse the Provincial cause.

3d Com. And why?

Arn. Because I have a reason.

3d Com. That unity may join us, let us know your
cause.

Arn. Here is a realm I call mine own! In it
Calmly rests the end I seek. Deep buried
In this realm there dwells a cause why I go
Forth against my king. Let this suffice.

1st Com. How would you serve us ?

2d Com. Yes, how ? this question most of all becomes us.

Arn. Sirs, I have a plan.

1st Com. A plan ? We need *execution*.

Arn. Ay, a PLAN ; and, if you will believe it, I have EXECUTION also.

2d Com. Before you are permitted to give us Plans, we must know *who* and *whence* you are.

Arn. Boldly, as sun and moon throw off disguise
When clouds dissolve, and clear blue ether views
Us, do I my name and place announce.

I am Arnold ! New Haven is my home. There
The goodly cheer of a growing family
Smiled upon me, whilst business so thrived
That I would have stayed in this my paradise.

But the sad tale of Lexington, swift-winged
And in blood bedewed, summoned anxious scores
Together, to speak, on public ground, their
Hearts' relief. Seizing this hour of impulse,

* I poured into their bursting hearts these words :

“ Whoever of you, my countrymen, so
Love your homes, property, wives and children,
As to peril your lives in their defence, .
And stay the tide of blood that now aggressive
Meets us ; whoever of you, my countrymen,
Can face the horrors of war with brave hearts
And determined visage, *to my guidance* come ;
At dawn meet me ; on this patriotic

* See note A.

Green meet me." Ere the sun arose, sixty
Men, of spirit valorous, joined my cause.
Here are we ; some from even the classic
Halls, who, should they wield a sword as they do
The Greek or Latin tongue, will wonders show
In war. Here are six, good samples of the ten times six.

*Enter six citizens of New Haven, three middle-aged
men and three students.*

2d Com. Have you counted well the mighty cost ?
Have you learned that war is strown with thorns ?

1st Sol. Surely we have learned it.

2d Com. Young man, rough is the literature of
War. Battles are *our* poems. What book is that ?

Stu. The Iliad in Greek. Its pages fired
Great Alexander for the fight. I draw
From it a warlike inspiration.

2d Com. Well, go to your comrades. I will talk with
Your commander. [*Exeunt soldiers.*]
As seriousness our mood determines, and
Haste our labor drives, at once unfold
Your cherished plan.

Arn. Give me just four hundred men, and I will
From the lion's grasp tear all the northern forts,
Ticonderoga and all dependent posts.
I know the ground like those my childhood trod ;
For, in the war when angered France disgorged
Her hatred on us, this Fort the English
Held : by some restless spirit driven, I
From my town and parents ran, to mix in

The war's tumult ; — to this old post I made
My way when I but sixteen summers knew.
There for months, I know the ground. *I know their
Strength ;* and, with the men I ask, *they shall be ours.*

5th Com. A bold movement ! Make out his instructions.

Meantime declare what constitutes in your
Esteem the Officer and Soldier.

Arn. The *qualities* are much the same, save this :
To command, the officer must know. Quick,
Seeing as a flash the danger rising,
With passions like a storm beneath a sky
Of reason cool ; a soul for honors made ;
Of honors jealous ; with nerves most steady
And purpose firm, all fed by such fervent
Love of country as no dangers freeze, or
Injuries avert. The true warrior
Is coolest in the face of death, and acts
Most from the inspiring genius, when most
Fiercely blows the storm of battle.

6th Com. Before such, the strong elements have
bowed.

But the soldier should be sound in body.

Arn. Nor is the soft philosophy of peace
His creed. In the coursings of his thoughts, he
Reasons thus : *Justice* over peace is twice
Olympus high : and, in war's sad clashing,
The Might and Right are one in each event —
The ends ordained of Heaven. The sea and winds
Do angry strive, yielding ample proof that
He who made Orion's brightness, into

Nature's mighty heart did drop the seeds of war.
Since man his fellow chained, has Freedom paid
The price of blood.

1st Com. Thou hast a Warrior's *faith*. Now make
known

A warrior's *work*! Here, take your papers;
At to-morrow's rising sun four hundred
Strong shall meet you.

Arn. Thank you, Gentlemen. Hardships shall be my
Pillow, labor my cordial, and danger
My bosom friend; so that the state be honored
And the country served. [*Exeunt Arn. and Com.*]

SCENE IV. — *Same. A Room.*

Enter two Citizens of Boston.

1st Cit. When, good Sir, may we wisely hope this
war shall end?

2d Cit. I know not. Years may pass ere His Sove-
reign

Will with us agrees. The deep courage that
Now inspires the Provincial troops, is doubtless
Firm, and sure to last. I think great struggles,
Much suffering, and bloodshed, will appear
Ere the king and we, his injured subjects,
Are at one.

1st Cit. And through the blackening cloud and storm
of war

Must rise the heads of heroes, on whose names
Historic light shall fall with praise. Our cause,
Though now Rebellion styled, under the light
Of reasons given, shall wear an honor,

That from France and countries far remote, shall
Turn admiring eyes.

2d Cit. Latent, slumbering greatness waits the call
Of great events, which, fast coming, may robe
With praise new heroes. But, 'tis on *success*
All glory rests. This, turning east or west,
Shall turn with it the world ;
For, in the world, all great success bears off
The palm of praise, whilst every cause that
Claims it not, is hissed and laughed to scorn. High
Virtue, then, a beggar proves ; and heroes'
Names are changed for rogues' and traitors'.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. I am here to say not "How d'ye do ;" but
"Have you ample courage ?"

1st Cit. Strange question !

Sol. Why ?

1st Cit. Heroism speaks not before its time. The sea
From out its noiseless depths no storm proclaims,
Though on its surface walks the storm. Better
Say that *life* is *less* than *liberty*.

Sol. GEORGE WASHINGTON holds the chief command.
How will he fill the office ?

2d Cit. As the sun in Heaven his office fills ;
Thus fair, thus true. In mind reserved, in thought
Profound, in purpose firm, in foresight great,
In trust, on God relying ; no good, no
Humble cause of doubtful issue, could e'er
To worthier hands be given.

1st Cit. What other news ?

Sol. Ticonderoga is taken ! Crown Point *
By Arnold now is held.

1st Cit. What else ?

Sol. Saint John is captured from the foe, with spoils
And men of war !

2d Cit. Safe is our Northern border !
Yet, in the sky, a cloud of stern, terrific
Gloom, its shadows casts upon us. England
Is the Lion of the earth. Since news-laden
You appear to be, say, what were Arnold's deeds ?

Sol. At Castleton, this side Ticonderoga,
He the strong forces of Easton and of
Allen met, o'er whom he claimed the chief
Command ; which at once opposed in scorn, he
With Allen, at *even sides*, entered the gates
Of Ticonderoga. When the hoarse, deep
Thunder of Allen's voice, at deep midnight,
In the " great Jehovah's name," had from La Place
The full surrender forced, *again* he claimed
Supreme control, basing the demand on
A commission from the older State. This
New demand awoke the anger of the camp ;
And now the breath of calumny is spent
Upon his name.

1st Cit. Ambition is no stranger in his breast.
What think you of him ? [*To the citizen.*

2d Cit. He is a man of valiant parts. But like

* Arnold occupied this post, that he might better command the expected battles of the lake. It is in full view of Lake Champlain.

A shaded fountain as yet I do not
 See what he conceals. Time alone can shed
 The light that may his mystery show. I
 Hear new forces throng to aid the king, that
 Tories number like the leaves. Let us go
 The battle of our rights to wage ; to storm
 The earth with thunder and with blood ! For now
 The war-ery thunders in our ears. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Boston. A Street.*

Seven Officers.

1st Off. An expedition has Congress ordered
 To Quebec. Who comes ? [*Enter Arnold.*]
 What bring you from your Northern Post ?

Arn. The same I carried there, a mind to serve my
 country.

2d Off. I like it that the war's great feature is de-
 fence.

3d Off. There's no aggression in it.

4th Off. Yes, England now aggresses.

3d Off. But we defend. Self-defence, sacred as
 The God we worship, lives in all. Far down
 In lower beings' order, lives the sense
 That turns upon a foe ; and mightier
 Is it in the sphere of thought and will, where
 Greater powers of grandeur hold. "Defend
 Thyself," is God's and Nature's voice. But one
 Aggressive blow may History ne'er record.
 For wife, for liberty, for life and home,
 Be poured our blood in freest streams ;

For these let armies gather on the hostile fields ;
For these let truthful men the steel put on
And draw the sword in Justice' name ; for these
The Holy God invoke.

6th Off. Thus, most noble officer, you speak my
Head and heart.

Arn. Not thus,
Brave sirs, do you *my* sentiments express.

5th Off. Then speak them for yourself—
I will listen.

Arn. In war we need the *thorough* man.
The half-work loved by modest men, divides
The force. The cause that's worth our being's *half*,
Is worth our being's *whole*. If heaven or hell
We serve, 't is better to make the bold rush,
And rally all we have! To do it **LARGELY**
Is our greatest merit or offence.

5th Off. But Justice is eternal.
To pass its border never proves the man.

Arn. To women and to children leave finer
Threads of sentiment. The things of war touch
Not, except firm heart and tearless purpose
Are your own. When war is *real*, one wish
O'er all obtains, which, in wild vehemence
Would tear in fragments what it hates. I hold
Aggression and assault great *merits* in the war.

6th Off. We only seek redress.

Arn. True. But to win it bravely,
Tear all Canada from the royal crown.
Storm Quebec!

6th Off. The wild flashing of your eye bold daring
Indicates. But, sir, be not so vain.

Arn. So vain! Hold!

6th Off. To this bold scheme our Congress is the
fount.

She dares to push it onward. Instrument
Are you.

Arn. Hold! By Heaven, you do me wrong.

6th Off. Your pardon, if I have.

Arn. It was

Months ago that I to our wise Congress
Wrote; offering her this plan. At first my
Counsels were omitted; but now, when time
Has seasoned thought, they blossom in her favor,
So that in hers and Washington's good pleasure,
I lead my army to Quebec. In me
Originates the plan, let it lead to Fortune
Or Despair.

6th Off. Which way?

Arn. Through the Northern wilderness I lead them
forth.

1st Off. The region is unexplored.

Arn. True.

2d Off. The current of the Kennebec rolls on
Against the way you choose.

Arn. Truly.

3d Off. There are cataracts and dashing waters,
Craggs, swamps, ravines, to the savage and the wild
Beast only known.

Arn. The way I know. [*Holds up a map.*]
Where many a Norridgewock lay strown on

Fields of savage battle ; where Father Ralle,*
In venerable gray hairs, a victim
Fell to heathen violence ; where rolls th' swift
And flashing waters of the bold Chaudiere ;
Where cataracts divide the streams in spray ;
Where rolls the Dead River, and the mountain
Towers ; where stretches long the damp morass,
And the forest landscape breaks and widens
Into grandeur — through these I lead my army,
Eleven hundred strong, to storm the walls
Of old Quebec.

5th Off. But in Quebec are mighty thousands.
They will proudly rally to its defence.

Arn. I have intelligence from within its walls.
The fires of discontent burn hotly there,
And half the people will arise in joy
To greet my banner in the opened gates.

6th Off. You surprise me. Is it so ?

Arn. Upon my life it is.

6th Off. Then shall the roughness of the dreary way
Your spirits harden for their task.

Arn. Before I reach Quebec, I hope to raise
Assistance from the common mass. They too
Are ill content. Already are my men
Embarked.

[*Exit.*

1st Off. Hazardous enterprise ! Results uncertain !
Yet, if success crown it, its perils are
Laurels bravely won. Time, which all things proves,
Shall this unfold, or mark it as a dream. [*Exeunt Off.*

* A Catholic missionary who had lived twenty-six years with the Norridgewocks.

SCENE VI. — *The base of the High Mountain near which the Dead River flows. Near sunset. It storms.*

[Some are observed climbing steep ascents over rocks, others carry their bateaux, others exhibit broken fragments of bateaux, which had been dashed among the rapids and falls. All being much fatigued, they encamp.]

ARNOLD and several Officers.

Arn. Thus far on our journey's way, undismayed
By accident and hardship, let us rest
Till Nature's angry mood is wholly past.

1st Off. It is cold and chilly. Fatigue weighs down
The spirits of our men.

Arn. How little care the ungoverned elements
For all the patriot seeks ! Their savage
Sports and biting chills the same remain. But
In this dreary solitude, I will raise
My country's flag, and under this symbol
Sleep. The Indian and the mountain wolf may
Wonder at its stars.*

[Plants the flag over his tent, which he enters.]

2d Off. Hark ! what rushing sound disturbs my ear ?

[He advances forward—sound increases.]

It is a waterfall of more precipice
Than yet hath stopped us !

3d Off. Well for to-morrow's safety that this danger
is discovered.

* A hamlet in that vicinity has since honored this event by taking the name of the Flag-Staff.

4th Off. Provisions lessen fearfully.
If the sad fortune of these few days shall
Be repeated in the breaking of our barks
And loss of food, we shall be men, iron
Nerved, our way to press into this
Remote dominion of our king.

5th Off. The wild animals will we slay.
These storms are the chorus of our march.

Enter three Indians, who utter the war-whoop and discharge their arrows.

Hold, savage ! we go to fight the white man's king.

1st Ind. Where is white man from ?

5th Off. From the great ocean of the East.

What do you here ? [*Indian offers him weapons.*]

1st Ind. Indian here kill bear and wolf. He
Slay deer and catch fish. Indian here
Walks large, and dances to the Great Spirit.

5th Off. A gleam of the setting sun !
On this high mountain's top, all white with snow,
It settles ! Could I but climb the dizzy
Height so as to touch his snowy cap, *there*
Might I view the spires of Quebec. Indian !
Try to send your arrow one half the tithe
Of distance to its top. [*He shoots his arrows.*]

Ind. High ! Brothers, high !

5th Off. Still will I press its loftiest snow.* [*Exit.*
[Exeunt all the officers except one.]

* Tradition has told the pioneers of the forest, and repeated the marvel till it is believed, that Major Bigelow had the courage as well as leisure to ascend its top, with the hope of discovering

1st Off. [*He calls to ARNOLD, who comes to him.*
And is it your order —

Arn. Mine? —

1st Off. Colonel Enos with three companies
Has returned to Cambridge.

Arn. My orders? Never!
Curses on the coward's heart. I only
Wrote that back to Norridgewock he should send
The sick and feeble. Were he present, I
Would be daggers in his bosom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Plains of Abraham. An open place
before the City.*

Enter ARNOLD and MONTGOMERY.

Arn. My brave Montgomery!

Mont. Good morning! As in war, wisdom is
supreme;

I applaud the skill that moved your late retreat.

Arn. So circumstance ordained. My papers with
An Indian I had trusted, who, proving
Treacherous, to the king's agents gave them.
But for this the gates of yon walled city
Had opened at my coming.

Mont. I and my force from Montreal will join
To aid this great assault.

Arn. Nor shall my men, wilderness-hardened, be
Outdone. They anxiously wait the conflict.

from this lofty eminence the hills of Canada and the spires of
Quebec. From this supposed adventure it has received the
name of Mount Bigelow.—*Jared Sparks.*

Mont. This is hallowed ground !
For it was here that Wolfe and Montcalm fell !
Leaning on a soldier's breast, and the fresh
Blood fast from its new wound leaping, there played
Along the face of the gallant Wolfe a smile
Of joy. Envied be his bed of death — it had
True friendship for its pillow, and, " I die
Happy," as its sacred words. [*It snows.*

Arn. The repelling *barriers* must be scaled.
In that city's unsundered heart, *we*
Meet, or in the attempt *we die* ! To that
Proud heart, two paths do lead. Which
Take you ?

Mont. Cape Diamond.

Arn. I the St. Roque.
Meanwhile this snow of leaden gloom assists,
Veiling us from notice. Already has
The war-inspiring Mars poured his furies
Into the boiling blood of *all* my men,
Raising to such high and awful pitch the force
Of inward resolution, that from its height
The downward glance beholds a soldier's death
As but a diamond to be seized. [*Clock strikes.*
Our summons ! Farewell, Montgomery !

Mont. Farewell ! [*Exeunt at different sides.*

Enter an Englishman and an American.

Eng. I am yet astonished.

Amer. At what ?

Eng. At this great cost of blood.

Amer. This is but a drop to what shall be. One
In language, one in blood, one in reverence
For the royal rule, it a pity is ;
But they who proximate, more deeply hate ;
Fraternal anger is nearest hell.

Eng. What is your aim ? New government to build
On this revolt ?

Amer. No such dream has flitted over us. It
Is redress alone that points our steel.

Eng. Pitt speaks in your behalf.

Amer. Saying that from His " Majesty's crown has
Fallen the brightest jewel." England is great.
The mother of heroes, bards, and sages,
Who are suns and moons to other lands, she
Has whereof to glory ; but in this dire
Eclipse of all her radiance, justice
Writes her cause accursed. Blood shall sprinkle all
The altars of our former peace ; but when
The storm is cleared away, the stars of sweet
Fraternal bond again their light may lend
Us. Now all is storm and blackness.

Eng. Hear ! *[Noise of battle.*

See ! Yonder see ! Whose tall form rises
On the rock ?

Amer. Ay, whose ? The first barrier is carried.

Eng. True. Heaven stay their progress.

Amer. He rallies to the second ! Hear his voice,
That thunders the command.

Eng. I hear. Who leads the English force ?

Amer. The cloud of battle my eyes prevent. Near,
The bright sword glitters in the air ; thunder-voiced

Is his command ; as cataracts send
Forth their echoing voice, so sounds the war-cry
Of the battling hour. *[Sound increases.]*

SCENE VIII. — *Near Quebec. A Room.*

Amer. Here we have a better view.
The bravery of the day is worthy
Leonidas. But who comes ?

[Enter two Soldiers, bearing ARNOLD wounded — the blood still rushing from his wound. They bandage his limb.]

Arn. But for this, the day in glorious
Victory had ended. Men without a guide,
Are hands without a head.

Amer. Fatigue and weakness invite thee now to
slumber.

Arn. Then let a soldier's bosom be my pillow.

[The first soldier reclines ; ARNOLD leans upon his breast — the other soldier sits near him ; a clear light from the lamp falls upon his face as he sleeps.]

Eng. He bears a warrior's visage. On it
Did nature leave the lineament of Mars.

[Exeunt Amer. and Eng.]

[Enters from a distance, and slowly advancing, a SORCERESS. She silently gazes into the face of ARNOLD. The soldiers see her with emotion, but do not speak.]

Sor. *[Low.]* — Sleep ! Warrior, sleep !
I have watched the high sweeping cloud at night,

Reading the Destiny-Spirit in its shapes.
I have paused in the deep silence ! I have
Read the Darkness ! I have felt the Power
That governs all !
I have the brow of man and woman traced,
Reading the mystic letters the spirit
Works, and the destinies it weaves. *There*, I see
A page, a *page*, which could the earth but see,
And the air but know, the conscious ground would
Instant open, and the whirlwind wheel away
The vital breath. O Nature ! why hast thou
Left the print of thine inner Devil sleeping ?

2d Sol. Woman, away ! the warrior sleeps.

Sor. Hark ! I tell thee a mysterious web
Is weaving *there*. Dark threads are in it !

2d Sol. Woman, away, away ! the warrior sleeps.

Sor. Stay thy hand.

I will read his Destiny. O, Mystery !
Mystery ! Within that inward self I
See *another self* ! Strange things are there infolded.
Mine eye is dimmed by darkness. *I cannot*
Read them now — but this I see, that Heaven's
Sweet light trembles as it on them falls. O,
Better that thou hadst perished on the rock ;
Better that the ball by which thou bleedest
Had rested in thy proud heart for ever !
Thy hand I see ; yet I cannot read thee *now*,
Mine eye is dimmed by darkness ! Oh ! — Oh ! — Oh !
I hasten to my gloomy bower. [*Exit.*

Arn. Who spoke to me ?

1st Sol. No one. Sleep, warrior, sleep.

Arn. A strange sound offends my ears. Still will I
Slumber on this faithful pillow. [*He sleeps.*]

[*Enter two officers and two soldiers bearing
MONTGOMERY, dead — they lay him a few yards
from ARNOLD.*]

1st Off. In the crisis of his victory he fell.
What terror, this day, has thrilled the city !
Their alarm is as an earthquake.

1st Sol. Here lies Montcalm's better.

2d Off. Aye, and Wolfe's better. O be silent, for
This is the ground of fallen heroes.

Arn. [*Awakes and arises.*] How went the day ?

1st Off. It has been the minister of terror
To all Quebec, still untaken.

Arn. Where is my brave Montgomery ?

[*The officer is silent. ARNOLD looks around !*
My God ! Is *this* Montgomery ? Do these
Dim senses lie ? No ; it is Montgomery ;
Without breath, but not without honors.
I heard his words on Wolfe — *I live for ends*
I know not. Where dwells his wife ? To *her* must
This honored temple be conveyed :

2d Off. In the East she lives, keeping his farewell
Words, " You ne'er shall blush for your Montgomery."

Arn. Cover the dead with honors.

Yet the dead can here no service render.
On the Lakes now hovers the cloud of war,
All black with ire. I will now my forces
Rally, and superior numbers meet,
Baffling the lion on the treacherous element. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Hartford. A room.**Enter two Citizens.**1st Cit.* The news! Who ever knew it weightier?*2d Cit.* Never were the flying winds more heavy
Laden. The loud trumpets of the sky, which
Long since foretold the bellowing strife that
Yet long years must rage, still blow their mighty blast.
The battles of the Northern Lakes are full
Of courage; though against the greater force,
The cool daring and ready tact are full
Of praise.*1st Cit.* Liberty from kings't is hard to draw. Hence
A wondrous toil must patient work.
Washington keeps the prudence of the gods,
Knowing always when to risk and where to strike.
His eye surveys the whole, taking in the parts
Of danger and defence. East, West, North, South,
His calm surveyance feel.*2d Cit.* A wild bravery stirs in the Northern
News. The storming of Quebec, tragical
In issue, which nearly ended in her
Capture, stands among the boldest deeds. I
Hear that Congress the rank of Brigadier
On Arnold has conferred.*1st Cit.* Upon his little fleet a great assault
Was made. A shower of British balls, thickly
As drives the rattling hail, beat upon his
Galley, which, to a wreck reduced upon
The second day, (twelve times hulled, her mainmast

Wounded, her rigging into pieces cut,
 Surrounded by seven sail of hostile
 Force, with scores of killed and wounded all around)
 He calmly managed, running his flotilla
 To a place designed, and burned it in the sight
 Of all his foes. Whilst its flames to heaven
 Aspired, in arms attired, his forces led
 To shore, breasting the waves, and forcing back
 The hostile English that sought upon the shore
 To land. Throughout this bold affray the tone
 Of stern defiance was retained ;—these with
 Other gallant acts, his fame enlarge,
 Which, like the Banian tree, is spreading wide.

2d Cit. In the spirit and the dauntless courage
 Of our troops I much rejoice ; but in Arnold's
 Nature burn volcanic fires that never
 Knew a quiet life.

1st Cit. But are not these volcanic *times*? Etna
 Constant blazes! O, give us souls that burn
 With zeal, spirits born of fire, that under
 Higher guidance, they may indifference
 Slay, and wake the lion of our land. Let
 TIME each character unfold.

2d Cit. Where is he? I learn that of sad complaint
 And bitter murmuring he is full.

1st Cit. By Washington's order, he to the Eastern
 Coast is gone to meet the enemy now
 Hovering there. Letters from Major Brown,
 In Congress a prejudice has raised ; *five*
Major Generals are newly made, who,
 Though less in talent and in service, are

Now above him in their rank,—a fact that
Stirs his restless blood.

2d *Cit.* Public fame and private life are things that
Frequent clash ; but no true servant of the State
Should fail of honors due, because a few
Retain an ill report.

1st *Cit.* True ; but let dishonor meet rebuke.
What news ?

Enter a citizen of Danbury.

3d *Cit.* Yesterday night our town was burned.

1st *Cit.* What town ?

3d *Cit.* Danbury. But to-day we are avenged.

1st *Cit.* How ?

3d *Cit.* To waste the hamlets of our State, and awe
Us into low subjection, two thousand
Troops landed on the Sound ; but in their march
Triumphant, whilst scattering death around,
They met defeat from Arnold, to whose banner
Rallied four hundred men, with whom were baffled
All their foul intents ; Ridgefield saved, though near,
The horse that loves the battle-rage, beneath
The hero fell ; *there*, in hope a fadeless
Wreath to bear away, a soldier hastened
The warrior chief to slay, who had in
Silence motionless his steps beheld, till
The pointed steel was gazing at his heart ;
When suddenly the foe lay cold upon
The ground ; and amidst the whistling volleys
Of the fatal lead the leader made his
Proud escape, which, with other things, causes me
To say—that in *daring*, he a Devil

Is ; in *plans*, a Cassius cool ; in *pride*,
A Roman ; in *will*, all flint and steel.

1st *Cit.* Where now are the troops ?

3d *Cit.* Chased to their ships, they no more molest us.

1st *Cit.* Triumph may yet our efforts crown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Providence. A Room.*

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. Alone ? aye, alone !

Strange presentiment its deep oppression
Makes in this, my realm of spirit. What means it ?
Have I lived this life before, that so oft
At certain passes of the voyage this
Conscious soul should flash its deep and sudden
Light across my path, so as half to teach
The coming ill ? Or does th' invisible
Air so touch the warrior's nerve, as tells
Him of approaching storm ? Either way, sure
Destiny fills my sail, and guides my ship.
To reach that gold-encircled height, where fame
Looks down the dizzy steep, is now mine aim,
Though rough and thorny leads the way, with rocks
To climb, precipices to leap, serpents
To hiss, with tongues forked and venom'd ; foul fiends
To tear and rend me. These shall be zephyrs
In my bosom till the summit I have won.

[*Enter a messenger, bearing a letter. It has
upon it a Congressional seal. ARNOLD opens
and reads.*

I *am* a Major General !—Merit
Over prejudice wins its day.

[*He continues to read ; his countenance suddenly changes, indicating indignation and surprise.*]

This date ! Accursed date ! Prejudice still
Lurks behind the stately wires. I am bound
To know that hidden cause.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Arn. And begone ! [Exit *Mess.*

Come hail, come thunder, and come storm ! Let me
Be stronger than mine evils. [Exit.

SCENE III. — *Philadelphia. A Street.*

Enter three Congressmen.

1st Cong. Honorable sirs,
This is the first day of our new epoch.
The risen sun seems a newly created orb.

2d Cong. I understand you — the Declaration,
With names most venerable. A new age
Begins, changing the aspect of the war.
No longer fight we for redress, bowing
Still our patient necks to George's sceptre ;
The full freedom of this goodly nation,
Based on the primal worth and equal nature
Of man's humanity, whence th' eternal
Rights do flow, now makes our worthier aim.
For in our nature's proper science, no
Potentates of lordly pomp, or constitutions
Gray with years, e'er *made* a right.
Man makes not a hair upon his head, nor

The color in his eyes, nor the tough nails
On his fingers growing. How, then, his rights ?

3d Cong. True, my truth-discerning friend.
Then, as truth, like the firmament's soft light,
Is practical, I say, prune not the old
Despotic tree, in this our goodly vineyard,
But by the roots upturn, and by the earth
Uncherished, may the sun wither and th' rains
Rot it evermore.

1st Cong. Are we bees, to need of kings and queens ?

2d Cong. Toss this question into the future's lap.
If nature needs of kings and queens, she *here*
Can bear them. Our skies are bright, our hills are
Green, and noblest veins of nature course in
Our humanity.

Here the bosom of our prospects hath its
Bounds, till vast Eternity unrolls its
Heaven above us. Here new mountains rise,
Here new rivers flow, here new flora bloom ;
Here, I say, *here*,
A *New World* opens to the sun. And *here*,
Let *new thoughts* make their fitting channels. *Here*
May institutions new, anew reveal
Man's sacred unknown worth : and *here*, O *here*,
On those summits grand, which in future skies
The clouds of olden darkness cleave,
May the *Eagle* fold his sky-fledged wings in
Safe and quiet rest.

3d Cong. Since the great days, when from the spirit
high
The Nazarene our brotherhood proclaimed,

This Declaration no equal knows. It
Has a breadth widening to the poles.

1st Cong. Then our cause hath swollen from the
mountain

To the world ! *For this*, the dark embroidery
Of storm hangs rich upon the heavens.

[*Enter Arnold.*

Good cheer, my General. Since this noble
Instrument the light hath seen, new motive
Your nerves inspirits, new patience sprinkles
O'er your toils, and your heart, so great in courage,
Must still greater in its valor swell.

Arn. Sir, I know my heart. I know
Its likes and hatreds.

1st Cong. This darkness of your visage ill besuits
Our history's better page.

Arn. I too a history have. In it no
Page of gold unfolds.

1st Cong. But *if* you are the patriot true, your
Private griefs, like rain-drops on the sea,
Will in the general joy be lost.

Arn. In the Declaration *I acquiesce*.
In the war I have more than acquiesced ;
My body bears the proof of perils
Have fronted ; but, sir, here burns a *fire* —

2d Cong. What sort of fire ? The sun and stars
are fire,
Celestial beaming. What fire ?

Arn. Not soft beaming like the upper orbs ;
More like that the heavy clouds engender.
I am wounded in mine honors. Congress

In giving me my present title, has,
By its date, left me far below the *five*,
Who, from ranks below me, she had lifted
O'er my head.

This date! This accursed date!
Proof of sober hate and disesteem! I
Come to find redress; and, were all the stars
Dancing to their hymn of joy, were angels
Filling earth and heaven with the fragrance
Of their breathing song, I my stern demand
Would urge, that the charges forced upon me
Now be sifted — damn me with your *total*
Might, or save me through the same.

2d Cong. I admit the value of your service.
But, sir, your *purpose* now define.

Arn. First, then, the clearance of my name *from all*
Which the blast of calumny from th' northward
Blowing, has brought against it. Secondly,
I ask the righting of my rank, which is
The chief of all my seeking.

2d Cong. The nation will be just, nor largely deal
In clemency and favor, as to harm
The solemn law. The charges that darken
Your high name, shall to a BOARD OF WAR be
Given, whilst the alteration of your
Rank shall wait upon our pleasure.

Arn. Hasten the issue.

1st Cong. With care and caution. [*Exeunt Cong.*

Arn. [*To himself.*] My quarrel with the Major
This harm has brewed. I should so explain it,
That a board of war, careless of old disputes,

Will shed upon my soiled repute th' sunbeam
 Of their grace. Then follows — Who comes ?
 What will you ? [*Enter a gentleman, leading a horse
 richly caparisoned.*

Gent. In honor, Sir, of your late achievements,
 And in behalf of the American Congress,
 I offer you this horse.

Arn. It is a noble gift.
 Good precursor of an honored clearance,
 And the righting of my rank ! I accept.
 This steed is *black* ; so is the storm ; and guilt ;
 And so the warring tempest. Then Tempest
 Be thy name, bearing me over peril's brink.
 " Who clothed his neck with thunder ? "

Gent. Of such a gift I could be proud ;
 Not for its value in blood and muscle,
 But from the honors it implies. [*Arnold orders him
 away.*

Arn. True, my gentleman. [*Exit gent.*
 Two levers the great world move — *interest*
 And *fear*. He is great who wields them each his
 Ends to win. *Faces* are *seen*, whilst *hearts*
 In darkness beat ;
 And over inward springs thick coverings
 May be drawn. *I know my value in the war.* [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Same. A Room.*

Enter RUSTIC and a Soldier.

Sol. By grace, tell me your calling.

Rus. I reason.

Sol. Noble attribute ! But for what end ?

Rus. That I may speak the truth.

Sol. Why choose you this trade ?

Rus. To avoid competition.

Sol. Ha ! there's comfort in saying what we know.

Rus. More in saying what we *guess*.

Here's good chance to hit.

Sol. Have you never fought ?

Rus. Yes, I fought my inclination when I fought and warred. But my commander was slain at Quebec, so I do not fight, having no man to serve.

Sol. Quebec ! why went you there ?

Rus. To fight for my rights.

Sol. Were *your* rights in Canada ?

Rus. Yes, I had rights in the rainbow,

And I had rights in the sun,

I had rights all over, ripe to be won.

Sol. If you reason, say, what is a hero ?

Rus. A he-ro is doubtless a *he*, a he-ro-ic person ; if he's a hungry, his kindness will not prevent him from killing a chicken for dinner.

Sol. Is this it ?

Rus. Ay, only know there's somehow a straw's difference between a true thing and a false thing. Buttons, in the dark, pass for shillings ; hawks, in foggy air, if they be noiseless, are taken for eagles ; brass, in the sun, the silly have took for gold.

Sol. Earthquakes have their causes ; thunder has its ; wars, theirs ; little eels fight in vinegar — what makes war ?

Rus. [*Drops a dollar.*] There lies yer answer.

Sol. Mere paltry trash.

Rus. But the father of more briles than all the abstracts of creed and reason, sin' Nimrod killed his bear.

Sol. You silly thing. Has man no soul?

Rus. Yes, somethin' tendin' that way. But *tax* it not too roughly.

Sol. You belie our manhood. If money is greater than souls, it can buy souls; greater can always buy less, but less cannot buy greater. Now England courts our treason by holding out rewards of money. Though we are all poor, who can be bought by money?

Rus. Seriously, there's none so base. The devil was the *first* traitor. Who's the last?

Sol. But, Rustic, supposing impossibility possible, what punishment does he deserve, who, in the great crisis of affairs, should betray us to the enemy? Come, philosopher, let your light shine. Porpoises near Cape Arenas produce a flaming radiance by striking, as they swim, their tails upon the water. After their example, lend us your lights — come, strike.

Rus. I'll not be severe. I will talk of no life-long dungeons, nor gibbets; for I al'ays tho't the eyes was made for to see; and, on grounds o' *taste*, I object to the gallows. It is so very imperlite to put a rope 'round one's neck, and a cap on him, — I'll not be severe. I'd say, *let him die*, in *ecstasy*, not to mingle a whit in nature's soft and fruitful elements, but through some old 'migration-power, dissolve into serpents, crawlin' the earth and bearin' the curse forever!

Sol. You should migrate him more speedily. You

no man to serve? Pah! Serve the brave Arnold, if you are a man.

Rus. Not now.

Sol. Why?

Rus. I cannot. I will not.

Sol. Your look implies a reason. Have you aught against him?

Rus. Nothing. I know he robbed birds' nests when a boy. Guess all is as it *may* be — why tax me with such a question? I leave you, Sir. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Same.* A larger room. The Board of War in Session.

Pres. Long time and patient have we our session
Held, looking evidence in the face, that
We may the lineament of justice trace.
Ere we our bold decision make,
Let the General speak.

Acc. Off. Meantime will I your memories refresh,
Citing o'er his crimes.

Enter ARNOLD.

First, then, for private ends, at Montreal,
He seized some goods, transferred them to Chamblee,
Where on the river's bank they rotted in
The rain; then, on another cast the blame.
He a martial court insulted; I say
Insulted, first by protest, then with challenge.
His haughty pride at every corner
Wakes a host of foes. We pray you, gracious
Judges, from our army take so foul a blot,

For we the conquering Heaven offend
By holding Satan at our helm.

Pres. General, speak.

Arn. Were I not compassed by restraint, God knows
What might befall! [*Collecting himself.*

Since this fatal war begun I steered my
Course in honor's way, unstopped by peril
Or despair. The nation's voice did trumpet
Well my service, which in the expedition
That crossed our Northern border, stood approved.
To aid the public service the goods I
Took, which had thus done but for my faithless
Agent. Evidence has shown that I wrote
To public men of what I did. Do thieves
Proclaim their actions to the world? I need
Not ask it.

Acc. Off. But your rashness to the court ——

Arn. They het my blood, refusing me my witness.

Acc. Off. Such accursed temper who may trust?

Arn. I sure have temper!

Where God and nature great fires have built, large
Sparks are oft emitted. I have temper; test
It not too roughly. The foes I wake at
“Every corner,” — of them *I* take the charge.

Pres. Interrupt not the General in his defence.

Arn. My wounds the patriot bespeak.

The faithful horse that shares the pride of war
Has oft beneath me fallen; and, when danger
Blackened most, I his face confronted.
In the midst of deaths thick-flying, to God

My life has precious been. This war long years
Must count, so hard the struggle. My altar
Is my country ; but be careful of mine
Honors!

Acc. Off. Thus does he ask the mercy of the court.

Arn. Mercy ?

Acc. Off. Aye, mercy.

Arn. Give mercy to repenting sinners. Justice,
Rock-hard and sword-sharp, is my sole demand.

Acc. Off. Then a halter may attend it.

Pres. To Congress must our grave report be made,
Which if they sanction, all is well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *Enter two old men.*

1st. Good day, my long tried friend !
Many years have shed their frosts upon us,
In which time wild ambitions numerous
We have seen dispersed ; bubbles of empty
Air sought with fiery zeal ;
Yet in the cause for which our younger swords
Are drawn, I see a sober permanence,
That wears the rainbow freshness of success ;
And though our Washington retreats before
A mightier number, and the great Burgoyne
From the north has made his ingress, with boasts
Goliath may not have reached, my heart still
Beats in hope, that he who bore the pilgrims
Hither, hath ripening ends, to which this
Bloody war is minister. How beats thy
Heart, my brother ?

2d. In unison with thine. The sun rolls
Truly, outliving every lie. His
Sacred radiance yet shall fall upon
Our nation freed. My heart like Simeon's
Now predicts, and prays for this deliverance.

1st. But Burgoyne is a mighty general.

2d. Yes. But the younger class, who fathers call
Us, are so vigilant and ready, that,
In encounters equal, they will valiant
Act: having a planning General, such
As WASHINGTON would commend, Burgoyne,
Methinks, might learn to spare his boast. Let us go;
For younger men our counsels ask. [*Exeunt.*
Enter ARNOLD and a Congressman at different sides.

Cong. Hail! I have news.

Arn. What news?

Cong. To-day the Board of War has made report.

Arn. And what? Give me substance.

Cong. Unanimous is the verdict. Congress
Also gives its sanction.

Arn. [*Excited.*] And what?

Cong. That in character, which to man is as
The fragrance to its rose, the lily to
Its stem, the radiance to its star, *you*
Have been groundlessly, cruelly aspersed.

Arn. Good senator, I thank you. This forbodes
The righting of my rank, which has long time
To me a cancer proved; now will I, like
Nature's elements, my true place obtain,
Holding then the equal balance. These acts
My good foreshow, or like an island they

Stand alone, amidst a dark and treacherous
Waste of waters.

Cong. [*Aside.*] Expectancy most vain.

Arn. Thus far your tidings warm my breast.
Pray tell what more is done ?

Cong. Nothing, General, nothing.

Arn. NOTHING ! Do you say it ?

Cong. I do.

Arn. No *nothing* ever held so great a curse.
Is nothing more *intended* ?

Cong. Nothing more, my general.

Arn. The great injustice lives ! The old grudge
Still lurks beneath this friendly seeming. I swear
By all the powers that me uphold, *nothing*
Shall my wits beguile. If by one hand I
Am blessed, and by the other struck, it is
• A dual treatment, politic at best,
Which may bite and bow as occasion asks.
I am degraded in mine honors ! Men
Are June's foliage, shaken by the fictious
Breeze ; and Justice, once the maid celestial,
Now is daughter to Caprice. Then tell me,
Has Congress *paid* my dues accruing from
The Northern expedition ?

Cong. Sir, there is great hesitation.

Arn. Hesitation ! Honesty may hesitate,
But not over just demand. What means it ?

Cong. I know not. The wonder is,
Your dues should be so ponderous.

Arn. My much service in the war did cause them.

Cong. Have you certificates of what your book records ?

Arn. I have certificates. [*He offers papers.*]

Cong. Do these cover the grounds of all your claims ?

Arn. Perhaps no more than half.

Cong. What then of the uncovered half ?

Arn. My word for that. I have it in the gross.

Cong. Strange, methinks.

Arn. Know this, that in the hasty campaign, no
Counting-rooms or common leisure allow
Us to note *each item*, and *for each* to
Take receipt. Things require the swift despatch.

Cong. My words in courtesy, I trust, may not
Offend ; still must my speech be plain. DISTRUST
Falls upon your page.

Arn. [*Amazèd.*] Go on.

Cong. There is a silent unbelief, for which
The eye and action are surer signs than words.
These, policy restrains ; to their vision
No crystal art thou ; — rather a twilight,
An uncertain glimmering, a mirage,
A prophecy, an oracle not yet
Interpreted, a nebulous vapor,
Distant, cosmical, floating through space, half
Baffling the telescope that would espy ; —
All this, and more ; yet nothing will be said.
General, *abate* your claim.

Arn. I abate nothing.

My brain is not so hot but that my words
I weigh. Just God be witness !
By all the heroes of this battling earth,

By all the sacred ashes of the mighty
 Dead, I do this war renounce. In Lethé
 Will I seek my soul's baptism, till I forget
 There is a king, a cause or country.
 Here, take my resignation, nor see me
 More, till by Congress it is accepted. [*Gives it him.*
 Tell them I had rather with the savage
 Mate, or the hungry wolf, than to endure
 This damned strife about mine honors.

Cong. Your order I obey ; but patience I
 Commend. Your haste devours you. [*Exit Cong.*

Arn. Can Etna be cool, when at its heart fires
 Upheaving burn ? What exhortation calms
 The sea when lashed and roused by storm ?
 How now ?

Enter an Officer from the army.

Off. The army gathers new recruits. I think
 This year will be fruitful in victories.

Arn. But *not* through *me*. I know no army.

Off. How can that be when all the army know you ?

Arn. I know not it. Perish every trust.

Off. This is a sad change. You know Washington ?

Arn. I know he sought the righting of my rank.
 Nought else.

Off. What ! Do you cease from that limpid fount
 The patriot drinks with joy ?

Arn. He who has no character, has no country.

Off. But you have character.

Arn. I am wounded in my rank. Prejudice
 Builds her wall against it. I have resigned.

Off. This must not be. To Albany

A mighty and a hostile host is marching.

The enemy *must* be met.

Arn. What enemy?

Off. Mine, yours, ours.

Arn. *My* enemy is near. To meet him, I
Need not lift my sword upon a Briton.

Off. But danger threatens as ne'er before. Will
You not wave a private grief?

Arn. I often have fronted danger. My wounds
Are witness. Still my rank is unadjusted.

Off. How thick, how thick they hover!
It is Burgoyne that leads the invading host.

Arn. Burgoyne?

Off. Aye, Burgoyne.

Arn. I know him. Legion is his rightful name.

Off. Who shall meet the modern Hannibal? I
Tremble as I ask it.

Arn. I know not.

Off. Nor care?

Arn. This I did not say.

Off. *He derides* our *generals*, our soldiers
Mocks, and in triumphant boast has said, "They
Have no man to meet me."

Arn. Few, indeed, are his equal.

Off. Pray, recall your resignation. Will you,
O will you hear to *Washington*?*

Arn. I *will* hear *him*. What are his words?

Off. [*Opens a letter from Washington, addressed to
Congress. He reads.*]

Hear this. "Great danger approaches us. Bur-

* See note B.

goyne with powerful numbers is making his way to the heart of our greatest northern State. Send General Arnold to the northern army, for he is active, judicious, and brave."

This is WASHINGTON'S voice. *You must hear it.*

Arn. I honor Washington. I know Burgoyne.

I own my *pride* is touched by such a boast.

But I have now resigned.

Off. As yet no action has been taken. I
Pray you wave this private grief.

Arn. These fiery griefs my strong official
Zeal well nigh had drowned. To sons of blood-red
Mars, to whom pertains such flame of soul, rank
And *office* are divine. Opportunity,
Anew to win the dazzling prize, thereby
Extorting justice from my foes, has come.
One bright glory-cloud upon me resting,
Would dark prejudice illumine ; so that, midst
The general voice of praise, my rights shall
Be respected. In the army St. Clair
Serves ; raised above me in the partial vote,
That all my merits slighted. This will I
Suffer, that, in all his boast and honors
Valiant, Burgoyne is humbled in the dust.
He is mine equal ; therefore to danger's
Flying shaft will I my breast oppose. Bring

[*Calls his servant.*

My Tempest, that on his fearless vigor
I may into tempest plunge ; whilst the joy
Of peril and high achievement, that jointly

Stir the coursing blood and the heroic
Element in the heart, my bliss shall be.
For in passion's whirlwind of assault, in
Which the planning intellect doth rule, by
Action followed of all that's great in man,
A joy is born, so wild, so deep, so strong,
That in its glance all troubles cease; and he
Who was, in all that sates a longing heart,
So sadly poor, now reigns a king. I go.

Off. For my country's sake, success. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Stillwater.*

Enter two Officers.

1st Off. Fort Edwards is by the British taken;
And the murder of Miss Jane McCrea
By savage violence, more feeling wakens
Than all the hostile issue of events.

2d Off. Jones, her lover, had in the English cause
Enlisted, but hoped ere long his bride to
Take, who near Fort Edwards still remained. But
The Indian band who bore his letter, charged
To bring her safely unto him, truthless
Proved; and in the angry parle that raged th' chiefs
Between, the fierce warrior ruthless slew
Her. No lovelier image on the cold
Earth was ever strown; no sunbeam kissed a
Milder innocence; no heart as his e'er
Knew so deep a grief, when, instead of her
Graceful form and sparkling eye, he met
The savage trophy, her severed locks of

Flowing hair. But what the recent news ?

[1st Off. holds a paper.

1st. The only instance in which the yeas and nays
In Congress yet recorded, now lies before me.

2d. What is the subject ?

1st. The *rank* of General Arnold. His claim
Is *voted down*, yes, three to one !

2d. Then contention terminates.

1st. And he the army leaves. Then surely *one*
Gallant service to our cause is lost.

2d. This he must deeply feel. Being a thorough
Warrior I shall much regret to see
Him the active service leave.

1st. Thorough and successful. But if justice
Is enacted, then will I not despair
Though *one* chief actor leaves us.

2d. But our enemies are strong and many ;
Efficient generals 't is rare to find ;
When found, their value is immense ; for in
A bold commander's voice deep courage lies,
Which the multitude inspirits, raising
Them to bold resolve and mighty effort.

1st. Let justice reign.

2d. May able generals be saved.

SCENE II. — *Saratoga. An open place.*

Enter the Chief Commander of the Northern Army
and GENERAL ARNOLD.

Arn. Good evening, my old compatriot in arms !
I am here by Washington's request.

Chf. Com. I discover that you are here. [*Coldly.*

Arn. And by order of Congress.

Chf. Com. To act what part ?

Arn. The part your honor shall assign.

Chf. Com. Well remembered ; for I *assign*.

Arn. True, to assign is yours. To *accept* is mine ;
And only what with my name comports will
I accept as mine. What is my place ?

Chf. Com. Sir, I have well considered all your
claims ;

And though the storm that has between us raged
May now in silence pass, my word and will
In this agree, that, in the action of
To-morrow, you hold no commanding part.

Arn. I ask the cause.

Chf. Com. I dread your *rashness*.

Arn. So let it be ; but remember this, that
In solemn faith I call the stars of Heaven
To witness, that, if in to-morrow's doubtful
Struggle our Eagle's wings shall broken be,
And he to earth shall fall in humbled pride,
I from every blame am free ; for here
I am ready to act my utmost strength.

Chf. Com. You know my will and hear my words.
Repent I shall not.

Arn. Washington is insulted. No favor
Do I ask. Damnation is your desert.

Chf. Com. I know the wildness of your deeds. *Prudence*

Must now oppose our crafty foe ;
And since you have it not, to *yourself* I
Leave you. Here end my words.

[*Exit.*

Arn. Devils ! They are *real*. Into this breast
Of fire conspire to pour your awful pleasure ;
Jealousy my path obstructs ; envy my
Merits darkens. Hark ! a stroke of art I
See that yet most well may serve me. The hour
O let me wait ; let darkness on my counsel
Slumber until the moment dawns — then, then
Pour the wine-cup of a sweet revenge. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *Behmus Heights.* *An open place.*

An Officer.

Off. The sun comes forth in brightness ; but whether
Our Eagle falls with shattered pinions, or
Triumphant rises with his prey,
No fate-disclosing oracle makes us to know.
The sun, on whose face the mark of rage ne'er
Kindles, on many a cold brow his ray
Shall spread ere he westward sinks. The thick smoke
Of battle shall prevent his beam ; thousands,
Of life careless, shall face the flying deaths,
Thus in life's tragedy man's cheapness proving.
No October held so great a seventh !

Enter Chief Commander.

Chf. Com. Swift to your command.

Off. Loyal as the Mars I serve. What prospect ?

Chf. Com. The day shall be terrible.

Burgoyne is proud in hope ; his thousands, though
From yesterday's repulse forced to think more
Highly of our valor, are well-disciplined
Troops, sharing the power of their leader's

Heart and will. My plans are rightly laid ; I
Trust in their success.

Enter ARNOLD looking angrily and dejected.

Off. Welcome ! Terrible days ask terrible

Agents. What is *your* part ?

Arn. I have no part assigned me. The sword of
Quebec is dormant ! I am nothing.

Off. You shock me with surprise. I call it strange.

Arn. Nothing hence is strange. Were the golden
sun

To eastward set, or should gloomy midnight
Follow noon, I would call it order. Chaos
Is the law.

Chf. Com. Go hence to your command.

Off. Your pardon I implore. [*Exit.*

Arn. [*Aside.*] The stringent rules and technicals
of war

I now a bondage find. Where do you stay ?

Chf. Com. I remain in camp.

Arn. Leonidas stayed not behind. Burgoyne
Will head his troops. [*Walks to and fro excited.*

Chf. Com. My purpose no repentance knows.

Arn. Though Congress, Washington, country, man,
God,

Are all insulted ! Study well your words.

[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*

[*Aside.*] My voice to thousands *has been law.* Thou-
sands

Yonder know its breaks and echoes in the field,

[*Looks furious.*

Of carnage and of victory ; still their

Hearts would leap at its first loud tones.

[*To Chf.*] I love retirement. I will rest in thought.

Chf. Com. Then begone! [*Exit.*]

Thus will I keep the tiger chained. I know
The fury of his blood.

Enter COL. ARMSTRONG.

How is the battle?

Arm. Hot as torrid suns, fierce as panthers' screams,
Doubtful as a riddle.

Chf. Com. O responsibility! Thou hangest
On the warrior. I have chained the fierce
Spirit, nor shall he be loosed; this day is
Fate-laden.

Arm. Thus it seems.

Chf. Com. So many chances. Trifles shift the
course of fortune.

Arm. Nay, in war there are no trifles. Great doors
Oft on such small hinges swing. What spirit
Have you restrained? Spirits, methought, are free,
And mortals all beneath them.-

Chf. Com. Do you not understand?

Arm. Assuredly I do not. What may be your
meaning?

Chf. Com. I meant the furious Arnold, who rolls
Like a wheel of fire over every
Thing within his way. I have given him
No command.

Arm. A moment since I saw him. The winds I
Thought were not so free.

Chf. Com. Where? [*Surprised.*

[*Noise of battle is heard from a long distance.*

Arm. All unchained ——

Chf. Com. But where? [*Excited.*

Arm. Mounted on his steed. As the winds fly he
Rode, shouting to his horse, and shouting to
The air, whilst a sword he swung on high, which
Seemed to cut the sunbeam that danced upon
Its edge. 'T was surely he. I saw the dark
Rolling of his visual orbs; he it was,
Wearing the firm and desperate visage
Which before a battle is his wont.

Chf. Com. Lawless villain! Rash marauder!

Armstrong,

Fly! Order his return, lest his rashness
Ruin all my plan. Haste!

Arm. I go; but lightning should your courier be
To execute this bidding. [*Exit.*

Chf. Com. O that the earth,
Which to Korah and Abithan made her chasm,
Might open unto him! What next? His fierce
Ambition would Heaven face, would from each
Brow the sacred laurel tear, and trample
Down the dignities of honor. Few words
His sum do not express. *Once* I shielded
Him, and from mortal shafts of ire; *now* let
Him bear the whole result of all his deeds.
I dread, I hate, and yet I half esteem
Him. Who comes?

Enter a Messenger.

What tidings ?

Mess. Greek meets Greek.

Chf. Com. Then are we matched. But which
Greek, think you,

Will prove the better Greek ?

Mess. Ours, I hope — theirs, I fear.

Chf. Com. Your message ?

Mess. To speak the courage of our arms.

Chf. Com. Then speak. I long to hear.

Mess. When the battle in hours was young, I saw
A tall commander enter. His presence
Doubled the vigor of every nerve.
Where danger hovered most, I saw him go ;
Into smoke and blaze of arms I saw him
Plunge ; and the thunder of his voice terrific,
And sometimes joy-inspiring, was followed
By that quick obedience which always
Tells a strong reliance. [*Noise of battle continues.*

Chf. Com. The villain has no command.

Mess. Sir, the whole command is his. Wherever
He moves, his voice is law.

Chf. Com. He has no authority, I tell you.

Mess. A war-god speaking from the cloud never
had more.

Chf. Com. Begone. Send Armstrong hither.

[*Exit Mess.*

The sinner is obeyed, and honors flock
His head to crown.

SCENE IV.—*Saratoga. British Camp. Open place.*

Two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. The rebels will get their full of it ere they see the end of this affray. The English, God knows it, have *pluck*,—the men have pluck, and the women have pluck—and no strife ever ends without proofs of their pluck.

2d Gent. This war, if it end not in three months, will terminate in six. The result is evident. We have been a little wrong ourselves ; but it will end in six moons, with the provision that the taxes shall be one half, or nearly so, diminished ; that the king's colonies shall have representatives in Parliament, who shall be allowed to debate their interests against all who plead a high taxation. This will be about all, save a lesson of moderation to both parties.

1st Gent. The friendship between the two countries will at last be stronger, as none make such *lasting* friendships as they who have fought each other bravely. To-day closes the great victory of Burgoyne. To-morrow, Albany may be taken ; the next day, other principal towns, till the whole north, being subdued, Mr. Washington will forsake the rebels, and do penance for his evils.

2d Gent. These results are quite certain. In view of them, and of the beautiful and fertile fields of plenty that spread in boundless profusion, I have made arrangements to settle here as soon as the war ends in the results I have mentioned. Rodolph, your hand to the same purpose.

1st Gent. I have selected a site in Ohio, not far from that noble river, on which I will raise a stone building, and ornament it with gardens and trees. My wife writes me that she is elated with the prospect. I will meet you in Albany to-morrow at sunset.

2d Gent. When the city is ours.

1st Gent. Yes, then! You know! Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *Behmus Heights. In a tent. The grass verdant, and around it are trees of different kinds.*

Enter ARNOLD wounded, and supported by two officers, and attended by several officers and soldiers. Music is heard without, indicative of victory. Some weep as the blood rushes profusely from the wound.

Arn. I have done the rash deed! And thousands know it.

Now death is easy; Burgoyne is taken!

Enough, enough!

[*Shouts of applause.*]

1st Off. Make room!

[*He is seated.*]

Bind the fractured limb; victory is sweet,

But costly blood is e'er its price.

[*The surgeon dresses his wound.*]

2d Off. To the Highest give praise;

We are but instruments.

3d Off. He hath saved us. In great events, as in
The whirling orbs, His presence is most near;
Let then the solemn chant His providence
Repeat; our harps to victory be tuned;

To courage will we march ; whilst our full hearts shall
swell to joy.

Enter Chief Commander.

Chf. Com. Rejoicing tragedy !

1st Off. Yes, and yonder bleeds the hero without
Whom this joy had been our sadness.

4th Off. Let it so remain.

Orders have come from Washington. Here are
Epaullets. From France they came. Two pair to
Washington were given ; one pair now grace
His Excellency's shoulders ; and with these,
His orders say we shall our hero crown.
Take them, do his bidding.

1st Off. Most properly bestowed. [*Takes them.*

Chf. Com. Grace not the lawless. I will not see it.
[*Exit.*

Arn. Weakness is strength's reaction.

Oh, let me slumber ; and on a soldier's bosom.

[*He is removed a short distance, where he rests
on the ground ; reclining on an officer, he sleeps.*

1st Off. Lest noise his rest disturb, prepare him
solitude. [*Exeunt all save ARNOLD and the officer.*

*Enter the SORCERESS, silently, looking awhile
on vacancy, then turning her eyes to ARNOLD
sleeping : she starts back suddenly on seeing him
— silent — then advancing speaks.*

Sor. Thy horse beneath thee fell. Scarce saved by
fate

Thou breathest still.

Strange son of destinies, darkly winding

As the inward current of thy life ! For
What we destiny call, is but the bud
And blossom of our will, the coming out
In full expanse of what our *being* holds.
The darkness in thee no more my vision
Dims — I *see* the wondrous web, whose black threads
Must yet unravel. The future holds such
Swimming monsters in its deep, such giant
Meanings stride across its plain, that even
Their shadows are a terror. Its sky holds
Such thunder-bursting clouds, that the mountains
Tremble at their sight ; birds fly to their nests ;
Trees wave with wailing sighs. I *hear* its notes
In hollow-sounding echoes at my heart.
Beneath that manly daring, to which the stars
Pay homage, I see the coiled serpent ;
The Self, which too much angered shall bite with
Poisonous fangs, nor like his symbol dread,
Will he the fatal warning give.

Sol. Away, thou Spirit of midnight ; away !
Disturb not the hero in his slumber.

Sor. Hark ! My soul must speak.
The sun that set to-night, crimsoned the edge
Of blackest clouds : the first stars that eastward
Rose were set in red ; and the first winds that
Blew, so hollow sounded, rustling so fierce
Among the trees, they struck my nerves most wildly ;
The first bird which broke the forest silence
So sadly moaned, that I was summoned as by
Ministers of fate to this my night-walk ;
And trusting to the guidance of my light,

Whose rays none others see,
I was led to this lone place. The Greatest
Bids me speak. [*Fixing her eyes on ARNOLD intently.*
I saw thy star so brightly shine, that to
Shame it put the fair Arcturus. But on
Its splendor fell a mist, a hazy mist,
Which darken'd into blackness as the stars
Rode on : and from this dire eclipse it ne'er
Awoke till day was born. The sun came up,
Telling his world that night and stars are not.
And this my vision stood the test of light.
Terror shakes my truth-struck frame ! I had loved
The warrior's weal, else I less had cared.
From his early years his star I watched. I
Still his path will view till time relieves me
Of my burden. Glory gilds that proud externe ;
But oh ! when the inner mystery breaks,
Satan shall uplift his huge and cloudy
Brows, and breathe his fiery flames of joy
Athwart the gloomy realm.

Sol. Woman —

Sor. Speak not, lest I the fated curses here
Invoke. Hush, thou sinner. I am the daughter
Of midnight, of wild dreams ; the rain and hail
My temples beat ; the woods my shelter make ;
My league is with the powers invisible.
Think not that *I* obey.

[*Fixing her eyes on ARNOLD.*

When next I meet thee, the hidden cause shall
Dawn. Sleep, warrior, for thou wakest to
Sorrows.

[*Exit SORCERESS. ARNOLD awakes.*

Arn. What has pierced my slumbers ?

Off. Only a wild gypsy ; sleep.

Arn. I cannot. My dreams are horrid pictures.

[*He resumes his seat. The officer takes the epaulets.*]

Off. These tokens of your bravery accept.

Arn. From whom ?

Off. From Washington.

Arn. Noble gifts are these. Let them my shoulders grace.

[*Officer puts them on.*]

[*Enter a messenger with a letter, which he hands to ARNOLD. He opens and reads ; lifts his eyes with joy to heaven.*]

Off. What gracious news, my General ?

Arn. My rank is now adjusted ! Congress has
Leaped the wall of prejudice at last, to
Render justice. The king of every wish
Is now enthroned. Heal thou my bleeding flesh ;
This joy shall aid thee.

Off. Then is another victory come, not
Less than that which has Burgoyne eclipsed.

Arn. Ah ! such is man that great success his praise
Extorts, when mere defeat, with upright aims,
Might feed the venom rage, and sharp the teeth
Of malice. Then come, SUCCESS, and on me
Rest thy golden wings. Great battles yet remain,
With darkness on their issues. But if it
So occurs, that Freedom's tide, here starting,
Shall onward flow to eastern seas, my name
Shall ride upon its waves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *Philadelphia. A street.**Enter two Citizens.*

1st *Cit.* Our city free from foreign rule, let us rejoice; long has it been our enemies' fortress; *now* our possession is as quiet as though the war had been a pleasant joke.

2d *Cit.* Not so of New York, which is the centre of all their force. Sir Henry Clinton is proud of that position which connects him with the North River and its fortresses, and which is so favorable to the reception of foreign supplies, as likewise to that various movement on land and sea, north, south and west, which the sudden shifts and exigency might ask. War, like love and clouds, is always changing its aspect; and sudden shifts of policy often confuse the enemy and hasten his defeat.

1st *Cit.* But, in the name of the nine mysteries, why does Gen. Arnold take command of this city? He loves a *stirring* life, as the waters of a cataract love to leap. Why should this quiet, Quaker, thee-and-thou, brotherly-love community be *his* station? Hereafter I will send a panther to a Peace Convention; or, what is the same thing, the bird of Jove shall talk lamb and dove to all other birds.

2d *Cit.* You should know the reason, too serious to be laughed at. Since the battle of Saratoga he cannot ride on horse. He takes command here till his flesh mends, which, not being steel or pot-mettle, requires more time than Vulcan uses in righting fractures.

1st *Cit.* Very well.

2d Cit. That remains to be known. We have turbulent spirits here. North of 75° there's neither thunder, storm, nor earthquake, which multiply as you near the equator; so in this Philadelphian latitude, where the sun more hotly strikes our men and women, there's no impossibility preventing the offices of lightning when called for; if close friction strikes fire from ice, this *thee-and-thou* community can boil whenever the sub-furnaces are hot. What's the *first* proclamation?

1st Cit. That no goods shall be sold within the city for thirty days! This will win the love of merchants, speculators, and such as wish to buy their wedding dresses!

2d Cit. This alone will make enemies. His aim is good enough; it's necessary to know what goods are ours, and what are theirs; but let enemies spring up. He can *fight*, by Jupiter! music don't tremble till the strings are struck. [Exeunt.]

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. England is mighty! She is gray in craft, rich
 In years, proud in purse, honored in arms, great
 In foresight, terrible in will, prompt to act,
 Rome of all the seas, whilst *we* are young in
 Policy and arms: yet, as justice oft
 With lightning's force breaks through the strife, ruling
 The war of seeming chances, till all to law
 Conforms, as when the rain in globes descends;
 So Heaven's dice, so bravely cast, may
 Turn to our account. Then courage at my
 Heart! Since mine honors *now* do flourish, let
 Me live more princely. What house my head shall

Hold ? Not this, not that. Some honored floor my
Feet shall press, some honored walls my bed shall
Grace. Yon mansion, shaded by primeval
Trees, where dwelt the honored Penn, my home shall be.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. — *Same.* A room in PENN'S house.

ARNOLD. *A favorite officer reclines upon the
sofa, whom ARNOLD does not perceive.*

Arn. [*Alone.*] Her heart is mine. As morn the
o'ershadowed

Earth with joy relumes, her smile my sorrows
Dissipate ; and O, she is beautiful,
As though Truth her father, and Love her mother
Were. My home is now the golden sun, whence
I downward view life's darker phase. Misery,
My former visitant, I now forget
Thee, as the violet's blood within me
Courses. Oriana ! [*Pauses some moments.*]
All nature has joined her sweet influence
To make thee what thou art. I charge you thus,
Ye stars of Heaven, and you mild beauties
Of the earth ; for he who watches Pleiades,
Or sees the rainbows span the darkened Heaven,
Or into his bosom garners all that
Joys the eye, and all sweet sounds and odors
Springtime yields, is yet so scarce of symbol
He cannot name thee. Her family in rank
Exalted, in style the rose of admiration
Emulous — These tardy hours that are to
Me eternities, roll on ! I know

That ere to-morrow's sun shall know decline,
Her noble name is lost fore'er in mine.

Off. [*Rises and advances forward still unperceived.*]

General !

Arn. [*Turning toward him surprised.*] I would
That *thou* wert silence ; for this alone should
Hearken.

Off. To me so much the sweeter. It is then
The heart unfolds. General, your life is one
Precipitous whirl of change. But yesterday
You stood on the precipice of war ; now
On that of love ; to-morrow you will stand
On the precipice of matrimony,
And next day your path will open where yawns
Another. Look you onward ; ponder on
The many rocks. Ask their meaning.

Arn. And herein lies each thrilling joy. Leaping
Torrents, under a solar smile, yield us rainbows.

Off. Your change I noticed.
May it bring you lasting joy.

Enter ORIANA, a beautiful young lady.

Arn. [*To ORIANA.*] A thousand welcomes.
In Heaven the eternal stars are met,
That afar do send their palpitating
Light ; and in the ecstatic vision I
Long had stayed, but for a sweet remembrance
Of yet brighter orbs.

Ori. There comes my father.

Enter her Father.

You bless me with many honors.

Arn. [*To him.*] The war still prospers.

Fath. And still my holiest prayer is this,
That in the triumph of *British order*
This strife may end. England is our rightful
Master.

Arn. Your honesty I cannot doubt.

Ori. Still, my father, may not the mighty
Providence, that many kings have spoiled, be
Working now for good? England is so far
Away, how can she govern like ourselves.

Fath. England was *once* more near. Inches into
Leagues have lengthened.

Ori. Native as the breath I drew was my love
For England: but now I freely answer,
That against that love a greater rises
In my heart, so that, as in the silent
Strifes of our affections, the less to greater
Yields, I now desire that England may be
Happy in herself, and that, in freedom
Perfect from her control, we may teach th' world
That men and States *themselves may rule.*

Fath. My thoughts remain; no doubt the good
sceptre
That from ages has been honored, will rest
Again in peace o'er all our heads. Fortunes
New your hopeful heart would try;
So let it be;
But if to shame this cause be put, if to
Life-long vassalage England dooms the chiefs
Of this rebellion, a father's wiser
Love shall wall your safety in.

Arn. I have no words to strive :
 Away all difference ; unity is here.
 [*To Oriana.*] The air is balmy : I hear th' nightingale's
 Soft notes : let us away to nature.

Ori. Dearest father !

[*Exeunt* ARNOLD and ORIANA and the
 father at different sides.]

Off. New leaves, egad ! Marriage ties *are* ties ;
 and the General, in the glitter of style, so ties his heart
 and ears, that he must frequently receive royal endear-
 ment, hear praises of the king, condemnations of the
 radicals, and the devil knows what. Then, to equal
 his new friends, the General lives costly, falls beyond
 his depth in debt ; and, adding to these his original
 sins of temper and large airs, which are fast putting
 Ishmael's visage on many of the citizens, it will require
 a philosopher gifted with second sight to say where
 these qualities and events shall land him. For one I
 shall take the watch tower to see into what gulf these
 rivers run. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. — *Same.* A Street.

*Enter eight strong, rough-looking men, some of whom
 are citizens.*

1st Man. Away from the world's eyes let us dwell
 upon our purpose. I hate him as I do the greasy can-
 nibal. What say you, comrades ?

2d Man. The General's fame is not increasing. He
 has many enemies.

3d Man. He stopped the sale of goods for thirty days.
 This fool of power thrusts his fingers into trade. What

does this Indian-shooter and Burgoyne-smiter know about trade? Ha, ha, ha!

4th Man. He lives too costly. By Jupiter he's no patriot. Here, Tom, let us drink. [*He drinks and offers to his comrade.*] Down with every imposter, since we all are brave fellows.

5th Man. He apes the British nobles in his style; wherefore he has put to blush that modest gospel which lately whispered in our ears that men are *equals*. O that I could beat drum and blow trumpet through hell till I could raise to my banner a legion of devils who come to their sad pits by trying to be more than they ought; then the Gineral might read in their sooty eyebrows and dejected faces, what sorts o' kindred he invokes. To bring down high looks is to be like our Maker: whether by words, pistols, knives or hickory, it matters not, if each is knowing of his call.

6th Man. A drink. Tam O'Shanter, is my priest — ale, comrades! [*Drinks and gives to his comrades.*] He that knocks down a brave fellow must himself be brave; so drain the cup. Heigh ho! Comrades, I have a head, and there's that in it to which Socates and Zantip never quite attained. He who took Burgīne, was greater than Burgīne; d'ye see, Billy? else how should he a' taken him? So he that takes *the taker* of Burgīne, is greater than the two; d'ye see, Billy? I say a flogging on the street, and glory on our heads!

7th Man. True, brother, you are a great man. I rally to your banner. But who shall *first* assail him as he comes?
[*A long pause.*]

1st Man. I will strike ; then, comrades, thickly as devils scatter their poisonous seeds in goodly fields, swarm around me. The great folks will praise us.

2d Man. Then hold fast the secret : watch time and place,
That this our vengeance run its ample race.
Ale, ho ! drink, brothers, drink. [*Passes the cups.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. — *Same. A room in PENN'S house.*

ARNOLD and three Congressmen.

1st Cong. Much joy.

2d Cong. Much joy.

3d Cong. In matrimonial blisses deeply
Buried, trials, sad to other men, to
You must be as jokes.

Arn. I am not sure of this. How may I serve you ?

1st Cong. By listening to our mission.

Arn. Speak.

1st Cong. Before our venerable body appeared
The Council of our State.

Arn. For what ?

1st Cong. To prefer charges against your honor.

Arn. No one *having* honor has thus appeared.

This I swear.

1st Cong. These charges to a committee all referred,
They gave you full acquittal ;
But ere it had the sanction of our body,
The Council's prayer was granted, that months hence
A board of war your cause should try.

Arn. My cause !

The greatest curse is this *suspense*. My God !

SUSPICION is the murdering harm ; for

The imagination, unchained by facts, will

Revel in excess till all men's inward

Darkness is outward poured.

1st Cong. Debate is needless. The crisis hastens.

Arn. Let the crisis hasten, if you will ; let

The waves of madness whiten round me ; I

Will meet the terrors as they thicken.

2d Cong. Most dew *calm* nights absorb. Be patient.
Trust time, trust friends.

Arn. Friends ! I *know* this word. It *means* —
Friends, does it not ? Surely nothing else.

Enter a Messenger with dunning letters.

[He reads. Exit Messenger.]

Arn. *[Walks to and fro in restless feeling.]* Debts !
But life itself is all indebtedness ;
In this I rank with all.

Yet do not debts and devils some kindred

Hold ? They each with d begin, nor may their

Meanings differ to him whose purse grows lank

Upon his living. These day-ghosts, avant

Couriers of social breakings begin

To haunt my house. Two thousand this, at bank ;

Five hundred this ; one thousand this ; and more

Such visitants soon ! Congress yet withholds

My pay ; — some great loan, whilst my credit in

The upper walks remains, must now be made,

That bankruptcy, which more than crime eclipses

Men, be hidden from the world. Who comes ?

Enter ORIANA, wife of ARNOLD.

Ori. This day is beautiful. Nature seems so
Conscious of her Creator's joy.

*[He gives her his hand, but remains silent;
she suddenly perceives hidden emotions.*

What! so soon unhappy!

Arn. I said not I was unhappy. My thoughts,
Running in deeper channels than their wont,
Induced my silence.

Ori. I know that silence oft may nurse the soul's
Most precious thoughts; and oft the harbinger
Of storms, it broods upon the darker tempest
Of the heart. Are you well?

Arn. *[Commanding himself.]* Most perfectly well.
Another hour I will be robed in sunbeams by your side.
Now I covet solitude.

Ori. May it bring you happiness. *[Exit.*

Arn. *[Alone.]* *Two maelstroms* whirl in this new
Charybdis

Of mine evils. First and least, the noisy
Debtors that clamor for my purse; then comes
This new peril of mine honors, which now
To my farthest vision has a swell more
Mountainous than any I have known.

The council of a state.

My opponent becomes; and, though I their
Stratagems and schemes may yet to fragments
Break, still there is a danger. For to keep
The smile of mighty ones, policy dark
Windings takes; then prejudice may reign; then
Off me, like large autumn leaves, may fall mine

Honors, whilst the press that loudly trumpets all
Disgrace, shall sound my evil to the world.

What then? Let me think long nights away. I
See down an awful precipice, a deep
Abyss. Where terrors and solitudes their
Empires hold, there let me meditate.

What now? [*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Monsieur de la Luzerne, envoy from
France, asks your presence.

Arn. Invite him hither. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Envoy.

En. I am glad to see you.

Arn. And twice your gladness has your coming
caused,

So that like Gloster, I am bound to say,
“Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour’d upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.”*

En. Thank you. Thus would I prove, had I the
power

To act the sun upon your fortunes.

Arn. And this you have; therefore to you will I
Disclose my grief, which in iron secrecy
Should be held, for I speak what others know
Not. This war, on which my honors grew, has
Beggared my estate. My sacrifices
Have outnumbered all the Jewish rites; my
Wounds exhaust my body’s strength; my

* King Richard the Third. Act I: Scene I.

Services, like rivers till now have all
Disinterested flown ; and for my pains,
Ingratitude my countrymen possess.
Congress injustice does me ;
My pay withholds ; my foes assists ;
And Hell has built its furnaces so hotly
In the breast of my persecutors, that
Flames of malice rise continually.
In few, my private means are ruined. I
Must ask a loan equal to my debts, or
A profession leave which with poverty
Rewards me. Good envoy, my plan is this :
The king of France has much at stake, and greater
Still will have in this our country.
Conflicting issues must arise. His cause
Would be subverted were he to win the heart
Of a general high in rank — this, sir,
He may purchase by making loan to me
The sum I now desire. Your mind, envoy.

En. Easily this service I could render
But for this, — it would us both degrade. When
Envoys of foreign powers give or loan,
'Tis to make men creatures of him they serve ;
To corrupt, to buy ; to buy, and not secure.
It leaves no nobility of motive,
No generous freedom of the will, which
Is the marrow of manly actions. My
Mission allows no secret practice, no
Cabal ; only in the open course of duty
May I your cause subserve.
General, to resent the public acts

Of public bodies ; to strongly murmur
At persecutions, is not the better
Way. Still render to your country, service.
Make conscious innocence your full support.
Generously disregard the artifice
Of foes. Go right forward in the right. When
Few years shall pass, these temporal storms will
Disappear, leaving your *useful acts* to
Shine, like galaxies of stars in heaven.

Arn. [*Aside.*] Money I wanted, not advice. Dark-
ness

Cover the friendless earth, for man is foe
To man. [*To envoy.*] Then is the joy of our converse
Ended ; — for want is master to our heart.

SCENE IX. — *Same. A street.*

[*The eight assailants stand on a street which joins a larger street at right angles. ARNOLD walks on the larger street, with a gold-headed cane, wearing an overcoat. He walks a little lame.*

1st Ass. Courage, comrades, he 's on his way. I 'll pounce to jelly the first head whose owner quakes with fear or deserts his purpose.

2d Ass. Let me get a better position. Schwull, give place. [*He gets back of the rest ; another trembles.*] *I will bring up the rear in earnest.*

3d Ass. Blodell, you rascal ! I half believe you tremble.

2d Ass. No, by thunder, do I. I *am* brave. I faced a panther with only a forked stick, when I was but seven. [*Trembles.*] I'm a blood, depend on't.

1st Ass. Pass the cups, comrades. Drink fire, drink flames, till the blood dances, till it boils. [*They drink.*] Spelfil, I know that *you* are brave. Soft! he's within five rods. [*All silent. ARNOLD gets nearly opposite.*] Sally, comrades, seize the prince of devils.

[The first assailant strikes at him with his cane; ARNOLD wards off the blow, and knocks him down. The third from behind strikes him with a cane across the back, another on the side. Two others advance with canes in front. He knocks the canes out of their hands. The first gets up and throws a stone at him without hitting. The eighth assailant, coming up stealthily from behind, seizes hold of his cane to hold it, when three others cast him on the ground. He struggles with them; disengaging himself, rises without his staff.]

Arn. Assassins, cowards, dogs degenerate,
Prowling at night the unsuspecting way;
Wolves, made human only by your form; but
For my wounds in earnest battles given,
I to your gods had sent you. Law awaits
Your crimes; and into the jaws of the statute
I will see you thrust.

1st Ass. We defy the law. We are the law. Comrades, are we not Abraham's seed? "The soul that

sinneth, it shall die." Then take up stones, fellows ; throw the metals as Moses has commanded.

[ARNOLD *disappears* ; *they throw stones at him.*

2d Ass. I threw one that *hit*. I will lead you [*still trembles*] on to victory.

3d Ass. We have done him good, if it's good to be afflicted. Once more, comrades, to the breach. We'll try our hands again.

All. The law of might is always right ; [*Singing.*

We brave the highest sinner, O :

We stroll the night, with little light,

And make our cause the winner, O.

Satan's a knave, but he was brave

In the first beginning, ho !

In his flaming fire, there burns th' ire,

That wastes the stoutest sinner, ho !

On his fiery floor they dance it o'er,

The tune that we are singing, ho !

Take we his son, then, ev'ry one,

Around our ears is ringing, ho !

But in the cup let's courage sup,

Daring imps and demons, ho !

Setting right in the dark midnight

All the straying evils, ho !

1st Ass. Here flows the black river of our wrath.

[*Pouring out a blackish liquor from a flask.*

Comrades, swear by this your oaths to keep.

All. We swear, we swear.

[*Each drinks from the flask. Exeunt.*

SCENE X. — *Same. A room in Penn's House.*

ARNOLD and MRS. ARNOLD.

Arn. Each angry passion burns around us.

Oriana. What, husband, what! Your countenance affrights me.

Arn. Assassins fell upon me in the street,
Eight in number.

Ori. O Heaven, defend us! Where are they?

Arn. Prowling the streets, belching forth their
menace.

Ori. Help! Appeal to the State.

Arn. Appeal to ice for fire. Away the State.

A guard of twenty shall my person keep;

Men who loved and served me. Paper, pen, ink;

To Congress will I write.

[*Writes.*

Ori. Inhuman wretches.

When such fiendish deeps break up, methinks they

Mean great floods of ill. Kind Providence! my

Young, ambitious heart, of Thee must learn. If

Thou to a wheel of fire hast bound me, O

Give patience that I may with it roll.

[ARNOLD calls a servant. Sends his letter to
a friend in Congress.

*Enter a Messenger with three papers. Gives them
to MRS. ARNOLD.* [*Exit Mess.*

Arn. [*Rising from the table.*] But, dearest Oriana,
Suppress your tears. I can still longer with
The whirlwinds play. When but a boy, my dear,
I used to wind my tender form into

The massive water-wheel, swift whirling ; my
Mates, amazed, took fearful pleasure in
The sight, as swiftly rolling, and untouched
By fear, I broke the waters roughly. Now,
In destiny's greater wheel, let it roll
Its pleasure, so that our hearts are unsubdued.
God sends his agents through much fiery
Discipline, when high missions are intended.

[ORIANA hands him the three papers. *He reads them. In low tones he utters, —* “ More debts, more duns. Ahead bankruptcy lies, an open gulf.”

Ori. Methinks that evils lower upon us.

Arn. They are temporary. Be calm.

Ori. Have you planned your way in future ? I fear
What yet shall happen.

Arn. There is a current beneath a current,
And a wheel revolves a wheel within.

Ori. I know that something yet unuttered works
Within your mind. Your sleep is much disturbed.
You say, “ Assassins ! ” You utter menace ;
And the lonely walks and constant thinking
Which I have late observed ——

Arn. My dear, pray cease these fears.
Do you know John André ?

Ori. I know John André ? Yes. Humanity is
Honored in his virtues.

Arn. You still correspond ? *

Ori. We do. My familiar friend in former
Years, I much enjoy his letters.

* See note D.

Arn. Have you heard from him lately ?

Ori. But yesterday, from New York. Why ?

Arn. I ask one favor.

Ori. [*Surprised.*] Favor ! If there's aught where-
by your welfare

I may in any way subserve, call it

Duty, call it happiness. What is it ?

Arn. I will not name it now. Moments even
Are great in changes. Reply to André,
And before your letter to the post is
Given, show it me.

Ori. Most freely. Why, husband, do you think —

Arn. Not now. Ask me nothing.

Ori. [*Low.*] Mysterious ! [*Exit.*]

Enter Congressman.

Arn. And who have they chosen for my guard ?
The ruffians are desperate as robbers.

Cong. Your prayer is *refused*. You are referred
To the State for protection.

[*ARNOLD suppresses deep emotion.*]

Arn. The *Primitive State* ! My swords must be
sharpened.

[*Takes down two swords ; examines them ;
loads two pair of pistols ; puts a large knife
into his coat.*]

A strange refusal this. *The State* protects ?
Say to them *I appeal to the State*. How
Rests the question of my pay ?

Cong. Unsettled as before. It is hoped you
Will abate your claims.

Arn. When earth abates its being — not before.

*Enter a Messenger from WASHINGTON; he hands to him
a letter. He reads.*

Arn. The crisis hastens. This notifies me
Of my trial — it hastens. Morristown
Is the judgment-seat. I am ready.

Cong. Your enemies I see are formidable.

Arn. Else I would not meet them.

Cong. I will be your friend. [*Exit Cong.*

Arn. [*Alone.*] At Rome, the *individual* in the state
Was lost; but *I* am no Roman. 'T was *man*
That *made* the state, and is he less than it?
Nay, man is more, and *I* am man. Then God
His work may judge; yea, rule; yea, destroy.
On mountains' edges I long have stood, till
In my brain a thought is born. Oh! make this
Bosom marble, this heart all stone!
That no weak or vile contritions my purpose
E'er disturb. Thus far it is contingent, —
Ay, every whit contingent. No sin
Against heaven; but even were it, sins
Piled up in chains of mountain greatness,
Strike heaven with less offence.
Cordilleras, Himalayas
Of what the world condemns, must challenge some
Regard, since *creative will* alone can
Build them. If they harm mine honors, — if — if —
If they blast mine honors — let me not name
It to these echoing walls. [*His frame trembles.*

Enter ORIANA.

Ori. What mean these cold drops upon your temples,
This inward agitation ?

Arn. Not much.

[She wipes his brow with her handkerchief.

Ori. Oh ! that I could wipe away the *cause* !
Surely it becomes a wife to bear one half her husband's
sorrows.

Arn. *If it is anything*, 't is what thou couldst never
bear.

Ori. What ! not my half ? You know not
The hidden force of woman's heart — the heart
That's beating here.

Arn. No, not the *tithe*.

Ori. Mystery is fear. What is the *favor* —

Arn. Your letters to André let me seal.

Ori. Most cheerfully ; not only seal, but read.

Arn. *Only* to seal.

Ori. You make me laugh.

Arn. Laughter and I have sadly parted.

Ori. Try, then, this gentle art.

[Gives him the letter. Exit.

*[ARNOLD walks the room ; sits down to write ;
hand trembles ; rises.*

Arn. Arnold ! Wast thou e'er at Saratoga ?
Who art thou ? Stay, these loud whispers of my
Folly, for *if* they strike mine honors !

Oh ! *if* they do ! *[Seats himself.*

The hand disguise ; a name assume ; give words
A double sense ; let their literal import
Honest flow, but beneath this surface such
Meanings put, as wake a hell o' thoughts. Word

It as a merchant; propose risks, bargains,
Profits to Sir Henry's house. Gustavus
Is my name; *all* may trade. Are goods and vice
The same? *Thus if detected*, I rout them
In the plea. [Writes.

Enter SORCERESS unperceived; at a distance.

Sor. [*Low.*] The hidden cause, the stream of mid-
night,
The ray of hell, the wild untutored will,
Begin to flow. [*Loud.*] O ye innocent space,
To be thus profaned! Gustavus seeks his grave.
[Exit suddenly.

Arn. What voice was this? To this brain's action
does
Hell keep time? Beat on, beat on. Yet there is
[Writes.

Too much truth in these my nerves, more than in
My will. This y erase—too *natural*
It seems. [*Erases it; writes; opens her letter and en-
closes his own; seals it.*

Within these thoughts of crystal, I have put
This thought of *trade*. Compassed by truth, go thou;
Reach Sir Henry's house. [Exit.

SCENE XI. *A forest near his residence.*

[*The moon is obscured by clouds which dark-
en the larger part of the sky. Some star-lights
glimmer through openings in the clouds.*

ARNOLD.

Arn. How much this war on me depends! *I am*
The hinge on which the massive door doth swing.

If I might end so great a strife, England
 Her grateful eyes would lift — [*Hesitates, stops.*
 Great would be the change, and awful. Yet *revenge*
Is sweet. *O, if they do it*, let the earth
 Be plucked from its orbit ; let it be thrown
 Into the face of the burning sun ! Let noon
 Be darkness ! Let the stars be quenched, till this
 Universe has not a lamp to light it,
 Rather than this revenge live on unsated.
 The heavens, whose frowns the moon obscure, do
 Witness this my purpose. [*Low.*] My correspon-
 dence,
 My correspondence.* [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.—*Morristown.* A room in the house
 used as WASHINGTON'S Head Quarters:

[*Present the Board of War, the Council of
 Pennsylvania, WASHINGTON, ARNOLD, and
 other Officers.*

Wash. In the name of justice we are here ; here
 Its work to do. The light which truth on you
 Shall shed, *that* follow evermore. Justice
 Is the basis of His throne ;
 Nought else the test of time shall stand ; nought else
 With God can be accepted. Therefore let
 Justice, unmixed with prejudice or passion,
 All your counsels rule. Then shall harmony
 Be restored, and with united effort
 Our noble cause shall prosper.

* See Note F.

Pres. General ARNOLD stands accused of four offences.

1. He has transcended his command.
2. Harsh treatment to American citizens.
3. Using public wagons for private ends.

4. Giving permission to citizens of Pennsylvania to launch from our Philadelphian port, a vessel, whilst that port was held by England, thus clashing with an article of war. These charges were once discussed; and since our session, much evidence has become our pavement, so that we may now make true decision. Have the plaintiffs aught that's new?

1st Coun. Nothing further. Our proof is ample. We trust this leopard-spotted sinner, may
Now receive his recompense. Otherwise
Our confidence is lost, and with it dies
Our useful zeal.

Arn. I know that ye are sons of Mars, most stern
Of purpose. I know *you* need not be told
That *I* have on my country's altar bled.
My wounds are fresh; they speak, they cry. *You*
 know

My sacrifice has been ample as the waves,
Whilst the records of the past affirm, that
My conduct won the general praise. I
Stand upon my proofs.

Pres. Have you aught that's new?

Arn. Why add more water to the sea?

Pres. Impartial justice thus decrees:
From the first two charges the accused is clear.
Likewise of the other two, so far as

Touches criminal intent. But, as some Imprudence is implied, a reprimand We here impose, given by our chief commander.

[ARNOLD suppresses a deep emotion; the members of the Council are full of joy; others wear the expression of sadness. A deep silence is for several moments unbroken.

Washington. Our profession is the chastest of all. The shadow of a fault tarnishes our most brilliant actions. The least inadvertence may cause us to lose that public favor which is so hard to be gained. I reprimand you for having forgotten, that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have shown moderation towards our own citizens. Exhibit again those splendid qualities which have placed you in the rank of our most distinguished generals. As far as it shall lie in my power I will myself furnish you with opportunities for regaining the esteem you have formerly enjoyed.*

Pres. [To Arn.] What further do you say?

Arn. [With suppressed emotion.] I acquiesce.

[Silence continues.

1st Coun. Honored wisdom!

2d Coun. Righteous judgment!

3d Coun. Triumphant justice!

[Exeunt all save two witnesses.

1st Wit. Did you notice how General Arnold looked as he rose to receive the reprimand?

2d Wit. I did.

* This is literally the reprimand administered by Washington.

1st Wit. What did you think ?

2d Wit. I thought I never saw a greater struggle than that which he had with himself.

1st Wit. Did you notice the triumph that sat so visibly on the brows of the Council ?

2d Wit. Certainly I saw it : and though order has thoroughly prevailed in the administration of law, the deepest passions have burned in many a breast.

1st Wit. How will this new disgrace be borne ?

2d Wit. I cannot say. I think bravely ; for the general is very ambitious and will seek to cover this darkness by the brilliancy of new achievements.

1st Wit. This is reasonable ; and in time it may be seen that this fiery conflict is the parent of increased heroism. Thus let us hope. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Philadelphia. A room in Penn's house.*

ARNOLD.

Arn. [Alone.] Contingency is dead. Slander
now his

Deep mouth opens, giving to the wanton

Winds my late reproach. My friends are silent.

O Revenge ! gorge thine appetite. Drink blood

From the very heart till thou art drunken !

Name ? what is it ? a leaf, a shade ! Country ?

Ishmael's wild desert is *my* country.

Though fame outlives the angry storm, and shines

In glory when the wrath is gone, yet burn,

Thou deep Vesuvius ! To ashes burn

My lesser loves. Hark !

Enter an Officer.

My old companion in arms, welcome. I
Gladly see you. Where bound ?

Off. To camp, on business of war.

Arn. Say that I long to join them, heart and hand,
To fight new battles that eclipse the old.

Bespeak a place ; since foxes, bears, comets,
Fit place possess, why should not I ?

Off. To heroes there's no lack of place. Where
lies your choice ?

Arn. [*Affecting indifference.*] I scarcely know.
West Point perhaps might do as well.

Off. I will so speak to Washington.

Arn. So do. [*Exit Off.*

This, added to what my friend in Congress
Wrote, will quite secure the post. [*He advances to
the table, takes up a letter, opens, reads.*

“ More *intelligence* is now desired. Our firm is
fond of *enterprises, risks*, and great *speculations*. We
would buy out the *whole* stock of Gustavus to *increase
our own* : but not at present. Give us news. We
purchase when *your* stock is *much* increased.

“ JOHN ANDERSON.”

Grand disguise. [*Writes.*

“ Here's my answer. I soon take larger business, so
that I can *supply* your whole demand, selling you,
perhaps, my entire amount of goods. A meeting of
negotiation and *much ready* MONEY will be the chief
essentials.

[*Rising and looking all about.*] “ GUSTAVUS.”

The brain of one might generate its scheme,
But execution asks a friend, since one

Is powerless. O Wallenstein ! *Friends* came
Into thy council-chamber, and *thou* went
Out a *corpse*. Gustavus ! 't is thine to work
Alone, not letting the angel of thy
Bosom near thee, lest she breathe it in a dream.
[*Low.*] Slumber here, thou dark oracle ! The spirit
Of night brooding over the deep of souls,
Alone can know thee. Silence ! darkness !

SCENE II. — *West side of Hudson River.*

Enter WASHINGTON, LA FAYETTE, *Officers, Soldiers.*

Wash. The plan is understood. If Sir Henry
Clinton now leaves the city of New York
To stop the landing of the allied French
At Newport, we on the eastern side descend
And take the city. For this intent I
Lead my army across the river.

La Fay. Whatever lies in me and in these my
Bilious Frenchmen, is wholly at your service.

Wash. A lively campaign is setting in ; great
Need for *active* men.

Enter ARNOLD.

Welcome !

Arn. I am glad to join you. Like the eagle
Caged has my spirit pined. Now loosed, I try
My joyful element. Since summer is
Not of old verdures formed, nor trees in olden
Leaves arrayed, I would not be dressed in past
Achievement ; but, like each new-born day, would
Stand in new-born honors ;

So give me a place, that this eager hand
May turn off a deed eclipsing all that's
Done. What place does your Excellency assign?

Wash. Suiting your rank and ardent love of *active*
Life, I assign you my left division.

[*Turns about to converse with* LA FAYETTE.

ARNOLD'S *countenance falls.*

Off. This places you so near to Washington;
An honor I would covet.

Arn. My wounds are not respected.

Off. Does then your zeal abate?

Arn. No. It is quenchless.

Off. What place suits you?

Arn. West Point. I crave the Highlands.

Off. What! does their sublimity awe you?

Arn. Not that; I am no poet.

Off. Does their solitude attract?

Arn. I am neither a sage nor a hermit.

Off. Strange.

WASHINGTON.

Wash. My commander of the left division —

Arn. This honor I decline. My wounds declare
My inability to ride. I ask
West Point, the only place within your gift
Where I can well my country serve.

Wash. [*Looks for a time surprised.*] What house
will you occupy.

Arn. Robinson's. He having joined the British,
I will his dwelling consecrate to Liberty.

Wash. Go, then, to your place. The God of our cause
Be with you.

Arn. The mountain eagle shall be emblem to
My wish, and the river, seaward coursing,
My tendency shall speak ; for thus my soul,
Through the winding of each vicissitude,
Into public good shall flow. A word with you.

[To LA FAYETTE.

Have you spies in New York ?

La Fa. Several.

Arn. Giving to news a swifter speed, let it
Reach you through West Point, which, to facilitate,
Let me know their names.

La Fa. Sir, I am by honor bound.

Arn. I am ready for the Highlands.

Off. Men may be *high* in Lowlands and *low* in High-
lands. [*Exeunt* WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE ;
all but two soldiers.

Arn. True ; but high or low, to my place I go.

[*Exit.*

1st Sol. Tom, I am going into the mysteries.

2d Sol. Well, do. What is the soul ?

1st Sol. The *spirit*, of course.

2d Sol. No, the *mind* ; but never mind that. Did
you ever hear Washington *say* he loved his country ?

1st Sol. No, never. Did you ever hear him *speak*
of his sacrifices ?

2d Sol. Never, 'pon my life.

1st Sol. Did you ever know men of riches *show* their
purses ?

2d Sol. Never, by Jupiter ! Suthin' bottoms this.
What is it ? Hush ! I see the drift. Hush, Nat ;
don't spatter the dignities.

1st Sol. But, Tom, let your thoughts stir freely. I
for one shall keep a thinkin'.

SCENE III. — *Banks of the Hudson.*

Enter a Yankee and an Englishman.

Eng. Since Sir Rodney has joined us with his powerful fleet, since we hold New York so safely, and since the king is to send fresh thousands to our assistance, I judge that Jonathan will give up the ship at last.

Yan. I reckon otherwise. A cat thrown from the window, or the eaves, or from any other place, will make the somersets that put her on her feet by the time the bottom is reached. This, sir, is our genius. Drive us into whatever corner he can, whilst John Bull is applying his long *system*, we can *calculate* an escape. D'ye see?

Eng. Half true, by George! But your cause is treason; therefore must it fail.

Yan. It is true to *us*, therefore no treason. It's true to God, therefore no treason. You borrow your rule from the 'sumed right of your silly kings. You never come it over these Yankees. They *outsee* ye, and they *outact* ye, and they *turn round* quicker, and they *start* quicker, and they *aim* surer, and their brains beat twenty per cent. *faster* than an Englishman's. With half your force we'd contrive a certain victory.

Eng. Well, let us watch the issue; I will meet you in New York a few months hence, and if your cause prevails, I will help to bear your banners high in the air; if mine succeeds you shall assist in that city

to bear our signal, the great Lion. To this I agree, however mortifying it may be to bear rebellious colors.

Yank. Agreed. The Eagle and the Stars, versus the King o' beasts ! I'll give you a great flag to lift. I reckon you may reel under a weight of glory. Agreed, I say, agreed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Robinson's House in the Highlands.*

A room. ARNOLD is meditating.

Arn. To have the inward man and outward seeming
In such opposing states, much care requires,
Since the great contradiction works against
That free and onward utterance which nature
Holds her own. If angel or Satan be
Our central heart, 't were joy to act in union
With him, taking off restraint. Better be
Damned for tearing empires into pieces,
Than through unjust intent to filch the penny.
Sir Clinton's House must be addressed !

[*Sits himself by his table and writes. Enter ORIANA unperceived, remaining in a distant part of the room. He reads.*]

“ Mr. Anderson : My firm is greatly augmented ; having gained a location better fitted for great bargains, I am ready to capitulate. Much caution must be observed. I have no confidant. I will meet an agent from Sir Henry's house to settle the terms, but he must be well chosen, a man of my own mensuration. He must be fully authorized, and able to command the adequate sum of *ready money*. I insist that the person

who shall meet me within the American lines is Adjutant General John André. *In the night of September 20th*, I will send a person to Dobbs's Ferry or *on board the Vulture*, with a boat and flag of truce, whose honor and secrecy can be depended on. It will be necessary for him to be in disguise. And if there is no danger in passing your lines, you will be perfectly safe where I propose a meeting. *My part* shall be safely managed, as I am an old merchant, accustomed to deal in those transactions which require much skill and foresight. Yours in Commerce,

"GUSTAVUS."

[*He arises, and advances towards her.*]

Ori. Husband!

Arn. What would you?

Ori. The Court at Morristown.

Arn. What of it?

Ori. Why was their verdict there so harsh?
A friend has told me all. Husband, you were
Much dishonored.

Arn. True. And if the cause you seek to learn, in
This it lies inclosed: that *Pennsylvania*
Baggage wagons, mere trash to nobler minds,
In worth eclipsed *my name* and *rank*. But do
Not touch such fiery springs;
It wakes a passion yet unsated.

Ori. And what is your redress?

Arn. Still to love and serve my country.

Ori. Then a saint's grace is needed.

Arn. Yes, saint's, seasoned in the light of Heaven.

Ori. But victory the highest now awaits thee ;
To outlive our evils, to conquer them
With good, is triumph all divine.

Arn. Your words oppress me. Solitude is my
Sole relief.

Ori. Your pardon let me ask. [*Exit.*

Arn. Robinson in the Vulture waits. This bold
Letter shall be enclosed in mine to him ;
For no more her radiant friendship, like
Saturn's rings about their inner orb, shall
E'er infold my message. The crisis comes ;
This is my last. [*Seals and encloses it.*
Fly, dear riddle ! Go swift ! Not as comets,
Alarming as they run, go thou. Quiet
Be thy speed ; for fatal traps until they
Spring are more silent than brooks and trees. Go !
A nation's heart and soul, and blood and flesh,
Are in thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *New York. Room in Sir Henry Clinton's house.*

SIR HENRY CLINTON and ANDRÉ.

Clint. Sir Rodney with his mighty fleet our naval
Service strengthens. Could we but seize the forts
On all this Hudson range, our king's cause should
Double in its prospect. André, a great
Vicissitude opens on us. But mystery
In part doth veil it.

And. Then let us tear off the veil and calmly
See its face.

Clint. The unknown Gustavus ! All my wakeful
Hours are on him. To guess aright this riddle
Is of value to the king.

And. Truly.

Clint. Long time his messages appeared, pouring
Out such disaffection, and sending forth
Such fast intelligence of things about
The great revolt, that I know he stands most
Near the central wheels of its projected
Movements ; and since he asks with you, my agent,
To hold his conference, and this far up
The Hudson River, I have a more than
Dim conjecture of his rank. *Art* is his ;
Cunning, foresight, coolness, aspiration,
Secrecy, avarice, and strong resolve,
All which, through that silvered instrument whose
Powerful magic turns the hearts of men,
Are at my service. Sir, West Point once gained,
Makes me master of the ground, from which, in
Well concerted action, I will supplies
Cut off, derange the unitary efforts
Of Mister Washington ; facilitate
My intercourse with the great Canadian
Forces ; so that, with this advantage, I will
Break the vain republican bauble which
Floats upon their folly. André, will you
Meet Gustavus ?

And. I much *dislike* the task.

Clin. It is *my* request.

And. To serve my king I count no sacrifice.
Still I crave another task.

Clin. Obey my orders and you are safe.

And. What ?

Clin. In dress use no disguise. Meet Gustavus
In the Vulture. Enter not the enemy's lines.
Give money, give office, not sparing cost,
So that you win the grand surrender.
Accept no papers, and leave *no trace*
To meet the eye of WASHINGTON. Now the Vulture
seek.

And. My heart is in my mission.

Clin. Farewell ! God be with you. *[Exit.*

And. Since I found this dizzy whirl of war,
In which the early sorrows of an aching
Void were drowned, I have learned to hold in calm
Contempt the policy of life, which counts
Too closely each effect. As prophets on
Their inspiration rest, so I on impulse
Generous cast my lot. I will go this night.

Enter the SORCERESS.

Sor. *This night !*

And. *Who art thou ?*

Sor. "*This night !*" I heardst thou say it.

And. Whence this strange figure ? *What art thou ?*
To me your voice, though sounding strangely,
Has notes not wholly new.

Sor. I heardst thou say, "*This night !*"
Didst ever thou know Honora ?

And. Yes ; *[agitated]* I knew her.

Sor. Ha ! thou well may say it, for love of her,
Too deep to ask the mockery of words,

Had wrecked thy nature wholly,
So that a shattered tree by lightning riven
Had been thy symbol ;
But war its tumults brought thee. Let a day
Of calmness thy spirit bless, and Honora
Is still thy deepest fact.

And. Why comest thou here ? Sorceress, demon !

Sor. I heardst thou say, "*This night !*"
By this night's shadow, — by its stars, —
By Honora's image in thy heart, more perfect
Than the pictured moon on the sleeping sea,
I conjure thee to stay thy purpose.

And. Nay, as I love my king, I must go this night.
Oh ! invoke not her sacred image.

Sor. Show me, if thou durst,
What bearest thou so near thy heart !

And. Strange. My watch, woman.

Sor. Nearer still. Show me, if thou durst.

And. Never, never ! Thou knowest it not.

Sor. Honora's image ! Deny it not.
Eternity-remembered likeness ! Though
It shall perish with the life-organ that
Beats the tune of love in this your once thrice
Happy breast, the fact which each doth serve, shall
In thine higher powers outlive the stars,
Outbloom the violet, outshine the sun,
Outflow the rivers, and outbless the spring's
Sweet fragrance. By her sweet image, and by
The foresight that in me darts its glance of
Knowledge, I pray thee stay thy purpose.

And. Never ! I am loyal.

A star of glory gives its glimmering
Ray on what I now resolve. Let me to it.
I see the honors falling on my brow
Like showers of golden rain. My great task
In the Highlands once complete, my king is
Honored, and his cause is won. Honora's
Ears its fame shall hear.

Sor. Dangers, dangers !

Deep is the voice that bids me say it. This
Night thy choice undoes thee. Turn away thy
Purpose, and other stars, more thick, more bright,
Will constellate the sky that over thy
Future bends. Blackness your way attends if
Unto the Vulture.

And. Away, your words are chilling. [*Walks away.*]

Sor. Blind mortal, of prophecy bereft ! O
Thou who showerest on me these rays of
Light, that reflecting forward, all th' future
Show, turn to falsehood this presentiment
Of ill. Powers celestial, balm the air
He breathes when perils thicken,
And the dark angel strikes the chord that yields
Sad melody of death ; for rare it is
That spirits of more rare divinity
In mortal tenements lodge. But O *this*
Foul, unworthy task !

[*Exit.*]

And. Mystery yet has living voices.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. — *King's Ferry. Banks of the Hudson.*

Arn. Here I had hoped his Excellency to
Meet, whom with suite and La Fayette I would

Ferry o'er the stream ; for coincident
With his return, the great trap is sprung with
All its costly game. Ha ! There lies the Vulture !
In her the costly secrets dwell.

Enter WASHINGTON and Suite, and LA FAYETTE.

Wash. How prospers your command ?

Arn. [*Slightly agitated.*] All is safe and ready in
the Highlands.

My barge is waiting.

Wash. First I will eye that Vulture !

Why came she up so high.

[*He speaks in low tones to those around him.*

ARNOLD is excited by fear that his plot is suspected.

Arn. Surely I know not. Though vultures are fond
Of highlands, highlands fear not vultures.

The barge is ready.

La Fay. Where is Count de Guichen ? Since,
General,

You have correspondence with the enemy,
Please inform us.

Arn. [*Excited.*] Sir, I demand your meaning.

La Fa. I mean the free exchange of papers between
These hostile points.

Arn. I understand.

La Fa. That new achievement which shall your
Former deeds eclipse !

Arn. I know not the mysteries of your speech.
Perhaps it's but amusement you intend.

La Fa. That is all. [*ARNOLD suppresses emotion.*

Arn. *What day* does your Excellency return? [*To Washington.*]

Wash. The twenty-fourth. Say to Mrs. Arnold I then will breakfast with her.

[*Exeunt WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE.*]

Arn. [*Low.*] *Am I discovered?* Half I fear.
But accidents, like idiots, at times, look wise. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. — *Near Long Clove, on the Western Bank of the Hudson, at the foot of a mountain.*

Arn. The sun is down. Nor lingers twilight in
The lofty air, nor comes the fair Virgin
To light the earth with silver, nor
Come the stars in soft and varied radiance :
But here beneath the veiled ether, darkness
Reigns to sharp the mental vision. These rocks,
These shadows dense, the thickening wild-wood,
And this hovering silence, unbroken
Save by the low murmur of the tide, hold
Such sympathy of nature with our intent,
That *time* and *place* are agents with me.
The Etna of my deep revenge still burns
Beneath, and soon
From its top the smoke shall cloud the heaven,
And fire shall chase the sovereign stars. *My pay*
Is yet withholden. O sovereign Heaven,
By whom I am and hope to be, I praise
The plentitude of power, that unto
Me strong *heart* bestowed, the *pulse* that ne'er beat
Low, the *will* that never its hold relaxed,
The *mind* that ne'er repents its doing.
Caution is safety's angel.

The walker over dens of serpents, or
On the edges of the brink, must be *bold* ·
And *wise* together. I'll not near the Vulture ;
Him, I will bring to shore ; will *here* the plans
Complete, which of ponderous weights shall rid
Me. My oarsmen, ho ! Come, oarsmen.

Enter three Oarsmen.

Good oarsmen, good oarsmen, your country's weal
You much promote. Go bring him from the Vulture ;
He's filled with knowledge for our cause.

1st Oars. I am most heartily willing. My fellows
are full of doubts.

Arn. Doubt ! What means that, I pray ?

2d Oars. Why go in the night ?

Arn. The day will be too late.

3d Oars. The guard boats will take us up.

Arn. Say "*Congress*," and all is safe.

2d Oars. I slept none last night.

Arn. *Nor I.*

3d Oars. It's very dark.

Arn. It is never too dark to serve your country.

1st Oars. No, never.

2d Oars. Who's in the Vulture ? How much does
he know ?

Arn. Sirs, as oarsmen, I your service ask. Give
Me not advice.

2d Oars. *I will not go.*

3d Oars. *Nor I.*

Arn. *I am a MAJOR GENERAL !* This strange
Refusal proves your heart in hatred with

Our cause ; and lest this seed of bitterness
Into foulest treason grow, I will arrest
You now.

2d Oars. [*Alarmed.*] We will go, but give us a reward.

Arn. Take these persuasive letters. Muffle your
Oars — go gently. [*Exeunt Oarsmen.*]

A few moments, and he is here. No word
May reach an oarsman's ear, for words are knives
And swords and conflagrations. *Here* the shrubs
Grow thickly. [*Walks about.*] Well chosen! Ho!
ho! ho! ho!

Sounds drop to the earth as if my words were
Leaden weights. Well chosen ; ha, ha ! I will
Meditate. [*Sits down.*]

[*SORCERESS comes within a few rods.*]

Sor. Hour of hours !

Night of nights ! Sin is the sepulchre of
Brilliant parts ; and in the tomb it here hath
Hewn, no light of resurrection e'er shall dawn.
The cause of liberty is born above,
And vain is all this plot against it. I
Dreamed of one whose form was tall and stately ;
His eyes were dark ; and on him costly garments
Hung, outglittering far the sun. His sword
Was by him, and he stood a god admired.
But lo ! a darkness fell upon that sword ;
His face it veiled until he seemed an Ethiop
Born, when suddenly as light, rushing from
Her celestial throne, the gilded vestments
That did the sun outshine, into fragments

Broke and fell, till the bodily presence,
All disrobed, was dark as raven's wings.
Anon the ample folds of flesh, that now
All blackness was, began to drop away,
Whilst the trembling frame no moanings echoed,
As if by pride prevented. There standing,
A fleshless image, a ghastly skeleton
Of nerve and bone, a spectre deathly, his
Eye-balls flashing in their sockets, and from
His mouth an eager flame was burning, that
Spiralled round the bald and ebon sphere, from
Which the hair had all affrighted fallen.
Oppressive vision, that saw this proud heart
Abolished, and loathsome serpents crawling
In the hollow form, each entwining round
The other, till their complex positions
Plain letters formed, which before the gaze of
Earth and Heaven did spell that awful word
Which notes the grand offence of Hell's enthroned
Monarch. Till my dream had ceased he stood one
Cold and moveless statue of despair. Though
Seraphs in sweet voices should assure no
Harm, I still would feel the danger thrill. He's
Near! hark! But, ah! a thread shall break in this,
Your closely-woven web, that will your skill
Unravel. Oh! sweet Liberty, thou shalt not die.

[Exit, turning half round and uttering a wild scream. ARNOLD coming out of the thicket in surprise, looks around in silence, and returns to his place.]

Enter ANDRÉ and the Oarsmen.

1st Oars. I 'spose you know your own business. I see nobody here.

2d Oars. If we row ye to the Vulture this night, your stay must not be long.

And. [*Surprised.*] Be at ease ; sing songs, make merry your hearts till I return.

[*Looks for Gustavus in the thicket.*

1st Oars. This we did for public good and fifty pounds o' flour. What is public good ?

2d Oars. A good public, fool. No odds 'tween the two.

3d Oars. Anderson has an intelligent eye.

1st Oars. But how silent he was !

2d Oars. Aye, and full of meditation !

3d Oars. Let's go home. I've no faith for such night-service ; and its poor works where there's no faith.

2d Oars. Good night ! [*Exeunt.*

[*André still walks in the thicket.*

And. Gustavus ! [*Low.*]

Arn. [*Low.*] This way.

And. [*Approaches him.*] Is this Gustavus ?

Arn. I am he.

And. Where, sir, is your command ? The night is dark,

And neither voice nor visage tells me who you are.

Arn. I hold West Point.

And. Truly, truly. The time is short. What do you desire ?

Arn. I would make *allegiance* with my king.

And. ALLEGIANCE ! It is not a bad word.

Arn. Aye, and I have such revenge that I will

Not name it here. But soft! [Looks all about.
The oarsmen being gone —

And. What! am I not to return to-night?
I already too far have tempted danger!

Arn. No, the day is near, and long will be our
Parley on the matter. A vacant house,
And a horse to bear you, await us at th' dawn.
Speak freely.

[*ANDRÉ, turning round, discovers the Vulture apparently in flames. Both look at it, and at last discover that she is returning the fire just received from the Americans on the other side.*

And. Two points are now at rest, who Gustavus is,
And that to true allegiance he would come.
A third remains. [A pause; they look earnestly.

Arn. Aye, a third, which is more than half. Say
what.

And. The terms?

Arn. Truly, this is it.

And. What should be the offer of our gracious king?

Arn. Embracing what?

And. Yourself, West Point and all dependent posts.
Yourself, forever!

Arn. In other words, you ask a nation at
My hands. For surely as the sun in trueness
Rolls, the whole cause, so long with blood bedewed,
Is bounded by your asking.

And. What shall I name?

Arn. Stop! The vastness of this present theme your
Haste rebukes. Come, whilst the night is on us,
To the vacant house. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. — *Second floor in the house of Joshua H. Smith.*

[ARNOLD *leads the way. He lights a taper in the room below, directs ANDRÉ up a steep stairway to the chamber, holding his hand before the light so as to conceal his eyes from ANDRÉ. In this position he resumes.*

Arn. Let your offer with the grandeur of th' end
Accord. A nation won, a victory
Gained, a widening theatre of trade,
And power for ages yet to come—these,
Turning on a pivot in my control,
Challenge great sums of wealth and honors.

And. I own the greatness of the end. 'T was this
That brought me hither. But, sir, this question
Has its limits. Say what.

Arn. Too fast, too fast. Bethink you how great my
Sacrifice shall be ! In honor I am
Known through all the land. I am a pillar
Viewed ; and though some sad disputes have sown spots
Of darkness on my fame, yet it holds much
Sunlike splendor, which, the present clouds dispersed,
Might gild the heights of monumental towers
In time's forth-coming honors. Bid high, young
Noble, or silence keep.

And. These thoughts, though right for you, Gusta-
vus, are
Not the measure of my judgment. I act
Solely from the value to my king. And war
Makes lean his treasure.

Arn. My plan shall fill the royal treasure, ending
all expense.

And. What shall satisfy? The hours are swift.

Arn. Your blood is young. Be not so fast. I add,
The hazards I do run; for small mishap
Doth oft the weighty scheme o'erthrow, when care
Hath toiled and patient wrought; in which disaster,
The heated vengeance of united millions
Would on me fall.

And. True. It is fit that *you* should count the cost.
A fourth point appears. How may the king's force
The grounds perceive? the where to land? the where
To march? the where to strike?

Arn. Maps! maps! [Unrolls three papers.
My hand hath drawn them so exact and true,
That the ancient Jew, copying sacred
Scrolls, could not, in accuracy, be more
Minute. *This, the where to land, this the where
To march, this the where to strike.* And this I
Give, [a newspaper] showing the plotted disposition
Of my troops.

And. Wonderfully correct.

Arn. Aye, speaking my better skill in words, do
I not evince the perfect skill of ——

And. Treason!

Arn. [Angry.] Sir, are *you* an Englishman?

And. I glory in the name.

Arn. Then denominate this great revolt.

And. It is rebellion.

Arn. If you are an Englishman, this makes not
Half your vision. On the ruins of your
Mighty king, new government it rears.

And. It is a general Treason.

Arn. That treason *I betray* ; that treason, steeped
In crime, I here forsake. If a *general*
Treason, then am I a treason-*General* ?
I am the Prodigal homeward moving ;
So make merry and rejoice. To murder
Sucking babes, their brains dashing on the wall,
To dance the sighs and screams of dying souls,
To sunder time-hallowed ties and pile
Up burning heaps of orphan bodies, I
Well could do if need required. But this, this ——

And. Sir, once more I tell you,
And I do it reverently, proclaim
Your terms. A nation is your hearer.

Arn. He who thus a mighty work begins, his
Mind should cool, giving to fancy and to
Hotter blood the sterner checks of will. One
Mighty reason let me add. In the war
That shakes the nations now, I on your side
A double host would prove, knowing well
The secret springs, the lightning shifts, that mark
A Yankee's tact ; a knowledge this in which
Your ablest men are dolts.

And. Announce your terms. Patience is waning
fast.

Arn. Great wealth and honors should crown this
grand surrender.

And. [*Writes a sum and an office on a piece of paper,
passing it to him as a proposal.*] Will that suffice ?

Arn. [*Scorns the offer, dropping the paper at his
feet.*] Never. You forget that I am General Arnold.

And. [*Writes again, doubling the sum and naming the office of Major General in the British Army.*]

This is my highest sum. This refused, I
Leave you unrevealed, to fight against my king.

Arn. Hark! I heard a voice beneath. [*They listen.*]

And. A voice! What said it?

Arn. It hollowly sounded, CONSPIRATORS!

And. List! Methinks I hear.

Arn. It may be a freak of imagination. [*Reads.*]

A "Major General!" The doubled sum!

[*Pause. ANDRÉ looks indifferent and firm.*]

I — I — I — *accept*; then shall my revenge

Be a sea of nectar. Deliciously,

O deliciously will I drink it all.

The nation on whose altars I have served

And bled, is thine. Come, take it, thou brave young

Man, and on the crazy ruins of revolt

Plant the Lion's standard strong. To-morrow

Land your troops, take our stores, our ordnance,

And our men, our officers, whose presence

I will misdirect; take the Hudson all,

And each dependent post. All shall then be

Ready. To-morrow!

And. I am still in the American lines.

[*Expressive of fear.*]

Arn. Perhaps they may row you to the Vulture.

And. Perhaps! Is this my condition? My God,
How great have been my ventures!

Arn. Then across the river a friend shall guide
You; and via the White Plains on horse, you
May safely reach the city. Here is your

Pass. These maps that show the disposition
Of my troops, the strong redoubts, and all that
Victors need to know, put next your *sole* ; for
Sharp suspicion scarce will think, that men, on
Sacred matters, tread.

[*Takes off his boots and secretes them.*]

I must hie me to the Highlands. Here two
Nations met and bargained ; here two nations
Shake their friendly hands ; here two nations now
Do separate, again to meet in one
Firm unison forever. Adieu, till
We more joyful meet in the victorious
Highlands.

And. Adieu.

[*Exit* ARNOLD.]

Still insecure. If I have dangers tempted
Beyond the scope of counsels given, let
Me brave them wisely, hoping a work to
Do, that over my path may rise an arch
Triumphal, as I reënter London.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Tarrytown, east of the Hudson a few hundred yards.*

[*The road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill covered with trees and underbrush. Eight rods south of the brook, on the west side of the road, were hidden, WILLIAMS, PAULDING and VAN WERT, the captors of ANDRÉ.*]

Will. Here, neighbor, let us watch ; let us take
seats under this goodly tree, this old ash. Here we

can see spies and plunderers if they pass. The *cow boys* have driven many a fourfooter through these parts to the enemy ; and there have bin fellers through this pass, who with Merican faces had news and hearts with the Britishers. But let 'em try it *now*, [*priming their guns*] if they will.

Paul. Passing, we see him, and seeing, we hail him. Is 't best to hail each passing stranger ?

Van W. Yes, unless we know him ; for many dangerous bodies pass this way. If they 're good, they 'll thank us for it ; if bad, we gain our ends. So hail 'em one, so hail 'em all.

All. Hail all, all hail.

Will. As none are passing, let us try a hand at cards. We are good volunteers. Come, for a touch o' whist, old sledge, or poker — come, deal out, deal out.

Paul. [*Dealing.*] *Hearts* do trump.

Will. Who goes ? A footman. Ho ! fellow ; stand upon your life ! [*Presenting his gun.*] Can ye answer four questions, if asked upon your honor ?

Foot. I guess I can.

Will. Wal, whither bound ? What's your aim ? What name do ye sign ? "An' to *which party* do ye belong, hey ?

Foot. I'm bound to the White Plains. My name is Ned White. I go to get news for Major Talmage. My party is the American. Can you let a feller go, after he has told you the truth ? Pity if ye can't.

Will. Pass on. [*Exit Foot.*]

Paul. Hearts were trumps ; and the stranger, put to his trumps, proved honest-hearted.

Van W. There go three more ! [*They rise.*] Von Peters, Sterling, and Von Velt — true blue — pass on. Hearts trump ; and all are honest-hearted. But all 's confused. [*Deals again.*] Clubs ! dark card he.

Paul. There goes a gentleman. Stand, upon your life. [*Presenting his gun ; he comes near on horse.*]

And. Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party.

Paul. I suppose we do. What party ?

And. The lower party.

Paul. That 's it exactly.

And. I am an officer in Britain's cause ;
In the country I have been, on business
Important to our king. Detain me not
One moment. [*He takes out a costly gold watch.*]

Will. [*Low to his comrades.*] Good evidence ; for even Washington only fobs a silver turnip.

Van W. He is a Britisher.

Paul. Sir, we order you to dismount.

And. [*Dismounts.*] My God, anything I must do
to get along. [*Tries to laugh.*]

Beware how you detain me ! For General

Arnold I am agent ; to Dobbs's Ferry

I am bound. Here is his pass.

[*Hands PAULDING his pass.*]

Paul. [*Reads.*] Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.

B. ARNOLD, *Maj. Gen.*

This reads well ; but not a minute ago you said you

was a British officer ; and Arnold don't employ British officers to get news for him. Any two facts, sir, wherever you find 'em, will splice ; and unless you can join these, one to the other, which, I would risk a cask of John Barleycorn, lies not in your nice little brains to do, we will hold you in suspicion.

And. That I said merely to get along.

Paul. But you looked as honest then as you do now ; and since you stand 'tween two statements that your wits cannot join, we will examine your person. Take off your hat, coat and vest. [*He does so ; they search his pockets, turn inside out the binding in his [hat, find nothing to confirm suspicion.]* We find nothing bad yet ; perhaps, Mr. Anderson, you are a good fellow, tho'f you're honest, our search does you no harm, for gold never grew black by rubbing.

And. Gentlemen, you are wonderful searchers ; I admire your thoroughness. Let me go.

Will. I see no cause. [*He makes ready to depart.*

Van W. It may be he has got it in his boots.

Paul. Likenough.

And. Folly, gentlemen ; you must be satisfied. Why the bounds of reason pass ?

Will. Pull off your boots. We must be certain.

And. Why persist in troubling me ? Already has Your search been ample. The business that Forward urges me, is one that calls for Haste and speed. I cannot longer wait. .

Paul. Stranger, be seated. I will be your humble servant, even your bootjack, sir. [*Hauls it off, turns it bottom side up, thrusts his hand into it.*

And. Sir, an empty boot! Let me fill it.

Van W. I heard a rustlin' in the stocking.

Paul. Then pull off your nice gray stocking. It's long time since we backwoodsmen have seen a really white foot; come, if there's nothing at your sole, then your soul is free from fault. [*His countenance changes, with a shade of oppressive foreboding; he pulls it off and hands it to PAULDING, who turning it inside out lets fall three papers, at which all the captors seems surprised.*] Three papers! What a strange pocketbook, Mr. Anderson, is this. [*He picks them up and reads.*] All about West Point! Pull off the other. You're a patent right on the mail. [*He obeys, and PAULDING takes out three other papers.*] West Point agin. You carry more matter at your feet than many do at their heads. These papers have a meaning; and though I'm no philosopher, I *know* that you are a British spy.

Will. He's a spy.

Van W. And a Britisher. When d'ye see Arnold?

And. Gentlemen, I am in your power. But
Let me to your bosoms make appeal. To
You it matters little what I am. My
Precious freedom let me purchase, since I
Can do it after that generous and
Princely sort, that gladdens the heart of all
Good volunteers; for truly to me my
Liberty is more than money's worth.

Paul. What, sir, will you give for your release?

And. This noble horse that bore me hither; this
Bridle, saddle, watch, all which are many
Guineas worth.

Van W. Is this *all* you 'd give ?

And. I would give more.

Van W. Say what.

And. I would one hundred guineas add.

Paul. Your freedom is of great concern.

And. Truly is it.

Paul. What more ?

And. Any amount that you may name of goods
And money, to be sent as you desire.

What say you, good volunteers ?

Paul. I would not release you for ten thousand
guineas.

Will. Nor I.

Van W. Nor I.

Paul. Come, go with us to North-Castle. Colonel
Jameson will know the matter.

Van W. When d' ye see Arnold ?

Will. Did *he* write the whole on 't ?

And. Pray with questions do not importune me.
I am friendless and alone.

[*Aside.*] O, Sir Henry's sound advice ! Now I see
Its excellence too late, and only pray
The favoring angels of my unseen
Fate, to gather near ; for darkness walks before me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Robinson's House. A room.*

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. Deception is the warp and thread of being ;
The sky is fickle, the elements are
Traitors all. The spider plots his living

In deceit, and in the air the kingly
Birds, with cruel art, on weaker ones descend,
And gorge their appetite. Beasts and fish, to whom
Pertains some lordly sway, turn land and sea
Into a fitting stage for treacherous drama,
Whose plot the Almighty laid. Therefore do
I stand in Nature's centre, my foot feeling
Her heart-beat whilst I scheme.
Great fears do oft the great event forerun.
Oh 't is awfully nigh in failure or success.
But he is in the city safe ; and ere
This new-born sun shall throw his farewell beam
At eventide upon these mountains wild,
It shall see me well avenged, and newly
Robed in wealth and honors. If after all
My sleepless care, this plot shall fail, then sink
The stars that rule my fortune evermore.
Blot out their lustre from the sky.

Enter ORIANA, seating herself by the window.

Oriana, this day is lovely.

Ori. Was a lovelier e'er of autumn born ?
The sky so clear and softly blue, the sun
So fair, the river so calmly pure, these
Venerable mountains so full of aged
Gravity, and this teaching stillness of
All the Highland scenes, which with the sweet voice
Of the autumn bird so thrill my heart with
Nature's joy and holy eloquence, that
Methinks my conscious soul now beats in union
With the stars, and could chant their joyous hymn.

Oh, how I love the speech of all such cloudless
Openings of day ! Husband, see on yon
Beetling cliff the Eagle gazing on his
Shadow in the stream.

Arn. I saw him, and wished myself happy as he.

Ori. Why not as happy ? I am happier.

Arn. Ah, I tread the rough and stormy way of war.
All is so uncertain.

Ori. I know that war's dread tempests do blast
the rose

Of being, quenching that peaceful spirit
Through which nature seems an angel to us.
But when this war shall end, then, each autumn
Let us come, and taintless, taste the joy of
Nature, as she sends her rosy light to
Blush upon the hills. What say you ?

Arn. 'T is wild conjecture. We know not the births
Of time, no, not of *this day*.

Ori. This day ! what ?

Arn. I know not what. I hope more even than
thou.

Ori. Mysteries hover about you, like sunset
In the darker clouds.

Arn. "He maketh darkness his pavilion ; yea,
Thick darkness his covering." 'T is Godlike
Not to be wholly seen and read.

Ori. Washington and La Fayette breakfast with us.
Washington — [ARNOLD starts unconsciously.

Arn. Where is Washington ?

Ori. Not arrived yet.

[Servant apprises them breakfast is ready, With the two Aides-de-camp of WASHINGTON, they sit down to breakfast.]

Arn. Gentlemen, I dislike the French alliance.
It robs us of the glory ; and France is
Our old and crafty foe.

1st Aide, (who is Hamilton.) But assistance now
is needed ;
And to reject assistance when it comes,
Is pride we cannot cherish.

Ori. Surely La Fayette is noble. I much
Admire him.

Arn. Nearly as good as your friend André.

Ori. You know I am slow to see *his* equal ;
Yet I like the General.

[Enter a Messenger, handing ARNOLD a letter from COL. JAMESON, apprising him that ANDRÉ is taken, and that the papers found on his person are sent to GENERAL WASHINGTON. He is excited and agitated as he reads, but so controls himself as not to attract notice. He continues eating a while, then suddenly rises from the table.]

Arn. Gentlemen, over to West Point I am
Called most unexpectedly. My absence
You will then excuse ; soon I will return
To receive his Excellency General Washington.

[Leaves for MRS. ARNOLD'S room somewhat hastily.]
O, death and ruins ! André's taken ! My
Plan, so costly in its thought and care, is
Known, is brought into open day. Hell to

Infinity dilates. O, how short the sight
Of man, when trifles sport with all his schemes.

Cornelia ! *[Enter the servant girl.*

Go call your mistress quickly. *[Exeunt servant.*

Misery, O Misery, I am thy son forever.

[Enter MRS. ARNOLD.

Ori. What so shakes your frame ? You horrify me.

Arn. Oriana ! Prepare your spirit for
Terrors, aye, for terrors ! *[Embracing her.]* Angel
of innocence,

Your lot is darkened sadly.

Ori. Sweet Heaven, give strength to weakness.
Pray, what storms are raging in thee ? Tell me, what ?

Arn. Sweet Oriana, I love *thee* ever.
But thunder shall utter it, ages will
Repeat it, mountains and valleys shall echo
The cry, rolling like the strain of angry
Oceans, from myriads of souls, that I, your
Husband, am guilty of what the whole world
Adjudgets TREASON !

Ori. God have mercy on us !

[Partly swoons away.

Arn. André, your good and much-remembered
friend,
With all my papers trusted, *is taken*,
And through the rigorous rules of war, I
Fear will hang upon a gibbet.

Ori. Earth and heaven and sea are each of ire
Bereft, to have rained such horrors on us.
What more shall yet in thunder burst upon us ?
Tell me. I will drink thy cup of misery

To its last dregs, its awful, bitter dregs,
Trusting in Thee, Great Father-King above.

Arn. Let none for hours your face behold, lest in
Your storm of grief they read the horrid tale.
Oriana, dear Oriana,
Your heart prepare ! *My life, my all* on a few
Brief hours depend, if in the doubtful play
Of chances I shall reach the Vulture. Kiss
For me the cherub child, and to you, in
The stern necessity that rules, I say
Farewell, perhaps, forever. [*Embraces her.*] [*Exit.*
[*She falls senseless.*

[*Exeunt Aides-de-camp from another part of the house.*

SCENE III. — *Another room in Robinson's house.*

Enter GENERAL WASHINGTON, *1st Aide-de-camp and*
Suite.

Wash. Where is General Arnold ?

1st Aide. Sudden as the call that summoned him, was
His departure ; but from West Point, whence came
The call, he soon returns to greet you.

Wash. I know the skill and great despatch with
which

He executes. I am glad he is gone
Before us ; let us follow, and meet him
There. Among these mountains, on a morn so
Still, the salute of cannon by which we
Shall be greeted, will be a noble welcome.

So far as I have noticed, order in

All the works prevails. [*Exeunt all save 1st Aide.*

1st Aide. [*Alone.*] We have reached the crisis of affairs, in

Which solicitude grows doubly anxious,

And expectation decisive answer waits.

A few more battles turn the scale.

[*Enter a Messenger, with papers and two letters in the form of a sealed package, directed to WASHINGTON. Aide receives, opens, and reads. Exit Messenger. He first reads the six papers.*

This on West Point! Also this, and this, this,

This. To the unacquainted, or as hints

To some new commandant, these might be good

And useful. But what do they mean? Why send

Such scraps to Washington? Him they cannot

Teach. Perhaps these letters may explain.

[*Reads first JAMESON'S letter, stating that these papers were found in the stockings of a British soldier on his way to New York. He next reads ANDRE'S letter to GEN. WASHINGTON.*

Is this a phantom? It is real. I

Will my words refrain, though I have tidings,

That once expressed, will through all the nation

Fly, turning millions of earnest hearts to

Burning altars of avenging wrath. I

Wait the return of Washington.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *A place near the river.*

Wash. Surely there is some mistake. I met not General Arnold; nor has he these two

Days been seen about the fortress. Perhaps
He is at home.

[*Enter HAMILTON, 1st Aide, hastily ; beckons
WASHINGTON away from the company, and
speaks to him in low and hasty tones.*

Ham. I hold important news.

Wash. Has General Arnold returned ?

Ham. He has not ; pray look at what I hold. These
Six papers were sent to you.

Wash. [Reads.] 1. " Artillery Orders, showing
how each corps shall dispose of itself in case of alarm.
2. An estimate of forces at West Point and its depend-
encies. 3. An estimate of the number of men requisite
to man the works. 4. A return of the ordnance in the
different forts, redoubts and batteries. 5. Remarks on
West Point. 6. A report of a council of war lately
held at Head Quarters " — What ! I sent this to Gen.
Arnold a few days since. [*HAMILTON now offers him
JAMESON'S letter.*] " These papers were taken from
the stockings of a man calling himself Anderson, on his
way to New York." [*HAMILTON hands him the pass.*]
" Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass to the White
Plains." [*HAMILTON now hands him ANDRÉ'S letter.*]
" It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to
solicit security. The person in your possession is
Major John André, Adjutant-General to the British
Army." [*He beckons aside LA FAYETTE and KNOX.*]

[*Exeunt all but these two, WASHINGTON and
HAMILTON.*

The case is plain. General Arnold has

Deserted to the enemy ! Whom can
We trust now General Arnold has failed
Us ? [*A pause.*] He is rowing to the Vulture. Go,
Hamilton, arrest his onward course. At
Verplank's arrest him. No violence of
Treatment let the citizens bestow. Bring
Him safely hither, that JUSTICE may its
Power impress on all who see his fate.

Ham. Swiftly as winds obey their Lord, I thy
Word will execute. [*Exit.*]

Wash. The whole forces in instant readiness
Must now be put ; for no one knows the wideness
Of the plot ; and assault may be intended.
Nothing can now surprise us. His warm zeal
This post to gain, now has explanation.
I offered him a noble place, a place
In nearness to myself, the command of
The left division ; and though to action
Lively had his every impulse led,
And prospects pointed on to stirring times,
He sighed and plead for this quiet post.

La Fay. A hidden demon is disclosed. At this
Hellish deed, his brains these many months have
Beaten. He asked my spies to know, and when
Of Guichen I had spoken, conscious of
His guilt, I saw him blush and roll his guilty
Eyes. When you eyed the Vulture in low tones
Speaking, he was suspicious and uneasy,
Which now appears the fearful twinges of
His guilt. O for a gallows high heaven
To touch, that on it might hang the plotting

Villain, for ages blackening in th' sun,
The rebuke and terror of all imposture.

Wash. My trust is in the Highest ;
Though men may treacherous prove, plotting death
Upon their allies, the unseen Worker
Shall their aims despoil. Thy gracious hand, O
Providence, hath radiant wrought. What now ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. I see the Major André when delivered, and will yer Excellency believe it, the captors o' the fellow brought him to North-Castle, showed the writins they had tuk from his stockins to Col. Jameson, all in Arnol's handwritin', ye see ; an' stid of keepin' it all a secret from the traitor, the Colonel, believin' it all a plan of the British to break up a 'Merican Ginerall, sent the papers to yer Excellency, and ordered a letter and Anderson to Robinson's house, so that had it not a bin for Major Talmadge, who plead up that Arnol' possibly *might* be a rogue, and got the pris'ner sent to Salem, both the spirators had gone to the Vulter. But *he's* safe kep below.

Wash. Go quickly ; to the Highlands the prisoner
Bring. Under a strong guard conduct him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A room in Robinson's house.*

Enter ORIANA, frantic with excitement.

Ori. Who can tell my earthly doom ? The future,
That to others is a summer's green, to
Me is arched with darkness. O for one ray
Of hopeful light.

Enter WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE.

Wash. I am glad to meet you.

La Fay. I am happy to see you.

Ori. But spare, O spare my guiltless child.

Wash. God bless the child. God succor thee.

Ori. Your cruel plots are on us laid. For me
No prayer I offer ; but spare, in mercy
Spare my guiltless child. It cannot know its
Father's wrong. [*Weeps aloud.*

Wash. We are still your friends. Some recent grief
your
Reason harms. Be quiet and assured.

Ori. Sweet Heaven, can you yet give light and solace
To unprotected ones ? Is there one ray
Of joy in all your stars for me ? Then come
Now to the heart which love hath torn, and sorrow
Darkened. It comes not. [*Weeps.*] Shame me not,
Nor strive to tear me from him ; for I loved him in
His glory, I loved him in his fiery
Trial, and I will love him evermore.
The whole earth may hiss and frown, burying
His name in infamy's dark vaults forever,
Yet will I love my warrior husband. [*Exit.*

[*Exeunt WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE.*

Enter ANDRÉ and two Guards.

And. What house is this ?

1st Guard. It is Robinson's house, occupied till recently by General Arnold, who, being born under an unknown star, named Narrow Escape, got to the Vulture and thence to New York, where he is hand in

glove with his country's enemies. Could we catch him, a Board of War would soon render a verdict, whose execution would send him near to the king he serves, I guess.

And. I would see His Excellency, General Washington.

2d Guard. This I learn will not be granted.

And. Then I have cause for much regret.

Pray, what obstacle should prevent?

2d Guard. I know no reason. I only know the fact.

And. Misfortune and not guilt has brought me here. All I did was but to serve my king, and win That glory in achievement, which in a Warrior's eyes eclipses midday suns And all the troops of autumn stars. But I Am now a prisoner, to my fate submissive ; And though my life for many years should last, This rare kindness from those my foes in war, Which has breathed like vernal zephyrs On my heart, shall always live in memory. Your obedient servant.

Enter an Officer.

Off. I hope I see you well.

And. Very well. I hope before long to join my friends in the lower country. What do you think will be my fate?

Off. I know not, the Board of War must answer. Not unjust, I hope.

And. I trust I will soon be free.

Off. Many questions will be asked you.

And. Of myself, sir, I am most free to speak.
Of *others*, most reserved.

Off. Came you from the Vulture under the sanction
of a flag?

And. Surely not; else I might have so returned.

Off. Were these papers found upon your person?

And. Yes, by my captors.

Off. Did General Arnold ——

And. I cannot answer. Of myself alone
I freely speak.

Off. [*To the guards.*] Presently you will conduct
the prisoner to the Board of War. Is Major André
ready?

And. To answer for all his conduct.

[*Enter ORIANA, who offers her hand to ANDRÉ. After a few moments of silence, she utters low moans of grief, her eyes covered with a handkerchief, and without uttering a word leaves the room. He turns aside and weeps.*

I saw her at the Meschianza,* when
In youthful prime, her life was set in rainbows;
Her spirit buoyant as the eagle's wing,
Her hopes fresh as fountains ever flowing,
Her beauty like the evening star, ruling
The eye of all observers, she forward
Looked, shedding on future time the baptism
Of her spirit. From life to death, from height
To depth, the vision now is changed; and I
Am here the child of Fate.

* A festival held at her father's, in Philadelphia, in honor of
Lord Howe.

1st Guard. Is Major André ready to appear before his judges ?

And. Yes, and without the least disguise. The book Of fate no passages contains that André Fears to read.

[*Exeunt ANDRÉ and Guards.*

Enter two Officers.

Off. Arnold, the base traitor, the incarnate Devil, to Washington has written. First *He fathers all the guilt* of this detested Treason. Second, he threatens, if André's Blood is spilled, to cruelly revenge it On all who fall within his power. Third, He states that André landed with a flag — A flag of truce. Fourth, he *resigns* his office In the army ; and, fifth, declares his wife an Angel, of his devices ignorant.

2d Off. He meets reward. I have heard the voice of Mighty waters echoing down the vale ; I have listened to the thunder as it Rocked the hills together ; but louder are The peals of wrath bursting on the traitor.

1st Off. Millions are thirsting for his blood. A plan Is laid to get him ; then André may be freed.

2d Off. Heaven speed it. An example must be Made. Death, the grim persuader, must speak in Terrors to the false.

O that the dark-eyed traitor might a trumpet Be to the mouth of death, that justice may Pierce the world with its echo.

1st Off. Clinton still hopes to save his Adjutant.

2d Off. The majesty of law is as the gods. One fate it deals to every spy.

SCENE VI. — *New York. A room in Sir Henry Clinton's house.*

Clint. When will they liberate my Adjutant?

Arn. Quite soon, I am assured. They will awhile Retain him, say one month or so, that they May some thought of dignity sustain, or great Prizes gain for his release.

Clint. Sir, I cannot lose this priceless man. Three Have I deputed, with evidence amply Armed, to go and prove his innocence. What May we further do?

Arn. I have threatened Washington. I have Fathered all the wrong. André, sir, will be released.

Clint. Sir, it is due yourself to say your name Is roughly handled.

Arn. My name? For what?

Clint. You returned not André to the Vulture.

Arn. Then accuse the stubborn oarsmen.

Clint. Oh my noble Adjutant! His like I Ne'er shall see. Let me hope in his release.

SCENE VII. — *Tappan. A room in the prison.*

[*He is dressed in the full uniform of a British Officer.*]

And. A prisoner of hope with fate content,
I await the verdict; knowing well
That bravery of heart and conscious right
Were ne'er subdued. But for slip'ry accident,
I had here a conquerer been; yet to
Him who knoweth all, does chance pertain? Nay,

He knoweth all. Mother, sister, Honora, [Weeps.
Over the sea! Who comes?

Enter an Officer and several others.

I hope, gentlemen, I see you well. No
Doubt you come to announce the verdict.

Off. This is my solemn mission. [*Looking sadly.*

And. Proceed.

Off. It is decided that MAJOR ANDRÉ is a spy; and
that as such he ought to suffer death. [*A deep silence.*

And. [*Very serene.*] I am ready, gentlemen, at any
moment.

Enter ANDRÉ'S servant, who bursts into tears.

Leave me, until you can more manly seem.

[*Exit Servant, weeping.*

Still, there yet a choice remains. Washington

In clemency of heart will this confer,

That I may die a soldier's death, and not

As some felonious outlaw upon

A gallows perish. To die I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *Tappan. An open place.*

[*A large procession is heard advancing. Officers of the highest ranks present. Music is heard at a distance—a solemn death-march is played.*

Enter two Officers, a Colonel, and a Major.

Maj. There is the spot where André dies. Since no
One knows how far the treason spreads, 't is meet
To hear death's silent oratory.

Col. Aye, death must speak.

Maj. Arnold cannot be caught. All means have failed.

Col. So André dies.

Maj. Because a spy.

I own his fine nobility of parts ;

His soul ingenuous ;

His good address and aspiration high ;

Yet a want of foresight,

And less independency of will than

To greatness is accustomed, gently mark

Him premature, unskilled to deal in policy

Profound. [*Pointing to the sun.*] Heaven's glowing
Eye, which alike beholds the bloom of beauty and the
death

Of kings, witnesses a deed which ages

Shall remember.

[Music near. Procession passes along the stage ; ANDRÉ in front, between two officers arm in arm. They pause. ANDRÉ stands alone. He suddenly looks up and discovers a gallows, and starts back.]

And. What ! Am I to perish on a gibbet ?

I am a soldier. How then a felon

Doomed ? As a soldier let me die.

[There is no reply : a deep solemnity and silence follow. Many weep for the sufferer. He looks confused ; rolls over a stone before him with his foot ; chokes somewhat in attempting to speak. Collects himself and says :

It is but a momentary pang. I

Will submit.

[His servant stands near, holding his clothes.]

Maj. Has Major André aught to say ?

And. I have this to say,
My fate I do not mourn ; for the Heaven
Whose light is on us, bears witness to my
Honor. Officers, whose tears and kindness
Warm my bosom in this shade of death, farewell
Forever. [*He bows — they bow, taking off their hats.*
Soldiers, whose valor moistens this fatal
Hour, farewell forever.

[*Bows to them — they return the courtesy,
taking off their hats. Bids adieu to his servant.*

Thou green earth, whose sunblest bosom I have
Joyful trodden, which to me beautiful
Was and holy, farewell forever !
And ye nightly stars and various clouds,
Which from childish years I have watched entranced,
Farewell forever !
Weep not. For in Hope's sublimity there
Lives a voice which tells me
That soon mine eyes to a universe of
Brighter stars and fairer suns shall open,
Of sweeter flowers and fresher rainbows
Than e'er in temporal earth and heavens were set.

[*Takes a likeness from his bosom, looks at it
with intense interest, then replaces it.*

Honora ! [*Low.*]

[*The gallows is pushed backward so that a
part is seen by the audience. He takes out two
large white handkerchiefs from his pockets, gives
one to the Provost Marshal, who loosely pinions
his arms. ANDRE' takes off his hat and stock,
and with the other bandages his own eyes. He
lifts the bandage.*

I pray you to bear me witness, that I
As a brave man die.

[*Mounts the scaffold, puts the rope around his neck unassisted by the executioner. He falls and expires. Officers, soldiers, and others weep.*

Maj. Still André's death is glory given,
Since all the hatred toward the traitor burns ;
And sympathy shall fondly linger on
His virtues. Pilgrims shall hither come.

[*His coffin is borne along the stage.*

Strangers on this grave shall weep,
And on the Highland Treason think, whose dark
And selfish plottings brought him here.

[*The procession returns.*

SCENE IX. — *New York. A room in Sir Henry Clinton's house.*

ARNOLD, alone.

Arn. If to revenge, disappointment her swift
Addition makes, the compound is despair.
He who tumbles down some craggy height, his
Life forsakes ; or if he lives, the dizzy
Senses make him conscious of a floating
World. So he who headlong dashes from his
Lofty scheme is much confused. Beneath
The courteous show, I see a vengeance
Lurks. Thus the whelming tide of love to him
A maelstrom proves to me, to whom no remedy
Belongs save to drown their murmur with greater
Noise.

Enter SIR H. CLINTON, and several officers.

[The officers carry an expression of disdain to ARNOLD.]

Clint. What news about my Adjutant ?

Arn. I have assurance of his release.

Clint. Joyful. Heaven grant it.

Arn. His blood will not be spilled.

Clint. Somehow they charge you with his fate.

Arn. André erred in saying he was a British officer. Had he shown my pass, calling himself American, he had gone forward unharmed ; or if they had taken him to the British camp, his friends had saved him. You did not send my equal.

Clint. For such business I did not your equal Have ! But I send you into the war.

Arn. Good. I would the hours were battles.

Clint. But this restriction on you rests. Nothing Execute without two others asking.

Arn. I ask my pay. [*Excited.*]

Clint. For what ?

Arn. For my allegiance.

Clint. Six thousand pounds I here count out.

[He counts and ARNOLD pockets the guineas.]

1st Off. Who was it that pleased the Jews for thirty pieces of silver ?

2d Off. I know not. Did he not go to his own place ?

1st Off. He was a loving man.

2d Off. He broke his own neck.

1st Off. But who loved Cæsar ?

2d Off. "Brutus is an honorable man."

3d Off. Who was Wallenstein ?

1st Off. Wallenstein ? Who was Cataline ?

2d Off. Who broke the concord in the blissful Heaven ?

Arn. [*Cries*] Order ! I say, order !

1st Off. Hebrews call him Satan, Greeks, Diaboles, Romans, Diabolus, and Frenchmen politely say, *Diabie*, whilst Persians call him Ahriman, who, spelling his name backwards, inverting each letter, signify his topsy-turvy operations. But, pshaw for the name, so long as his character makes him the first Traitor and the Father of all Treason. Traitors are not orphans yet.

Clint. Gentlemen, an expedition awaits us ; who, with Col. Arnold, your leader, will go to conquer stubborn rebels ? [*All leave, bowing disdainfully.*

Enter ANDRÉ'S Servant, bearing his master's letter and baggage.

Good fellow, where is your master ?

[*Servant bursts into tears.*

Clint. What ! What harms your master André ? When does he visit us ? soon, of course.

Serv. Never !

[*Attempts to speak, but cannot. Hands SIR H. CLINTON the letter. He reads a few lines ; weeps over the intelligence given.*

Clint. Enough. The tale is told. André they have Executed. The noblest ornament of English blood Has to ruthless usage fallen. We mourn his fate, Making the deep silence his fitting eulogy.

[*Exit CLINTON and Servant, the former apparently indignant at ARNOLD.*

Arn. The lightning gathers.

Burst, then, with mad effulgence ! A fool might Ask a refuge or a friend, not I. Let

The whole earth my enemy become ; turn
To blackness every smiling face ;
My bravery shall be to front the terrors
Of their wrath ; for in my bosom there's one
Promethean spark from which to live. I
Claim not virtue ; yet my basis shall be
Inward, for *I have will* on which to rest.
My sword and war !

[*Draws his sword ; makes various evolutions
with it in the air.*]

Sanguinary steel, thy history rebukes me.
I'll bury thee out of my sight, [*Throws it away.*
For thou speakest of Saratoga. [*Looks at it.*
Away this weakness, for by thine edge of power
I will avenge the blood of André. [*Violently seizes it.*
Henceforth accustomed mercy is forgotten ;
I will play the untaught savage in my acts.

SCENE X. — *Same. An open place.*

Enter the Yankee and the Englishman.

Yan. How now, friend John ? Does the news please you, the close of war ?

Eng. Yes, if it restores to my king his lawful Provinces.

Yan. It restores peace to both countries, leaving us independent. The battle of Yorktown, which made captives of Lord Cornwallis and seven thousand men, ends the contest, so that according to agreement you must bear the flag I give you.

Eng. If true, but —

Yan. Nothing is more true. In a few months Eng-

and, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia, and the
Hollanders shall acknowledge our Independence.

*Enter SIR HENRY CLINTON and some forty officers,
from opposite sides.*

Clint. I announce the perils of the camp, with
All its strifes of war, are closed : let peace,
Like the winds, which, from the great Pacific
Blow, fan the brow of all. The sword we leave,
To seize the sickle and the plough ; to meet
The joyous wife and laughing child. Come, our
Mighty fleet, to sail the seas prepare. Let us
All to merry England go. *[Received with joy.*

Yan. [To the Eng.] The flag that you are bound
to bear, I hold

For your acceptance. Under stars and eagles
Make your way, showing to this assembled
Force that the Eagle over the Lion soars.

*[He offers him a large, long shaft of hickory,
on which is inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Three eagles, of the larger form, are pictured
above the letters, and over the eagles in a cir-
cular constellation appear thirteen glowing stars
of the first magnitude. An American bears a
flag on which is inscribed, "KNOW THYSELF." Another, with the picture of Washington on it,
beneath which are the words "REASON, VIRTUE,
FREEDOM." Another with the words "GOVERN
THYSELF." "FREEDOM IS HUMANITY'S BIRTH-
RIGHT." Another moves along the stage bear-
ing a flag on which is written, "SELF GOVERN-
MENT IS THE ETERNAL LAW." "AMERICA IS
HER OWN." "THE FUTURE IS OUR PROMISE."*

All silent : exeunt Englishmen on one side ; enter Americans on the other, their countenances bright with joy.

An Amer. The sword that works its cruel sport, the
lowness

Of our culture proving, this redeeming
Trait possesses,
That the earth's great battles, by the sway of
Princely lords engendered, have such victories
Made, as turn like needles by their magnets
Touched, to poles of general good. Thus we
Gather golden fruits ; and thus Salamis,
Yorktown, each declare. Henceforth shall rest in
Peace the crimson-edged sword ; — the earth that
Waits for spade and plough, our laboring hands
Shall bless, and honest toils shall plenty yield us.
Thus ends the war. It ends in solemn right,
Though fierce the storm and dark the brooding night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. — *Same. A lonely place, at twilight.*

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. My native land, farewell !
I see the destined greatness of the cause
I did betray. I see that had I patient
Borne mine evils, and checked extravagance
Of life, this hour my fame had been in height
A pyramid, whilst the pen, which is a trumpet
To the world of what distinction does, would
To it the memory of ages give.
But darker prophecies like mountains rise,
Showing unborn millions my name to hate, .

It growing darker in time's distance. Weep
Not, nor pine, but reassemble all thy
Powers, thou sternly smitten soul ; nor blush,
Nor shrink from angel's gaze, looking great
And small in the full face. Where shall I go ?
[*Hesitates.*

America mortal hatred nurses ;
Englishmen my name despise.
O for the desert by man untrodden ! Tear from
My being, O Heaven, this better part,
And leave me that with which my acts agree.
Nay, I will seek my king across the seas. [Exit.

SCENE XII. — *On the sea. The Quarter Deck.*

[*It is within a half hour of sunset. The sky is partly clouded, and the sun shines brilliantly on the waters ; also, throws over the isolated clouds various hues of beauty.*

Captain and a Passenger.

Pass. This, Sir, is a goodly voyage. Behold,
Around you gather wonders of the deep ;
The sun and stars, before your eyes, do constant
Rise and set ; and, so much beauty round you
Congregates, that I have marvelled oft that
Seamen were not angels.

Capt. Humph ! Your wonder is a wonder. Say then
Their hearts are rough and honest ; but over
The inspiring beauty of the waves they
Glide with eyes of beetles. Coarseness is their
Mother.

Pass. Yet I have seen the poor unlettered tar,

At midnight on the taffrail leaning,
In earnest study of the stars that danced
Upon their watery pavements ;
And when the violent winds did blow, tossing
In angry sport the bounding ship, I have
Seen the kindling joy that in him wakened,
And thought that in his coarser breast there is
A home for beauty. I like the sea life.

Capt. It is both good and evil.

At times our heart is well resolved to bid
The boisterous main adieu ; to seek th' shade
Of goodly trees, and ask, through spade and plough,
A blessing of the earth ; but when we leave
The ocean's storm, resting ourselves in quiet
Life, again the venturous spirits tempt,
And we its scenes renew.

Pass. The sea is life-like. Islands rising in
The watery waste, coasts that frown with rocky
Cliffs, and winds, and storm, that wildly riot
On the deep, are inspiration's welcome.
Behold this glow of sunset.

Capt. I love the billowy ocean much, for
All it yields of riches : its precious gems
And costly pearls ; its light-engendering
Oil, our nightly hours to brighten ; its fish,
That gorge our hungry appetite ; and its
World-wide reach of thrifty trade links us to
Its treacherous waves. What are your reasons ?

Pass. The sea is guard to liberty, a bond
Of union, and of separation wide,
That by its commerce, one community
Of nations makes ; and by its distance, to

Empire and to lordly sway a limit
Forms. America, whose budding promise
Fills the world with hope, had been but Europe's
Westward shadow, or yet but imitation
Dull without the wall that lies between, thus
Proving that in Nature's great divisions
She eyes the growth of liberty. For this,
And yet for other ends, I love th' ocean
World. When reach we England?

Capt. The doubtful winds can better say. Yet from
All that now as signs appear, our voyage
Will not be long. Where is your home and country?

Pass. Mannheim is my home, Germany is my country.

Capt. Then you worship Freedom.

Pass. Else I were no German; for to us, from
Olden time, the love of art, liberty,
And song, is an unquestioned birthright; and
We our nature much belie, and all our
History profane, when liberty to
Life is second.

Capt. Sir, do you hold to destiny?

Pass. Assuredly I do.

Capt. For individuals or nations?

Pass. Both. He who formed the limit of the flood,
That triumphs o'er its wild domain, and gave
To spheres their circled course, has to ev'ry
Power its limit given. Why doubt you
This? Could Cæsar go beyond his strength? Could
Rome go up and take the moon?

Capt. Unused to questions of this sort, I ask
As pupils ask their teachers; in th' world

I've been a sharp observer, and seen that
Some have fortune in their stars, and rule their
Kind without a strife, whilst others lowly
Bend their suppliant knees, beseeching in
Their looks. Thus nations have their different
Stars. The strong lion drives the woodland tribes,
To whom his voice is terror ; so England
In her will and vigorous strength is born
To wield the sceptre.

Pass. But not beyond her border. Though from all
The sides of life, mystery in cloudy
Veils doth thickly hang, this glimpse of faith is
Mine, that where the sceptre shall much oppose
The great and ripening ends of Heaven,
There shall its power be broken.

Capt. Children need paternal care. The New
World needs a wise direction.

Pass. Yet development is the sovereign end
To which all things do willing minister ;
The rose, within the warming light unfolds ;
The trees grow strong against the stirring winds,
And birds that fly where'er they list, fall not
Below their measure. Thus in freedom's air
And self-elected method, a growing
Nation into greatness passes. Does power
E'er brook a master ? From the mass, suppose
That we a single person take ; and though
In natural powers he should the hopes
Of men outstrip, surpassing all that had
Been held as nature's possibility,
Yet if his thoughts are by strong authority
Suppressed, and every central action of

His will o'erborne by stronger violence,
The promise which had so largely blossomed,
Withers on its stem, and power into
Puny weakness fades. This reveals the law
Of life. Nations ought to heed it.

Capt. I've seen the shark his game pursue; the
Sword-fish from the whale his distance measure, then
Plunge into his life with heated violence,
Driving him to the water's top, when rose
With crashing thunder the thrasher on his
Back, forcing him down the watery depths;
Thus between his double foes I've seen him
Work till his massive, lifeless form, lay stiff
Upon the sea.

Pass. And what of this?

Capt. These are the ethics of the deep. I have
Seen them acted; and nations but act this
Drama over. Power alone is God.

Pass. You shock my better sense; is there yet no
Moral law?

Capt. None that sways the general passion.

Pass. Out of all antagonisms, some destined
Good proceeds; yet this observe,
That in the soundless sea no monster roams
Whose kingly sway is not in check: the chief
Of all the main is oft destroyed; lions,
Emperors in Afric's sunny wild, are
Often slain in their encounter, so that
Trueness to your own discourse this fact
Evinces, that no earthly king his reign
Of terror holds, unsubject to some fatal
Power. To *your* lion's strong and mighty

Grasp are limits wisely fated ; so that
In freedom from his fierce control, the world
May guide its action. What brings you hither ?

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. A storm is gathering.

Capt. So good a sunset harbingers for us
A better night. You are mistaken.

Sail. Believe, master, the sea is troubled. If you think old Richard fails to know, when he 's bin on the sea these thirty years, then cast out a look yourself. There 's anger in the sound. When his master's temper is provoked, can 't Richard tell it? He sees it in his eye ; he hears it in his voice ; and howsomever he fails on other things which he owns his betters know, Richard can see the anger in his master's trembling body. So I watch the sea, which is my oldest master, and know every change about his temper, from his playing, frisking sport, up to his madness that knocks agin the Heavens. Look, master.

Capt. Away to your place. My mates will herald
Each coming storm. *[Exit Sailor.]*

Pass. Methinks I feel the vessel rock. Perhaps
Upon your wake, the war-god loves to follow.

Capt. There 's nothing in the menace.

Pass. Of life how careless is the savage sea !
On land, where man is lord of all that lives,
His consequence he feels, thinking for him
The orbs of heaven do shine and gyrate ;
But on th ' billowy ocean tossed, nature
Sports with his dominion.

Capt. I have been upon the rocking billows
When every sense was dizzy ; when hearts in

Grief were bursting ; and, in the loud roar of
The maddening waves our highest voice was
Silenced, whilst even Neptune trembled as
He shook his trident o'er us. I have been
Upon the sea, when they whose mouths had poured
Blasphemous volleys and as infidels
Did make their boasts, fell down in prayer to
Heaven. Only some sportive revel is
Intended.

Enter the 3d Mate.

[The vessel is agitated.]

3d Mate. The storm is coming.

Capt. Then prepare the ship for the encounter.

[Captain steps aft, discovers the signs of storm, orders the mate to have the topsails close reefed, and to set the main staysail.]

Pass. *[Alone.]* Darkness puts out eternal lights.
Still it is the kindly minister, teaching
Us awe and reverence ; for in the great
Uncertainty of all that shall be, of
Which this is the shadow, we find the joy
Of faith. Bodies alone the elements
Subdue ; let soul be kingly quiet.

[Captain orders the men to huse the topgallant-mast, and the royal-topgallant-yards to be taken on deck. The storm increases, and the ship strikes on a rock, from which, after much exertion, it is removed. A multitude of persons move about in confusion.]

Capt. If you have influence with the Master
Who sways these stubborn elements, I pray

You supplicate His aid, that these struggling
Fears may be allayed.

Pass. No words do sway the Eternal will ; my
Impulse might the cry of mercy utter,
My thought would drown all voice in silence.

[He speaks to an aged minister.]

Min. [Prays.] O Thou, the world's all constant
Friend, whose voice
Is in the passing terror, thy wrath o'er
Us assuage. Give us now the elemental
Peace ; control the angry floods ; and yet thy
Perfect will be done. If amidst these rocks
The precious union of soul and sense shall
Be dissolved, and we to graves descend, which
With light and verdure are unadorned, to
Thyself receive our better part.

[The vessel gradually comes out into the accustomed course of navigation, when the agitation of the passengers is partially quieted. The minister reads from the Prophets selections of Scripture, and they sing a hymn of confidence and praise.]

SCENE XIII. — *London. A street.*

ARNOLD and two Noblemen.

Arn. I seek the house of Major André, whose
Sister and mother yet survive.

1st Nob. Sir, you stand by the door. *[Pointing.]*

Arn. I am General Arnold, from America.

1st Nob. From the Highlands ?

Arn. Yes.

2d Nob. The traitor by money purchased ?

Arn. No. The ——— [*They leave disdainfully.*

Achilles' noble spear could heal the wounds

It made. Have I not equal power ?

[*Walks to the door, rings ; enter Servant. He asks if Miss and Mrs. André are at home.*

Serv. They are. What name ?

Arn. General Arnold, from the United States.

[*Exit Servant.*

I will cleanse myself in their esteem.

Serv. They are not prepared to receive you.

Arn. Tell them ———

Serv. I cannot be your messenger.

Arn. Say that General ——— [*Serv. closes the door.*

What ! a foe in every breast ? Must I

Be damned for changing once ? Nature

Changes — why not I ? These things declare that

I must yet withstand the three-fold torrents.

Of human conscience, prejudice and speech,

Which will I strive to do, though the universe

Of powers are leagued against me. Curse on,

Blast, blow, strike, with venom'd tongue. Come

Forth, ye antique languages, Babel's jargon, come ;

And every tongue beneath the Heaven,

Yield up your hateful epithets to these

Mine enemies. Fire the arrows at me ;

This bared bosom shall not relent.

Enter a Lord.

Who enters the opposite way ?

Lord. It was Colonel Wadsworth.

Arn. From the United States ?

Lord. Yes, from Hartford.

Arn. I know him. In war he has heard my voice ;
And will *he* know me ? Yes, the bonds that soldiers
Join are not as others. [*Exit Lord.*

[*Goes to the door, rings, servant opens.*
Is Colonel Wadsworth at home ?

Serv. What name ?

Arn. General Arnold.

Serv. Not at home, sir.

Arn. He is.

Serv. He is not, sir.

Arn. I see him above the stairs.

[*A voice is heard above.*

Serv. He says, " Tell General Arnold I am not at
home for him, and never shall be." [*Closes the door.*

Arn. Rave on ! Cleave rocks and firm hills asunder.
Where might I see the American dog,
Whose feeling would not prompt a bite ? I own
I gave them cause ; — *to myself* I own it.

[*Three American Travellers pass.*

1st Trav. Sir, will you direct us to Westminster Abbey and Holborn Hill ?

Arn. Strangers here ?

1st Trav. We are American travellers.

Arn. Ah ! I am General Arnold.

1st Trav. He who held West Point ?

Arn. Yes. And west the gentle Thames,
And west the House of Parliament, passing
White Hall —

1st Trav. Away, thou traitor ! A sacred cause thou
Didst betray. The innocent earth rots beneath
A traitor's feet, and flowers that seek the sun,
Die as he approaches. Haste ! We're Upas shaded.

[*Exeunt travellers, swiftly. Arnold raises his cane.*

Arn. Dash down the cataract, thou dark river of
Contempt! A heart of adamant your
Wrath endures, whilst age sends down his hoary
Frost, and death will soon this temple strike.
To bear life's load of guilt and pain, a faith
Demands like that that's borne,
So that the strength of nature, unhalved, may
Fit this union of guilt and woe, making
The intellect and moral sense with low
Propense conjoin, to support upon their
Stronger palms the ponderous weight of ill.
O to win my spirit's unity, so
I may bear this scorn of earth and Heaven.
I have a home in London — let me seek it
Amidst the sable signs of storm combining
In the West.

SCENE XIV. — *Same.*

[*ARNOLD seated, MRS. ARNOLD, two sons,
and his daughter ORESTA. Storm is heard.*

Ores. This is a wild night of storms.

Arn. Yes, my daughter, it is wild.

Ores. Before the winds began their revel, I
Watched the sky as I am wont. The new moon,
So radiant yesternight, is all obscure;
And Lyra, Capella, and Betelguese,
Sirius, Aldebaran, my ever
Favorite stars, are quenched in heaven, over
Whose face the darkest clouds I ever knew

Are drawn. I instantly felt a horror,
A sudden presentiment of ill.

Arn. Heed not presentiments. I hear
The gurgle of a rill.

Ores. A sweet note amidst the storm.

Arn. No. It reproves me, I know not how. There
Was a time when Nature's brighter visions
Gave me strength and pleasure. But now I find
A breach of amity, as if Nature were
Offended. She, too, has turned against me.

Ores. Then some sin needs be repented.

Arn. Nay, your father never repents. My sons,
What business do you intend?

1st Son. I know not. Prejudice against us its
Iron wall has built. They call us traitor's
Sons, the branches of the deadly Upas;
Business wears distrust; lovely maidens
Our hands decline, and society,
Its gold and two-leaved gates of honor hath
Closed against us.

Arn. [*Rising.*] Unworthy of your father's blood.
The world against you barred? Then scale or brea
Its bars. If the world
Shall heap its curses on me till the black
Pyramid shall kiss the darker cloud, you
Can break the spell, and stop their sullen work,
By shouting, "*Saratoga!*" [*Storm grows violent.*

Ores. My presentiment is now oppressive:
Furies are visiting the earth.

Arn. He who lives a life of storms, no thunders,

Winds or lightning can disturb. Oh! my pains
Are most intense. [*Putting his hand to his left
breast; turns pale.*

Mrs. Arn. Call the physician. Invite the minister.
Quick, my son. [*Exit 2d son.*

Arn. I see but dimly. Is it dark? some foul
Disease is reaching forth his vulture fangs
Of death. I feel the demon here. [*Left breast.*

Ores. Like a flash of destiny my sad dream
Revives. In the full midnight five stars I
Saw, each glowing in his sphere so brightly,
I felt them friendly and mine own. I watched
Till a cloud veiled them from me. Then it passed
Away, when each star trembled in the sky,
As if affrighted, giving forth increased
Splendor. Then more sudden than a thought, I
Saw the large and central star, which seemed th' group
To rule, shedding a light so rare and mystic,
To blackness turn, and shoot across the sky;
The trembling earth at its report was shaken,
Whilst the four remaining orbs behind thick
Sombre clouds did pass, and all was dark
And lonely. O this night my heart forebodes
Fulfilment!

Arn. I feel the demon here.

[*His hand over his heart.*

But be unsubdued. I hear a stormful
Cry of injured nature. What bodes this inner
Oracle? My hand, thou man of drugs. How

Enter Physician and Minister.

[*Physician feels his pulse.*

Dances life in these my veins?

Phys. A wild, disorderly beat thy heart attends.
Hast thou sins yet unrepented ?

Arn. All my sins are unrepented.

Phys. The heart is life's prime seat. Oft have I
Known it break in sudden death. It labors strangely.

Min. There is Heaven, its doors of mercy yet
Unclosed. Beseech, thou sinner, its mercy now.

Arn. Away, thou foul impertinence.

Min. The cry of elements now calls thee unto prayer.

Arn. I obey not elements. They are my slaves.

Min. Heaven is against thee and thy sins.

Arn. Then will I Heaven withstand. I will draw
On Michael my glittering sabre. I
Will spill the white blood of angels.

Min. Blind mortal. Dying impenitent the arch
Fiend shall roll thee ever in his quenchless flames.
Ask for mercy. Ask now.

Arn. I cannot supplicate. My sins shall be
My near companions hence. If in rayless
Realms of horrors cast, I will strike the sovereign
Of the gloom, piercing the hands that warred in
Heaven. Hell shall know me unsubdued.

Mrs. Arn. Nay, husband, ask.

Ores. Yes, father, for this black storm a heaven
Of light conceals, and in that peaceful sky
Is mercy lodged. To ask is but to say
What all must own, that they have sinned upon
Its gentle grace.

Arn. Ask not this self-surrender. Far sooner
Would I pluck the hair from my head, the eyes
From their sockets, than bow to earth or Heaven.
I see no mercy-dropping Heaven. I

See the lightning's livid gleam, I hear those
Savage winds and mountain-rocking thunders,
But they speak not of mercy. No, rage on,
Ye *double* storm! Flash, thou minister of

[*Storm increases.*]

Vengeance; cry, ye savage winds, and roar, ye
Thunders, wildly! You that were the noisy
Heralds of my birth and prophecy of
All my life, come now and be my heralds
And my prophets too. Give me my sword!

Phys. Hold, your brain fevers.

Arn. I say, give me my sword.

[*His frame trembles with emotion.*]

Min. A tiger is uncaged. Withhold the weapon.

Arn. My sword, my sword!

[*His son hands it. All move back afraid.*]

I live a hero still; I hear the noise
Of battle. Ha, ha, I see, I see! Hark!
They come; they come.

[*Storm rages. He advances slowly forward.*]

Ores. O darkness and terrors! Sweet Heaven, I
Ask your wise defences.

Arn. [*Delirious; looks intently.*] Rally! rally! rally,
My conquering heroes! They come; they come.
Where's Montgomery? Ha, ha, I see. Storm

[*Lightning gleams upon his brow.*]

The Hessians in their fortress strong; on, my
Bravest braves! On, — the mighty Hessians
Storm! Burgoyne surrenders! God triumphant!
The day is ours! ours!! ours!!!

[*Rushes forward, falls and expires.*]

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

NOTE A. The sixty volunteers, who met Col. Arnold to march at once to the scene of action, were destitute of ammunition, which the selectmen of the city were unwilling to supply, owing to the summary way in which Arnold had collected his men. He, unwilling to discuss the matter, drew up his men in martial array, threatening to break open the magazine by force unless the keys were immediately surrendered to his use. This threat was effectual. He then marched to Head Quarters and proposed the plan of wresting from the British the old and formidable Fort of Ticonderoga.—See SPARKS' LIFE OF ARNOLD, p. 13.

NOTE B. The same day that Arnold communicated his letter of resignation to Congress, "they received a letter from Washington, recommending that Gen. Arnold should be immediately sent to join the northern army. "He is active, judicious, and brave," said Washington, "and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence." He consented to go. "He went still farther and volunteered an act of magnanimity. Gen. St. Clair was in the northern army, and he was one of the five Major Generals who had been promoted over Arnold. With his keen sensibilities on this subject, it might be presumed that he would insist on his rights, and refuse to be commanded by an officer thus situated; but he generously waved all considerations of that kind, declaring that he would do his duty faithfully in the rank he then held, and trust to the justice of his claims for a future reparation."—*Id.* pp. 98-9.

NOTE C. All accounts concur in saying that before a battle Arnold's countenance was exceedingly furious.

NOTE D. When the British evacuated Philadelphia, many families remained, who had been intimate with the British

officers, and who sincerely hoped that the British arms would triumph. Prominent in this class, was the very respectable family of Edward Shippen, afterwards Chief Justice of the State of Pennsylvania. His youngest daughter beautiful, gay, and attractive, with no ordinary share of social ambition, received the admiration and flattering attentions of the English officers. The festival of the *Mischianza*, celebrated in American legend, was held at her fathers, on which occasion she is spoken of as the principal personage. She afterward married General Arnold, during his prosperous command in that city. Her acquaintance with André was such that she corresponded with him after the British army had retired to New York. All Arnold's letters touching his contemplated treason were sent directly to Sir H. Clinton, through Major André, under an assumed name and in a disguised hand.

NOTE E. "He was the last man that remained on board, nor did he leave his galley till the fire had made such progress that it could not be extinguished. The flags were kept flying, and he maintained his attitude of defence on the shore, till he saw them consumed and the whole of his flotilla enveloped in flames."—*Id.* p. 79.

NOTE F. The entire causes that operated to produce the Treason of which Benedict Arnold must always be considered guilty, are not so generally known as some may suppose, nor shall we here present them. The turning point on which his course depended, whether to adhere to the American cause or to forsake and betray it to its enemies, was the verdict that should be rendered by the Military Board at Morristown, New Jersey, to which he was summoned to answer the State Council of Pennsylvania on charges that affected his official character. These charges had been preferred against him before the Congressional body then convened in Philadelphia. These charges were referred to a Committee, who in their report fully exonerated Arnold. But before Congress had sanctioned this report, a petition from his enemies was received and granted, that transferred the whole subject to a Board of War to be summoned by Gen. Washington, which did not meet until after several months. This transfer and suspense greatly offended Arnold ;

he resolved *if he was condemned* he would find a selfish revenge. Only four charges were presented. He refuted *two* of them, and was exonerated from criminal *intent* on the remainder; but as imprudence was implied, he was sentenced to a reprimand by the Commander-in-Chief.

It is just that the reader should be informed of charges on which the public reprimand was based.

1. An irregularity, without criminal intention, in granting a written protection to a vessel, before his command in Philadelphia, while at Valley Forge.

2. Using the public wagons of Pennsylvania for the transportation of private property from Egg Harbor.

The owners of this vessel were citizens of Pennsylvania; and the solicitation of Gen. Arnold's name to a permit to enter any port in the United States, indicates its general weight of influence through the country. Though all criminality of purpose on the part of Gen. Arnold was an idea the Court did not cherish, it was thought to be a violation of one of the rules of war, inasmuch as Philadelphia was then held by the British. In reference to the second charge, Gen. Arnold proved to the court that he had used the wagons when they were not required by the public service, and that he had paid for using them. It is very remarkable that the formidable accusers of Gen. Arnold should not have sustained one great and important charge against his rectitude as a public officer; and though the trial was protracted and thorough in the presentation and sifting of evidence, it will always remain the surprise of the historian that so little testimony was found against the accused. Perhaps no man in modern times, of the same ability and distinction, was ever doomed to so great a disgrace on charges of similar weight. He stood disgraced after this reprimand, both in the eyes of the English and Americans; so much so, that nothing in his ability and standing rendered him a prize in the view of Sir Henry Clinton; he chose, on the contrary, to hold out to him no inducement to a change. It was the immense value of his position at West Point that turned this purpose into the deepest solicitude on Sir H. Clinton's part.

